



Kuldip Nayar

Pigeon of Peace between Pakistan & India

Compiled & Edited by

Zulfiqar Halepoto

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A pigeon of Peace in South Asia

Kuldeep Nayyar

**[REMEMBERING AN AUTHOR AND PEACE &
HUMAN RIGHTS ACTIVIST]**

امن کا سفیر: کلدیپ نایر

(اردو مضامین)

Compiled By

Zulfiqar Halepoto

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Dedication

**To peace lovers for those
Shaikh Ayaz says**

"یہ سنگرام
سامنے ہے نارائن شام
اس کے میرے قول بھی ایک
بول بھی ایک
وہ کوتا کا راج دھنی
اور میرے رنگ رتول بھی ایک
اس پر بندوق کیے تانوں
اس کو گولی کیے ماروں؟"

(ترجمہ: حسن مجتبیٰ)

"Delay the war, it is better"

Sahir Ludhianvi

"Delay the war, it is better
Your yard or mine,
If the lights stay on, it is better
The blood be your own or foreign
It is the blood of Adam, after all
The war, it may be in the west or east
It is the murder of world peace, after all.
The war itself is a bitter blight
How then will it alleviate any affliction?
The blood and fire will today be merciful
But tomorrow will be starved, insufficient.
Is it necessary, that streaming blood
Be evidence of your superiority?
To dispel the darkness of your own home
Is it necessary to incinerate someone else's city?
Bombs might shower on houses or borders
They destroy the soul of an edifice;
The land that burns, be yours or foreign
All lives will writhe in indigence.
The tanks might charge, they might retreat
The womb of the earth is left infertile
Exult in victory or grieve in defeat
Life will lament a loss that was futile
For that I implore, my blameless mortals
Delay the war, it is better
Your yard or mine,
If the lights stay on, it is better

(Translated from the Urdu by Vatsala Peshawaria.)

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Below are the names of living legends and practitioners of peace initiatives including Aijaz Qureshi, Abrar Kazi, Suleman Abro, Dr. Tipu Sultan, Dr. Sono Khangharani, Farhat Shirvanee, Mushtaq Mirani, Beena Sarwar, Justice (R) Nasir Aslam Zahid, Saeed Baloch of the Pakistan Fisherfolk Forum, as well as Adam Malik of PIPFPD, Sheema Kermani, Anis Haroon, Mahnaz Rahman, Qamar ul Hassan, M. Yaqoob, Nghma Iqtidar, Zulfiqar Shah (PILER), and many others.

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Zulfiqar Halepoto

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Munaiza's, Hyderabad, Sindh, Pakistan

مقدمہ

بینظیر بھٹو کی شہادت کے نتیجے میں کچھ وقت کیلئے ملتوی ہونے والے عام انتخابات ۱۸ فیبروری ۲۰۰۸ کو منعقد ہوئے اور پاکستان میں پاکستان پیپلز پارٹی اور اس کے اتحادی وفاقی حکومت بنانے کی تیاریاں کر رہے تھے۔

جنوبی ایشیا کے ممالک کی علاقائی تنظیم سارک کا چنرہواں اجلاس سری لنکا کے دارالحکومت کولمبو میں طلب کر لیا گیا تھا۔

یہ دور پورے خطے میں غیر حکومتی تنظیموں۔ نیٹورک۔ اتحاد کا اعلیٰ دور تھا۔ جس میں امن سے لیکر انسانی جم حقوق کے معاملات تک دنیا بھر کی تنظیمیں جنوبی ایشیا میں کام کر رہی تھیں۔ پاکستان میں بھی این جی اوز کا بول بالا تھا۔

انہیں ادوار میں سارک ایجنڈا کو عوامی خواہشات اور ضروریات کے عین مطابق رکھنے کیلئے عوامی سارک کا تصور لایا گیا جو کہ تھا تو غیر سرکاری لیکن اس کا ایجنڈا یہ تھا کہ جب بھی سرکاری سارک منعقد ہوگی تو ساتھ ساتھ عوامی دباؤ بڑھانے کے لئے عوامی سارک بھی بلائی جائے گی تاکہ تمام ممالک کے انسانی حقوق اور امن کے کارکن۔ تعلیم دان۔ دانشور۔ صحافی۔ منتخب نمائندے مل کر سرکاری سارک کو کہہ سکیں کہ وہ اس تنظیم کو صرف سربراہاں کے فوٹو سٹیشنز تک محدود نہ رکھیں بلکہ عوامی مسائل کو علاقائی تعاون سے حل کرنے کیلئے ٹھوس قدم اٹھانے کیلئے اس فورم کو استعمال کریں۔

پاکستان میں عوامی سارک کے روح رواں تنظیمیں پائلر نیپ پاکستان اور دیگر تنظیمیں تھیں۔ مزدور طلبا اور دیگر دوستوں کو دوسرے نیٹورک بھی مدعو کر رہے تھے۔

ہمارے وفد میں خواتین کی مخصوص نشست پر پیپلز پارٹی کی سندھ سے مخصوص نشست پر منتخب ہونے والی میمبر قومی اسمبلی سیدہ نقیہ شاہ اور قصور سے عام انتخابات میں رکن قومی اسمبلی بننے والے چودھری منظور بھی تھے۔

دیگر سیاسی پارٹیز کے اکابرین بھی تھے

پیپلز سارک کے اجلاسوں میں پورے جنوبی ایشیا کے ساتھ ساتھ عالمی سطح کے صاحب رائے لوگ بھی جو در جو آئے ہوئے تھے تاکہ متبادل عوامی نقطہ نظر کو آگے بڑھایا جائے۔

کولمبو میں سرکاری سارک اجلاس سے قبل ماضی کی طرح اس مرتبہ بھی سول سوسائٹی کے مختلف شعبہ ہائے زندگی سے تعلق رکھنے والے ماہرین کی غیر سرکاری اور عوامی سارک اجلاس کی تیاری کے حوالے سے روز سیشنز جاری تھے۔
عوامی سارک اجلاس کے تمام انتظامات مکمل کر لئے گئے تھے۔ پائلیر اور سیپ پاکستان بھی میزبان تنظیموں میں شمار تھے۔

سارک کے رکن ممالک سے تعلق رکھنے والے ممالک سے ایک ہزار کے قریب مندوب ماہرین کولمبو پہنچ چکے تھے۔ جبکہ لگ بھگ اتنی ہی تعداد میں میزبان ملک سری لنکا کے ماہرین شرکت کر رہے تھے۔

پاکستان سے ساؤتھ ایشیاء پارٹنرشپ۔ پاکستان (سیپ) اور پبلیس کے ساتھ دیگر غیر سرکاری ادارے اور تنظیمیں ایکشن ایڈ (ایشیاء) عورت فاؤنڈیشن، کرچن سنڈی سینٹر، سول جنکشن، سیچٹ (SACHET) ساؤتھ ایشیاء لائسنس فار پاورٹی ایریڈیکیشن، ایس پی او، سنگی ڈولپمنٹ فاؤنڈیشن اور دی نیٹ ورک ایچ آر سی پی۔ ساکو اور دیگر کے مندوبین شامل تھے۔

عوامی سمٹ میں سرکاری اجلاس کیلئے سفارشات مرتب کی جانی تھیں تاکہ عوامی مسائل کے حل اور فلاح و بہبود کیلئے حکومتوں کو مناسب اور عوام دوست فیصلے کرنے کیلئے کہا جاسکے۔

عوامی اجلاس کا افتتاحی اجلاس کے خاص مہمان کلڈیپ تیر صاحب تھے۔ دیگر مقررین میں سیپ کے ایگزیکٹو ڈائریکٹر محمد تحسین، سیپ انٹرنیشنل کی چیئر پرسن بشری گوہر کے علاوہ بنگلہ دیش سے طالیہ رحمان، بھارت کے بابو میتھیو، نیپال کے ڈاکٹر روہت کمار نیپالی، پاکستان کے کرامت علی اور سری لنکا کے سار تھ فرنانڈو تھے۔

کلڈیپ نسیر صاحب نے شاندار صدارتی تقریر کی۔ انہوں نے عوامی سارک سٹ کا بنیادی مقصد بتاتے ہوئے کہا کہ تمام رکن ممالک میں سول سوسائٹی کے مختلف شعبہ ہائے زندگی سے تعلق رکھنے والے ماہرین حکومتی سارک سٹ کے لئے سفارشات مرتب کریں تاکہ عوام کے حقیقی مسائل پر ہی توجہ مرکوز کی جاسکے۔

انہوں نے عوامی سارک سٹ کا پانچ نکاتی ایجنڈا واضح کیا جس میں غربت کے خاتمے اور جینے کی ضمانت، اقتصادی تعاون، سائنس اور ڈبلیو ای، امن اور انسانی تحفظ، سماجی ترقی، عورتوں اور بچوں کی سہولت (ٹریٹنگ) کی روک تھام شامل تھیں۔

انہوں نے کہا کہ علاقائی امن اور علاقائی تعاون کے فروغ، مقامی اور علاقائی حکمرانی کے معاملات، انسانی حقوق اور انسانی ترقی، عورتوں کو بااختیار بنانا اور بچوں کے حقوق کے مسائل، غربت افلاس کے خاتمے، دہشتگردی کے روک تھام سے یہ خطہ دنیا کا سب سے خوشحال اور پر امن خطہ بن سکتا ہے۔

اس عوامی اجلاس دیگر مقررین نے جنسی مقاصد کیلئے عورتوں اور بچوں کی سہولت (ٹریٹنگ) کو روکنے، چھوٹے ہتھیار اور اسلحہ کے کاروبار کا خاتمہ اور عالمگیریت (گلوبلائزیشن) کے منفی اثرات کا مقابلہ کرنے کے نکات پر فوکس کیا۔

یہ بات بھی ہوئی کہ اگر سرکاری سٹ ملتوی ہوتے رہے تو بھی امی سٹ جاری رہے گی۔ کشیدہ حالات کے پیش نظر اگر حکومتی سربراہ نہیں مل رہے تو بھی سول سوسائٹی کے نمائندے مل بیٹھیں گے، بات چیت کریں گے اور مسائل کے حل کے لئے سفارشات پیش کرتے رہیں گے۔

شاندار قراردادیں پیش ہوئیں اور یہ طے پایا کہ سرکاری نمائندے تو مصلحتوں کا شکار ہوتے ہیں، لیکن سول سوسائٹی کے نمائندے وہ انسانی حقوق کے کارکن ہوں یا طلباء، رائیٹرز ہوں یا کالم نگار، صحافی ہوں یا سماجی سائنسدان یا ترقیات کے ماہرین ان کے مل بیٹھنے سے ایک دوسرے کے مسائل کو سننے سمجھنے اور ان کے ممکنہ حل کیلئے مشترکہ لائحہ عمل بنانے میں مدد ملتی ہے۔

پاک انڈیا امن و خوشحالی کی ایک فاختہ کلدیپ نسیر جی کے دیھانت کو پانچ سال
گزر گئے ۔

ان کی خدمات پر پوری دنیا میں لکھا گیا،
ان کو خرچ پیش کیا گیا۔

ان کی آخری خواہش کے مطابق ان کی راکھ کو پاکستان کے حصے میں آئے راوی
اور ان کے بچوں کو سیالکوٹ کا ان کا آبائی گھر دکھانے کا فرض بھی ہم سب دوستوں نے
مل کر ادا کیا۔

اب جب کے علاقائی تعاون اور لوگوں کے جڑنے کی جستجو اور بیانیہ کمزور ہوتا
دکھائی دے رہا ہے تو ایسے میں ہم نے کلدیپ جی پر ایک کتاب تیار کی ہے، جس میں اردو
اور انگریزی میں لکھے گئے مضامین۔ ان کے غیر شائع شدہ انٹرویوز۔ ان پر عالمی جریدوں میں
لکھی گئیں obituaries تعزیتی پیغامات خاص طور پر دنیا کے بڑے اہم لوگوں کے ٹوئیٹ
وغیرہ شامل ہیں۔

کتاب عوامی مفادات کیلئے بغیر کسی کاپی رائٹ کے پاک و ہند کے لوگوں کی
ملکیت ہے جسے بعد میں پاکستان اور ممکن ہوا تو ساؤتھ ایشیا کے دوسرے ممالک کے تعلیمی
اداروں، لائبریریز اور دیگر اداروں کو اس نیت سے بھیجی جائیں گی کہ کلدیپ جی کا پاک و ہند
امن اور علاقائی تعاون و ترقی کا خواب پورا ہو۔

طالب دعا

ذوالفقار ہالیمپوٹو

منیزاز۔ حیدر آباد

25 جولائی 2023

A Beacon of Peace

Kuldip Nayar's remarkable legacy as a peace activist in South Asia, along with his unwavering dedication to bridging the gap between India and Pakistan, has made a lasting impact on people throughout the region. His connection to Pakistan's Sialkot city, where he was born on August 14, 1923, much before the partition, was deeply rooted, and his efforts were directed towards promoting peaceful coexistence between the people of both countries. Through his columns in Pakistan's daily Dawn, he consistently advocated for stronger people-to-people ties.

We frequently met with Nayar on numerous occasions in both India and Pakistan, especially on the night between August 14th and 15th at the Wagah-Attari border when both nations celebrate their independence. He was instrumental in initiating the annual tradition of lighting candles at the Wagah Border during this time, symbolizing a profound gesture for peace.

Nayar was also the driving force behind initiatives like People's SAARC, a citizens' forum that convenes during SAARC Summits, aiming to foster dialogue and cooperation among South Asian countries. His commitment to bridging socio-economic gaps in both nations resonated deeply with us and countless others who believe in the power of dialogue and mutual understanding. Nayar's life and principles continue to inspire us to work towards harmony, open communication, and peaceful coexistence between India and Pakistan.

During his visits to Pakistan, he engaged in meaningful dialogues and advocated for increased cultural exchanges, showcasing his dedication to fostering unity

and understanding between the two nations. His involvement was not limited to these visits; he also hosted events in India for peace delegations from Pakistan and remained actively engaged in various peace initiatives and dialogues over the years. His recent passing represents a significant loss, especially for the peace movement in South Asia.

His connection to both India and Pakistan provided him with a unique perspective, allowing him to articulate the aspirations of people on both sides of the border. His contributions to Daily Dawn, where he shared insights and advocated for stronger people-to-people bonds, became a channel for his vision of unity. His columns were a beacon of hope, encouraging cross-border understanding and empathy. His writing wasn't merely an intellectual exercise; it was a call to action, urging individuals to recognize their shared humanity and to transcend historical enmities for the collective good.

Kuldip Nayar's impact extended beyond diplomatic circles. His advocacy for social justice and human rights highlighted his deep-rooted belief in equality and justice for all. He understood that lasting peace could only be achieved through addressing underlying societal issues and creating environments where individuals from all backgrounds could thrive. By actively participating in peace delegations, engaging with youth, and fostering interfaith dialogues, Nayar demonstrated a holistic approach to peacebuilding that encompassed cultural, social, and political dimensions.

As we reflect on Kuldip Nayar's life, it's evident that his unwavering dedication to promoting unity, understanding, and peace between India and Pakistan was driven by a profound sense of duty. His journey serves as a reminder that the path to lasting peace requires individuals with his level of courage, empathy, and conviction. Nayar's legacy continues to inspire us all to

transcend boundaries and work towards a future where cooperation and coexistence define the relationship between India and Pakistan, ultimately contributing to a more harmonious South Asia.

Nayyar's deep affection for his homeland was evident from his final wishes. He had expressed in his will that a part of his ashes should be released into the River Ravi, which flows from India through the Pakistani region of Punjab and eventually merges into the sacred River Indus. In accordance with his last request, after his passing, his granddaughter Mandira, a journalist, joined Pakistani peace activists in dispersing his ashes into the Ravi on October 6, 2018. Karamat, I, along with other friends like Farooq Tariq and Chaudhry Aitzaz Ahsan, participated in the immersion ceremony on a boat in the River Ravi.

Karamat Ali, Muhammad Tahseen

August 14th, 2023

Karachi/Lahore, Pakistan

Kuldip Nayar: Illuminating the Path of Peace and Unity

Shujauddin Qureshi

My familiarity with Kuldip Nayar's work through his articles in the Daily Dawn took on a deeper dimension when I had the opportunity to directly engage with this remarkable figure during the People's South Asian Association for Regional Cooperation (SAARC) event in New Delhi, India. The event, held on April 22-23, 2010, gathered a formidable Pakistani delegation and unfolded on the illustrious grounds of Jawaharlal Nehru University, situated in the heart of India's capital.

At the inauguration and in the ensuing sessions, Kuldip Nayar's words reverberated with hope and optimism, underscoring the importance of fortifying the bond between the people of India and Pakistan. In a region fraught with historical animosities and political complexities, Kuldip Nayar emerged as a torchbearer of peace, advocating for unity and cooperation even in the face of economic hardship and political posturing.

The essence of Kuldip Nayar's mission lay in his relentless pursuit of harmony between two nations often entangled in strife. Born on August 14, 1923, in the historic city of Sialkot, now part of Pakistan, Nayar bore witness to the tumultuous events of the 1947 partition that forever shaped the subcontinent's destiny. His journey as a journalist and author was driven by a resolute commitment to fostering peace and justice, transcending national borders.

In a realm where his journalistic prowess knew no bounds, Kuldip Nayar's literary contributions resonated globally. His writings delved deep into complex subjects, addressing the plight of marginalized communities, social injustices, and political intricacies. His journalistic approach was marked by empathy and an unwavering dedication to exposing truth, inspiring readers to reflect on critical issues.

Kuldip Nayar's impact was not confined to the written word; he actively engaged in initiatives that aimed to bridge divides and initiate meaningful dialogues between India and Pakistan. His participation in events like the People's SAARC demonstrated his belief in the power of personal connections to

transcend political barriers and create a platform for genuine understanding.

In the wake of the People's SAARC event, my encounters with Kuldip Nayar continued during his visits to Pakistan in subsequent years. Approximately a year after the New Delhi event, in 2011, he embarked on a journey to Pakistan with a delegation of 11 journalists and peace activists. The delegation traversed through Karachi, Islamabad, and Lahore, fostering connections and promoting dialogue. The Karachi Press Club, acknowledging their presence, hosted a reception in their honor. Pakistan Institute of Labour Education and Research (PILER) was the host organization for the Indian delegation in Karachi and I accompanied with the journalist friends in many events in the city.

Interestingly, during these interactions, a subtle linguistic nuance emerged. While many Pakistanis, including fellow journalists, referred to him as Nair, Nayar's actual second name was spelled as such. The distinction between the two names, though seemingly small, held great significance to Nayar. At the reception hosted by Karachi Press Club, he made it a point to rectify the pronunciation. He clarified that his second name should be pronounced as Nayar, an Arabic word signifying "light."

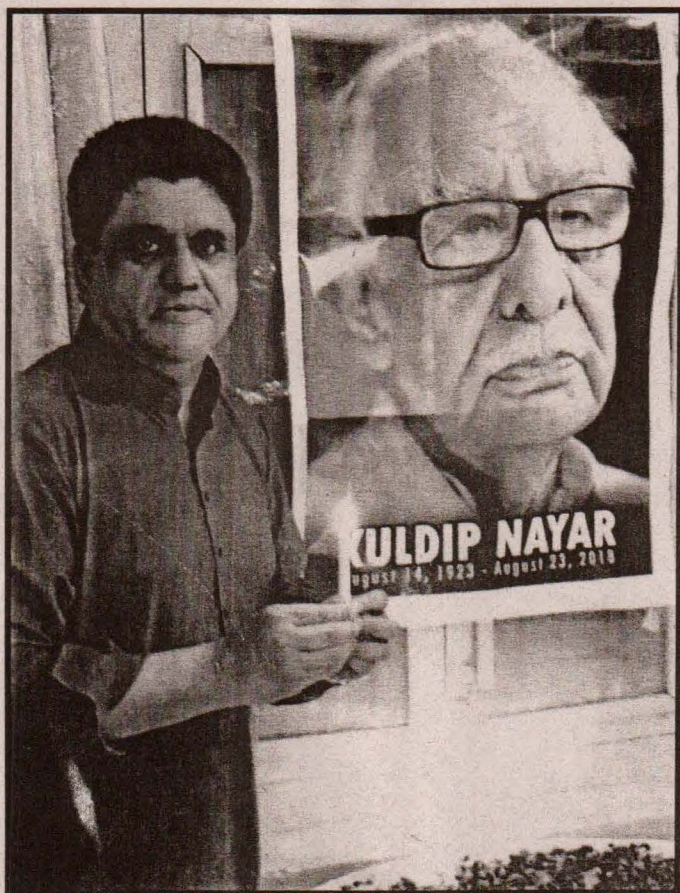
Kuldip Nayar's journey exemplified the notion that one individual's steadfast commitment can illuminate the path toward peace and unity. His encounters with diverse cultures, languages, and perspectives underscored the importance of mutual respect and understanding. Kuldip Nayar's legacy serves as a poignant reminder that the pursuit of harmony transcends political boundaries and is deeply rooted in our shared humanity.

The news of Kuldip Nayar's passing on August 23, 2018, was a profound loss. Nevertheless, his legacy endures, inspiring individuals on both sides of the border to strive for betterment and understanding. His principles, beliefs, and actions remain a guiding light, reinforcing the notion that the path to progress lies in recognizing our shared humanity and working collectively for a brighter future.

August 19th, 2023
Karachi, sindh, Pakistan

Articles

Kuldip Nayar





71 years on, frosty relations continue

By Kuldip Nayar

It was August 12, 1947, three days before India became free. My father, a practising doctor, summoned us, the three brothers, and asked what our programme was. I told him I wanted to stay in Pakistan just as the Muslims would in India. My elder brother, who was studying medicine at Amritsar, intervened to say that Muslims would ask the Hindus to vacate the house in West Punjab just as the Muslims living in East Punjab will be asked to leave. I asked how that could be possible if the Hindus did not agree to quit. He replied, "We will be forcibly ousted."

This was precisely what happened. On August 17, two days after independence some Muslim gentlemen came to us and made the request to leave the house. I asked one of them, "Where do we go?" He gave the keys of his house at Jalandhar and said, "We will not have to do anything because his house was well furnished and ready for occupation. We declined the offer."

But after they left, all of us sat around the dining table to decide on the future. I told them that I was staying back in Pakistan and they said they would be going to Amritsar and come back once the disturbances were over. We agreed that the scenario, however dismal, we could be back, at the most after a month. My mother remarked when she was locking the house that she had a strange feeling as if they were not coming back. My elder brother agreed with her.

I packed one traveler and a shirt in a blue canvas bag and parted saying, "We will meet at our maternal uncle's place at Darya Ganj in Delhi." My mother gave me Rs120 to sustain myself until we met in Delhi. My father had made my journey easier. He told a brigadier, who was his patient, to take his three sons across the border. He said he had no space in his Jonga and he can accommodate only one of us. The following morning I was pushed into his vehicle. I could not conceal my tears and wondered whether we would all ever meet again.

The journey from Sialkot to Sambrawal was uneventful. But from there, the caravans of people from either side, the Hindus moving to the Indian side and the Muslims to the Pakistani part, were on the move. Suddenly, our Jonga was stopped. An old Sikh stood on the way and begged us to take his grandchild to India. I told him politely that I was still studying and would not be able to carry his grandson, however fair his request was.

The old man said that he had lost all his family members and the only survivor was his grandson. And he wanted him to live. I still recall his tearful face but I had told him the facts. How would I bring up the child when I myself was not sure about my future? Then we moved on. And, as we travelled, we could see the scattered luggage all over but the bodies had been removed by the time. The stench, however, was very much in the air.

At that time, I promised myself that I would try to foster good relations between the two countries. That was the main reason why I started lighting candles at the Wagah Border, a process that began some 20 years ago. It was a small movement with just 15-20 people to begin with. Now roughly 100,000 people on this side and the people of Pakistan, though in limited number, followed suit and have also joined the cause.

Peoples' enthusiasm knows no bounds. But the governments are in the way. There is curfew in the entire area and one has to take permit to reach the border. I have written to Home

Minister Rajnath Singh to instruct the authorities, both the Border Security Force and the Central Reserve Police Force, to allow us to reach the zero point, where the steel gates check the movement into either side, for lighting candles.

This exercise is confined to few Individuals. I wish that the border could be made soft and the situation became calm so that enmity between the two countries is banished. I was on the bus that prime minister Atal Behari Vajpayee rode to Lahore. There was bonhomie on both sides and I thought that the trip would resume a regular exchange of trade, joint ventures and people-to-people contact between the two nations.

But I feel disappointed when I see the barbed wires on either side of the border preventing people's passage into each other's country with so much of visa restrictions. In the past, intellectuals, musicians and artists could meet and hold joint programmes. But today, even that has stopped, with the governments showing rigidity in issuing visas. There is practically no contact either at official or non-official level.

Prime Minister-in-waiting Imran Khan has said in an interview that he would ensure trade and business. My only worry is that his proximity to the establishment may not allow him to carry out his promises. But, maybe, that angle is being exaggerated.

New Delhi should make an effort. But it has adopted a harsh stand not to negotiate with Islamabad "until Pakistan stopped providing shelter to the terrorists and punishing those who were instrumental in Mumbai blasts". Imran Khan should take the initiative, keeping in view India's demands for any cordial relations between the two countries.

Published in The Express Tribune, August 12th, 2018.

[HTTPS://TRIBUNE.COM.PK/STORY/1778738/6-71-YEARS-FROSTY-RELATIONS-CONTINUE/](https://tribune.com.pk/story/1778738/6-71-years-frosty-relations-continue/)





The passing of two great peace activists

Dr Ishtiaq Ahmed

The world is poorer today because two outstanding Champions of Peace, India's Kuldip Nayar and Israel's Uri Avnery, are no more. They were leading lights for sanity, tolerance and mutual respect in their societies and nations who always believed in the indivisibility of humanity.

Kuldip Nayar was born in Sialkot in on August 14, 1923 and died today, August 23, 2018. He like many others in those days, came to Lahore for his studies. He graduated from FC College and obtained his law degree from the Lahore Law College. I never had the chance to interview him formally for my book when I was researching the partition of Punjab. One reason was that he had already written extensively on his past, as well as the partition and Lahore. Delhi, especially New Delhi is a stronghold of West Punjabi Hindu and Sikh refugees. There is even a Lahore Corner in the restaurant and tea-coffee lounge of the India International Centre (IIC) in New Delhi. From 1999 onwards, whenever I was in Delhi I stayed at the IIC. I was made a member immediately and over the years I have seen so many of the old Lahoris who once sat in that corner depart from this world. My dear friend Pran Nevile is probably the 'Last of the Mohicans' of that group. Since Kuldip Nayar had lived and studied in Lahore he would also join in sometimes. The Sialkoti Punjabi dialect was still clearly discernible in 1999, and stood out as different from others who were from Lahore.

Kuldip Nayar

Kuldip Nayar was a highly respected journalist and newspaper editor. He was also the author of several books. He was a committed democrat as well as a minorities' and women's rights champion. He was one of those Indians who opposed Indira Gandhi during the Emergency (1975-77). and for a while also a diplomat serving as the Indian High Commissioner in the UK. In 1997, he was nominated a member of the Rajya Sabha or upper house of the Indian Parliament.

Kuldip Nayar also made many contributions to the Indo-Pak Peace effort. This was a life-long commitment for which his zeal remained indefatigable. Every year he would come to the Attari-Wagah border along with other peace activists with lighted candles in mid-August hoping one day the Punjab would normalise, and the Punjabi people reconcile with one another as a brotherly people, but now citizens of two different states. He visited Pakistan many times and had many friends on our side.

With Kuldip Nayar gone, we have lost a Great Punjabi who represented the best traditions of a united Punjab which is no more. And with the departure of Uri Avnery, the Palestinians have lost one of their best Israeli friends

He was always critical of New Delhi's high-handed policies in Indian administered Kashmir. Not surprisingly, he had to face the wrath of ultra-nationalists, some of whom accused him of being anti-India and much worse. Such propaganda never deterred him though, and he remained committed to his conviction that only when you treat your people with care and your neighbours with respect can you claim to be a democracy.

It is often forgotten that the worst feature of Hinduism, the caste system and its bizarre pollution codes, were first challenged in the Punjab as early as 1920. The Arya Samaj and Brahmo Samaj reform movements played a progressive role in changing Hindu attitudes towards the caste system. Unfortunately, the Arya Samajists and Sikh and Muslim counterparts also indulged in angry polemics and that created

Kuldip Nayar

bad blood, but on the whole people like Kuldip Nayar and the late Justice Rajinder Sachar (brother-in-law of Kuldip Nayar) and many other Punjabi Hindus belonged to the left-wing of the Punjab Congress Party and had very good relations with Muslims.

Another great stalwart who died during the past week (August 20) was Uri Avnery, a veteran Israeli champion of Arab-Israeli peace. Avnery was born in Germany to a middle-class Jewish family. He joined the Zionist movement and took part in the armed struggle for the creation of Israel. However, over time he became disillusioned with Zionism but remained committed to the right of Israel to exist as an independent nation. Still, he became increasingly aware of the great wrong done to the Palestinian Arabs by the Zionists and eventually became an unrelenting champion of the two-state solution to resolve the conflict in the Middle East.

He was one of the founders of the Ghosh Shalom Movement of Israel, which always opposed the Israeli Governments' policy of occupation and annexation of Palestinian land and property. Avnery preferred cremation over orthodox Jewish burial. A large Palestinian delegation attended his funeral rites. It must be said to the credit of the Government of Israel, that even during the most aggressive and uncompromising regime like that of current Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, Ghosh Shalom was never intimidated, assaulted or persecuted: sadly we can't say that the same would happen in Pakistan.

Even when Pakistan is ruled by elected governments, our approach to criticism and opposition is to react like how Mughal Emperor Aurangzeb would have. Since both Pakistan and Israel are states based on a religious basis of nationalism we are ideological twins. From Israel, we can learn to keep religion within bounds and follow how Israel runs a civilised democracy on its own territory.

So long as the Palestinians live under occupation, I will continue to call Israel an ethnocracy: democracy for Jews and occupation for Palestinians on the West Bank and differential

Kuldip Nayar

rights for those who are Israeli citizens. Uri Avnery always brought up this blatant contradiction and struggled for a just outcome for the Palestinians’.

With Kuldip Nayar gone, we have lost a Great Punjabi who represented the best traditions of a united Punjab which is no more. And with the departure of Uri Avnery, the Palestinians have lost one of their best Israeli friends.

The world is a stage and we all have a role to play. Whether we choose to repair it or wound it further is up to us. A salute to Kuldip Nayar and Uri Avnery.

The writer is Professor Emeritus of Political Science, Stockholm University; Visiting Professor Government College University; and, Honorary Senior Fellow, Institute of South Asian Studies, National University of Singapore. He has written a number of books and won many awards, he can be reached on billumian@gmail.com

<https://dailytimes.com.pk/287513/the-passing-of-two-great-peace-activists/>



When Kuldeep Nayar outwitted Zia

Wajid Shamsul Hasan

Kuldeep Nayar continued to desire peace between India and Pakistan until he died, as he wanted to travel back to Sialkot — his place of birth — and rebuild the house where he was born

Kuldeep Nayar Sahib's ageless passion made him seem immortal. He was an inspiration to everyone. However, his contemporary Khushwant Sindh was much more colourful. Kuldeep Nayar on the other hand, was more political and more scholarly. Both of them died leaving behind a massive, multi-ethnic, multi-religious and multicultural following, that continues to mourn them today.

If one talks about individuals who have fought for the freedom of press, one finds Kuldeep Nayar standing the tallest among all the towering personalities who struggled for freedom of speech during Indira Gandhi's Emergency. He was not just a revered journalist and prolific media magnate, but a committed soldier of peace and free expression. He continued to desire peace between India and Pakistan until he died, as he wanted to travel back to Sialkot — his place of birth — and rebuild the house where he was born.

Kuldeep Nayar Sahib's love for Pakistan frequently brought him here. He had an army of Pakistani friends. As a matter of fact, he started his journalism career at the Urdu Daily

Kuldip Nayar

Anjam, belonging to the late Usman Azad in Delhi. Anjam continued its publication in Karachi for many years after partition. However, it could not keep pace with its main competitors in Pakistan for very long.

After having started his career in Urdu journalism, Kuldip Sahib switched over to English to serve as editor of several newspapers, including Indian Express and The Statesman. During Mrs Gandhi's Emergency he was incarcerated. When democracy returned, he was sent as India's High Commissioner to the Court of St James. However, his tenure only lasted a 100 days. Later he also served as a member of the Rajya Sabha (Upper House).

Nayar sahib was in the entourage of Indian Prime Minister (PM) Lal Bahadur Shastri in Tashkent, where he was meeting President Ayub Khan following the 1965 war to negotiate the historic Tashkent Declaration under the aegis of the erstwhile Soviet Union.

Zia was under the impression that Nayar Sahib would publish 'the nuclear bombshell story' immediately and Islamabad could then blackmail the Americans to get more aid from Washington. However, he outwitted Zia by publishing the story when it would best serve Indian interests

Nayar sahib was known for his media scoops. It was soon after midnight on January 11, 1966 when most newspapers in India and Pakistan had gone to bed with front page headlines on the Tashkent Declaration when Nayar sahib broke the news of Indian PM Lal Bahadur Shastri's death following his severe heart attack. He phoned in the breaking story to the United News of India. At first nobody believed him.

Nayar sahib narrates in his 2012 autobiography *Beyond the Lines* how India reacted to his story with utter disbelief. "Surinder Dhillon on late night duty received the call. I told him to send the flash 'Shastri dead'. Dhillon began laughing and told me that I must be joking because he had just cleared Shastri's speech at the evening function", the book reads. He goes on to say "I told him not to waste time and send the flash immediately. He still did not believe me

and I was obliged to resort to some harsh words in Punjabi to get him to act.”

Nayar also narrates how he learnt about Shastri's demise.”I got up abruptly to a knock on my door. A lady in the corridor told me, ‘Your prime minister is dying’. I hurriedly dressed and drove with an Indian official to Shastri's dacha which was some distance away”. In the book, Nayar says that the then Pakistani President General Ayub Khan was “genuinely grieved” by Shastri's death. “He came to Shastri's dacha and said, looking toward me: ‘Here is a man of peace who gave his life for amity between India and Pakistan’”.

Nayar Sahib's other important scoop came ten years later in which he outwitted his friend, General Zia-ul-Haq over an interview with Pakistani nuclear scientist Abdul Qadeer Khan, where it was revealed that Pakistan had a nuclear device. Zia deliberately allowed him access to AQK, knowing well that Dr Sahib would not miss an opportunity to scare the Indians. Daily Muslim's young editor, Mushahid Hussain Syed, who enjoyed the confidence of Aabpara, was facilitated to take Nayar Sahib to AQK. Zia was under the impression that Nayar Sahib would publish ‘the nuclear bombshell story’ immediately and Islamabad could then blackmail the Americans to get more aid from Washington. However, he outwitted Zia by publishing the story when it would best serve Indian interests.

The matter did not end there. Government media machinery, PTV and the right-wing press orchestrated a hullabaloo, demanding the public hanging of Mushahid for committing an act of treason. The Ministry of Information also attempted to recruit me for this cause. However, I could not buy their story. Mushahid would not take Nayar Sahib to AQK without permission from the highest authority. I wrote a piece asking the government to probe this, suspecting there was more to the case than met the eye. Later that week, at a function where General Zia was the Chief Guest, an editor of a right-wing newspaper demanded that Mushahid be hanged. I was shocked when General Zia endorsed his demand. Mushahid had to forcibly resign, and for some time became

Kuldip Nayar

an outcast. A month later, this same ‘traitor’ Mushahid Hussain was writing for the same top newspapers that had been so hostile to him. I was told by my boss that General Zia-ul-Haq had personally called the offices of these newspapers, advising them to “use the journalistic talents of Mushahid”.

The writer is the former High Commissioner of Pakistan to UK and a veteran journalist

Published in Daily Times, August 29th 2018.

<https://dailytimes.com.pk/289551/when-kuldip-nayar-outwitted-zia/>



Remembering Kuldeep Nayar

Abbas Nasir

THE passing of Kuldeep Nayar, the legendary reporter-editor and indefatigable peace activist, rekindled many memories: seeing him in person, interviewing him for the BBC to seek his opinion on Indian politics and on different twists and turns in Delhi's dialogue with Islamabad.

His command over the Urdu language and of the issues being discussed was so total that he was the delight of the BBC Urdu journalists. Whenever on a visit to London he would drop by the then BBC World Service headquarters at Bush House.

Over the years one also saw him leading peace activists to the eastern side of the Wagah divide to meet Pakistani counterparts, including the indomitable Asma Jahangir, across the border where both groups would light candles to celebrate Pakistan and India's independence days on midnight Aug 14-15.

This is not an obituary of Mr Nayar or even a proper tribute as I know many, many more people far more qualified to write that and do justice as they knew him much better than I would ever. I am merely reminiscing.

I have heard Kuldeep Nayar telling a Delhi audience he started his journalistic career with an Urdu paper called Aghaz. He then went on to earn every possible accolade with wire

services and writing and editing newspapers of high standing in English. His move to English journalism, he said himself, came at the advice of Molana Hasrat Mohani.

He would serve a stint in the upper house of parliament and also as his country's high commissioner to the UK. But for me his peace activism and his imprisonment during Indira Gandhi's emergency in the 1970s to uphold the freedom of expression were the major highlights of his staggeringly successful career. No less was the fact that he was first and foremost a reporter with countless scoops to his credit.

One such scoop was his interview with the man said to be the father of Pakistan's nuclear programme, Dr A.Q. Khan. It was published on March 1, 1987 in which the metallurgist told the interviewer that basically, Pakistan had made a nuclear bomb.

This was the first public statement of its kind and confirmed suspicions in adversarial Delhi as well as many Western capitals that the West's key military ally that had facilitated the humbling of the Soviet Union in Afghanistan had acquired nuclear weapons.

Nobody was surprised when the contents of the interview, spread over 70 minutes at Dr Khan's E-7 residence, were denied by both Pakistan and the Pakistani scientist but the news had caused enough tremors to end the career of one editor.

Mushahid Hussain, who was then the editor of the influential Islamabad newspaper, The Muslim, took the Indian journalist to A.Q. Khan's home for the interview at the end of January that year when relations between the two countries were strained.

The strained ties had spilled into the new year from the previous November/December. Indian military's manoeuvres 'Brasstacks' were deemed provocative by the Pakistan army because the Indian forces were carrying out their exercises with live ammunition and Rawalpindi feared that the scope of these exercises could allow them to morph

into an advance into Pakistan 'soft underbelly' in southern Punjab and northern Sindh.

Then CGS Lt-Gen Aslam Beg was credited with hurriedly drawing up plans and rather than rush extraordinary reinforcements to eastern Pakistan deemed vulnerable, he proposed a clockwise breach into Indian territory further north in Jammu and Kashmir itself in the event of any Indian aggression. Deployments followed.

I recall reading a report in India Today that from sometime in December 1986 to January 23, 1987, the 'hotline' between the DGMOs of the two countries fell silent for 45 days at a time of escalating tensions due to Pakistan's concerns over the scope and the objectives of Brasstacks.

Kuldip Nayar said himself that he had been trying to interview A.Q. Khan for quite some time but in January 1987 finally Mushahid Husain informed him that the Pakistani scientist was prepared to grant him his request.

The opinion in Islamabad at the time was that such access and that too to an Indian journalist, no matter howsoever immaculate his professional credentials, would not have come without the approval or even the instigation of the Vice Chief of Army Staff Gen K.M. Arif who was personally tasked with the security of the nuclear programme and the personnel working on it.

Perhaps, the purpose of the access and the interview was to announce to India (and the world) that Pakistan possessed nuclear weapons to defend against any potential aggression given its unaddressed concerns regarding Brasstacks.

The interview was not published for a month. In the intervening period, negotiations at the foreign secretaries-level through February produced a de-escalation as two career diplomats Abdus Sattar and Alfred Gonsalves thrashed out the contentious issues.

When the nuclear story finally broke, then prime minister Muhammad Khan Junejo who was clearly not in the loop was livid. I have a vivid recollection of reports coming in

Kuldip Nayar

from the PM House that he would shut down The Muslim whose editor he deemed responsible for what he saw as a national security breach.

Mushahid Hussain stepped down. The paper earned a reprieve. Junejo's anger was perhaps justified as the timing of the interview publication brought fresh troubles for the country as US legislators toughened the conditions for aid to Pakistan.

Gratefully, no war was triggered between India and Pakistan but nobody was able to link this development definitively to the interview. Some thought Aslam Beg's quickfire deployments may have done the trick as these were seen as out of the box and hence unanticipated. Who knows.

RIP Kuldip Nayar.

The writer is a former editor of Dawn.

<https://www.dawn.com/news/1428807>



RIP Kuldip Nayar: My Friend, The Man For Peace

SYEDA HAMEED

Khushjamalon ki yaad aati hai
Bemisaalon ki yaad aati hai
Jaanewaley kabhi nahin aate
Jaanewalon ki yaad aati hai

That's what he was Khushjamaal (Beautiful) Bemisaal-
(Peerless)

I never thought I would be writing these lines for Kuldip Nayar. He was alive, active, articulate until the very last when I spoke to him on the phone from Amritsar exactly one week ago on Independence Day.

A group of us had gone to the Wagah border to light candles upholding the Kuldip Nayar tradition. For 23 years the candles had been lit on midnight of August 14/15. He had a few comrades, specially two young men from Amritsar Satnam Manek and Ramesh Yadav who stood by him for a quarter century of his struggle to bring these two beleaguered countries on the Aman Dosti Path. For many years he enabled Pakistani and Indian friends to stand on the either side shining their candles to dispel the darkness and distance between the two neighbors. On either side, the BSF and Rangers were mute witnesses to this courageous tableau. No matter which government was in power they could not stop this movement; although it was carefully contained within the lakeers on either side.

Kuldip Nayar

This year it was Kuldip who flagged off the Yatra from Gandhi Darshan. A dozen of us, led by the indomitable Mohini Giri herself in a wheelchair, Ram Mohan peace crusader from Panipat the land of Sufis went to invite him to flag off the Yatra. We were received with the usual Nayar hospitality. Bharati ji was at his side with the same spirit I witnessed personally eighteen years ago in 2000 at Wagah. He sat at his desk while we crowded around, all smiles. On August 12 he came to Gandhi Darshan for the flag off. In the hall where all had gathered, he walked to the stage with support; he even climbed the two steps, sat down, listened to the speakers, and spoke poignantly of 1947 and the tragic exodus from West Punjab. He reminisced about his student days when Mohammad Ali Jinnah came to his college and young Kuldip asked him a question about the fate of Hindus and Muslims in case partition happens. His mind was crystal clear, his speech was soft, his expression was sad but with a glimmer of hope. At that moment I got a strong feeling that history was being penned as he was speaking. I asked a colleague who was recording on his phone to keep it safe as a precious record.

Amritsar was waiting for Kuldip's caravan of Aman Dosti. The event was organised at the Natshala. It began with remembering Madeeha Gauhar and Asma Jahangir but every few moments people spoke about Kuldip. They recounted how he had seeded the idea, how for several years he got thousands on both sides of the border to listen to Hans Raj Hans. His presence was all pervasive in that packed auditorium. No one thought that the very next year it would be Kuldip who we would be commemorating. His friends Yadav, Manek and Bali told me that they were planning a big event in his honour in Delhi in September. I know they will still hold it.

From Amritsar I spoke to him on the phone every morning, reporting on our day. He had a very bad throat but I heard the keen edge and trace of joy in his voice. I could sense how keenly he listened when I recounted bit by bit our movement through the day leading to the midnight vigil at Wagah. I

Kuldip Nayar

spoke to him about his friends, how they were missing him and how they were hoisting his flag of peace. I spoke to him three mornings in a row and got the feeling that he was waiting for my call. 'We will come and see you as soon as we get back' was the last sentence he hared from me. Sadly I called him not immediately but two days after our return to learn that he was in hospital and not allowed visitors.

I spoke to his staff yesterday; being Eid it was my special day to pray for him. I have to say that never have I a spent a sadder and more desolate Eid. The sadness had no name; just a blanket of grief which negated any thought of celebration. And the day after Eid early morning Kuldip Nayar, Midnight's Child, Candle Bearer at borders and boundaries, flag bearer of Peace between India and Pakistan has left us for ever.

He was the gentle giant of India Pakistan Peace. Both countries should honour him by opening the borders for a massive memorial meeting which should be held in 'his karmbhoomi Amritsar. That should be a start of opening the way for the two countries to begin a Kuldip Nayar - Asma Jahangir Peace Dialogue to fulfil the dreams of these two stalwarts who lived and died for the cause. And to bring solace to the hearts and minds of millions of Indians and Pakistanis.

<http://www.thecitizen.in/index.php/en/NewsDetail/index/9/14760/RIP-Kuldip-Nayar-My-Friend-The-Man-For-Peace>





Fearless voice

ZIYA US SALAM

A titan among journalists, Kuldip Nayar was also a celebrated author and diplomat who remained a resolute voice for friendly relations with Pakistan.

Admirers flocked to Kuldip Nayar like moths to a candle flame. They did not meet the same fate, though. Rather, they came back illumined by stories of peace and progress, of why India and Pakistan needed to talk to each other rather than talk at each other, of how they (Pakistanis) were people like us, Karachi was like Bombay and Lahore very much like Delhi. You crossed the border and a bit of Hindi was sandpapered away, a layer of Urdu added. Punjabis, on either side, retained their language, their culture. Religion divided, but food and dress united. India, too, needed to take a leaf out of Punjab's book. As the years turned into decades, Nayar became a resolute voice for peace with Pakistan.

Nayar left his ancestral home in Sialkot for Delhi at the time of Partition. Although circumstances had driven Nayar out of Sialkot, they could not drive Sialkot, or the newly born nation of Pakistan, out of him. Along with the likes of Inder Kumar Gujral and Inder Malhotra, later joined by luminaries such as Gulzar and Mahesh Bhatt, Nayar was a durable votary of peace, proving through his people-to-people dialogue that there were takers for offerings of peace on the other side too. "Aman Ki Asha" was a hope that transcended political boundaries. Just as Nayar would have liked.

For the past two decades, every year on Independence Day, he would go to the India-Pakistan border at Attari-Wagah and light a candle for peace. He was confident that peace would ultimately defeat violence. Meanwhile, he worked tirelessly for the release of prisoners who had completed their sentence on both sides of the border but for some inexplicable reason stayed behind bars. His training in law—he had done his LLB from Lahore—and his long years in journalism came in handy. However, it is difficult to gauge his success rate. Nayar's success lay in transcending the limitations of a given vocation to reach out to those beyond. For instance, after moving to Delhi he opted to pursue a career in journalism instead of law. (He had done a journalism course from the Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University, United States.) He continued to be predictably unpredictable. Instead of the more rewarding English journalism, he opted for Urdu journalism and worked with an Urdu daily. So popular was he in his brief stint that old-timers still remember him as an Urdu columnist. Those were the days immediately after Partition, and Urdu did not have a religion. Even the advertisements of Hindu mythological films carried the names of the films in Urdu. Nayar was never in danger of being labelled an anti-nationalist or a Pakistani for writing in Urdu. He could write as he pleased, in the language he was most comfortable in.

His fearless criticism of the government of the day and his ability to use simple words endeared him to many who had migrated from Pakistan, as also Muslims who had opted to stay in India. His range of admirers included those who suffered at the time of Partition and came to India with tragic tales of deprivation and displacement and those who scoffed at the idea of a theocratic state and opted for the pluralist fabric of India. In those early years, Nayar brought them together on a common page. It was no mean feat.

Urdu was where his heart was. Yet, Nayar was destined to earn his living and much of his fame from English journalism. By the 1970s, he had gone on to lead *The Statesman*, and when the Emergency was clamped, he was

among the first journalists to be arrested—his fearlessness made him an easy target for an authoritarian state. But incarceration failed to imprison his mind. Soon after release, he continued to use his pen as a weapon against state terrorism, against the suppression of the innocent and against the discrimination against minorities. His writing appealed to the discerning as well as the common man.

If, in 1971 he had criticised the Pakistan government for the atrocities in Bangladesh, in 1975 he did not hold back his criticism of the Congress government and the violation of human rights that the Emergency brought in its wake.

Not surprisingly, in subsequent years, his column “Between the Lines” came to be both anticipated and dreaded, depending on which side of the political divide one was. Soon, the column reached more houses than those who subscribed to *The Statesman* or the media houses that had subscribed to *United News of India*. It was syndicated from Assam to Gujarat and from Kashmir to Tamil Nadu. In those pre-Internet days, smaller magazines and periodicals were happy to carry a column even a month after it was initially published by newspapers in New Delhi and Bombay. Some even got it translated. Yet again, Nayar had transcended the limitations of the medium. Here was a man who had started his career as an Urdu journalist, then risen to be the editor of an English daily, and now found his English columns being translated into Urdu and other languages.

By the mid 1980s and the early 1990s, Nayar had become the favourite of some Left-wing publications and Islamic periodicals at the same time. Those opposed to peace as a state practice accused him of hobnobbing with Pakistan. Later, his criticism of the death of Hemant Karkare, chief of the Mumbai Anti-Terrorist Squad, where he alleged the hand of right-wing forces, drew outrage from a section that believed free speech and thought had its indecipherable lines too.

Amid his roles as editor and activist, he wrote *Beyond the Lines* (1968), followed by much-talked about ventures such as

Kuldip Nayar

India After Nehru, The Judgment: Inside Story of the Emergency in India, India House, Wall at Wagah, and Tales of Two Cities. As a journalist, he commanded attention with the immediacy of his work and the insight of each piece. As an author, he appealed for attention with work that was always likely to outlive the author. Today, when criticism of the government is tantamount to treason in some quarters, Nayar's words continue to be a beacon.

In 1990, he was made India's High Commissioner to Britain. Some seven years later, he became a member of the Rajya Sabha. Thus, a refugee from Pakistan had the rare distinction of having tasted success as a journalist, editor, author, diplomat, politician and human rights activist. But Nayar was not done yet. He continued to wield his pen as an instrument of change. His autobiography in 2012 landed him in fresh trouble, as did his repeated pleas for peace with Pakistan even after the National Democratic Alliance formed the government.

A few hours after the former cricketer and Congress leader Navjot Sidhu was criticised for attending Pakistan Prime Minister Imran Khan's swearing-in ceremony, where he sat next to Pakistan's Army chief, Nayar breathed his last. The level of political discourse had declined and the prospects of peace between two nations constantly squabbling with each other seemed as distant as ever.

He may not 'ave always succeeded, but Nayar had done his bit as a peacenik. He had lit a lamp to dispel the darkness of war and misgivings between the two nations. The subcontinent could not have asked for more.

<https://www.frontline.in/other/obituary/article24807198.ece>



Kuldeep Nayar, Up, Close and Totally Personal

SEEMA MUSTAFA

I had written an angry Facebook post on Kuldeep Nayar, as I felt he had betrayed what he stood for in taking a political position I found highly questionable. I was so upset that I did not care how you would react, forgetting all the years he had stood by my side through the bad and the good. Through the personal and the professional. The anger wore off within a couple of days and shortly after was standing in the aisle of the IIC auditorium for an event when I heard someone call out to me. I turned around and there was Kuldeep Nayar, sitting on an aisle seat, and asking me with his usual warmth to come and sit next to him. I did.

This was just a week ago. We chatted as that FB post had never been. I told him I was angry, he explained why. And then like the journalist he was, he kept up a steady commentary on the proceedings on the dais that he felt were too long, and too boring. As always there was a comment for everyone and every utterance, and while laughing I could not reply, as I would have had to raise my voice several decibels high for him --and of course everyone else in the auditorium--to hear.

But while his mind was as sharp as ever I noticed a frailty that made me fear the worse. He had more than a couple of coughing bouts during the function, and was finding it difficult to open the little packets carrying his medicines.

Kuldip Nayar

Fortunately I located his helper, who came and gave him the medicine and water. It was perhaps the saddest evening ever, maybe even more than this morning when I heard he was no more with us. I was glad he went so quietly and effortlessly, doing what he loved to do till the end. And that he did not suffer the indignity of protracted and intense illness that would have in itself been a death knell for this doughty journalist who taught me most of what I know today.

Kuldip Nayar—with his quaint English was never a great writer. And made up for his absence of grammar with his sentiments, direct, honest and passionate. My first meeting with him was when I joined the Indian Express and was surprised to see the then already great Nayar sahab walk into the lowly reporters room, perch himself on a shaky wooden desk, and invite the seniors to comment on and trash his article of that day. He loved the debate, agreed with some points, defended others and soon I found this to be a regular pastime insofar as he was concerned.

Irreverence was what I, and I am sure most of my colleagues then, learnt from Kuldip Nayar. An ability to question the establishment without giving two hoots, laughing at those who took themselves seriously in the government, tearing into politicians with facts, and getting a sense of the arrogance of journalism. Not arising from brushing shoulders with VVIPs but from placing them in the dock for crimes of omission and commission. I remember when my first legal notice arrived in the Indian Express. Nayar sahab's advice: tear it and throw it. If they are serious they will send it again, then we will see. Needless to say the wastepaper basket of the Indian Express in those heydays of journalism was littered with torn legal threats.

He never took himself seriously, and yet was serious about what he believed in. He was consistent and committed. I remember a senior official of the Indian Foreign Office disparagingly dismissing the "one candle mission" of Kuldip Nayar to Wagah every single Independence Day. Despite the odds. At a time when no one would join him. At a time when Pakistan bashing was almost as fashionable, though of course

not as vicious, as today. The one candle grew into thousands over the years, and this year even though Nayar sahab could not go, the others did—for peace. He created a peace constituency, by refusing to back off despite the pressures and the ridicule. When I would tell him about the nasty comments he would smile with an innocent, “accha? Kehne do...”.

He loved gossip. Like any other journalist, he liked little more than to settle down for a good bout of political anecdotes, the murkier the better. He always brought his share to our gossip table, and though years older, he was perhaps one of the most fun editors to spend quality time with. A few barbs reserved for specific scribes made the meetings even spicier.

If more than a few weeks lapsed he would call and angrily ask me “where have you been, why don’t you call”. More so, if he felt I needed his helping hand which I did most of the time. At the last meeting he wanted me to tell him exactly what was happening to the Muslims in India, and listened, shaking his head, often in disbelief. For various reasons he decided not to hit as hard as he used to in prose, but his caring and his compassion remained as intense. He wondered what would happen to India, he wondered at those who killed with hate, he wondered how long the minorities would bear the oppression, and in the midst of all this was a personal query, about you or someone else he was concerned about at the time.

He taught us compassion, to look at stories from the people's point of view, and not the governments. He taught us the difference between India and a government that was at best transitory. He taught us how to raise a voice, indeed campaign, for the poor and the underprivileged. And he taught us that the true meaning of objectivity is subjectivity. For the poor and the marginalised, the oppressed and the victimised. He taught all this by sheer example, not through lectures that by the way he never was good at.

Kuldip Nayar also set the example of an archetypal activist journalist. A scribe who did not hesitate to walk across the

Kuldip Nayar

fence and personally hold the hand of those affected. An editor who not only wrote about peace with Pakistan but crossed the border to strengthen relations. A journalist who not only defended rights in Bangladesh but walked the extra mile to support journalists and rights groups struggling for survival there. He meshed the two in one harmonious whole, and it is through the both that Nayar sahab made a difference.

A difference that had us crying when we heard he had gone. A difference where people of all walks of life, across South Asia, joined in the mourning. A difference that extended far beyond his family, to touch those he connected with, whose hands he held in their journey. Drying tears and joining ventures. Will always miss you Kuldip Nayar, you should have stayed with us just that little longer.

<http://www.thecitizen.in/index.php/en/newsdetail/index/9/14774/kuldip-nayar-up-close-and-totally--personal>



Kuldeep Nayar: a harbinger of peace

Zaman Khan

Though Kuldeep Nayar was 95, the news of his death sent shock waves all over the world. Born on August 14, 1923, he was one of the last great peace activists and secularists in the Subcontinent. As expected, condolence messages began pouring in from all over the world once the news of his passing spread. Though it is always heartbreaking when a beloved personality like Nayar sahib leaves this world, his death is also a major loss to the peace movements in the Subcontinent.

In Pakistan, Kuldeep Nayar was practically a household name. He was one of the few journalists involved in the Track-Two diplomacy initiated by The Muslim, an English daily from Islamabad which was under the editorship of young Mushahid Hussain Syed during the Zia ul Haq regime's tenure.

Ultimately, both countries successfully used this intimate contact for their own designs. Pakistan was able to convey that it is a nuclear power, and India was able to learn this from the horse's mouth, Dr. Abdul Qadir, father of the Pakistani bomb.

In his autobiography, Kuldeep Nayar wrote, "He used his journalistic expertise and tactics to provoke Dr Qadir, who banged the table and declared, 'Yes! Pakistan is an atomic power'. But on the Pakistani side who knew the security

Kuldip Nayar

arrangements of Dr Qadir were clear that an Indian journalist could not contact the father of Pakistan's atomic bomb without approval from the highest echelons of power. This landed Mushahid Hussain in trouble because civilian Prime Minister Mohammad Khan Junejo was not in the loop. Naturally, he was very angry and wanted Mushahid Hussain tried for treason.

Kuldip Nayar received his early schooling at the Ganda Singh High School in Sialkot. After school, Kuldip Nayar studied at a number of institutions, including Murray College (Sialkot), FC College (Lahore), Law College (Lahore) and Medill School of Journalism (Evanston, Illinois, US). His degrees include BA (Hons), LLB, MSc (in Journalism) and PhD (in Philosophy).

Kuldip Nayar was one of the few journalists who stood against Indira Gandhi for freedom of expression and went to jail for his commitment

He did not want to migrate to India in 1947. He has written about how he and his family was forced to leave Pakistan in his autobiography. He would always mention his dialogue with Mohammad Ali Jinnah when he came to address the students at Law College, Lahore.

Kuldip Nayar was many things in his life; a reporter, editor, a detainee during the Indian Emergency (1975-77), High Commissioner to Great Britain, a Rajya Sabha member and peace activist. However, what he will be best remembered for are his clear analysis regarding events, issues and personalities in Indian politics.

Since 1985, Kuldip Nayar had written a syndicated column that ran in 80 publications in 14 languages, both overseas and at home, including some of India's most influential newspapers and magazines. Kuldip Nayar has also authored over a dozen books, including *Between the Lines*, *Distant Neighbours: A Tale of the Subcontinent*, *India after Nehru*, *Wall at Wagah: India-Pakistan Relationship*, *The Martyr* and *India House*.

Kuldip Nayar

Kuldip Nayar has dedicated himself to the cause of peace. He was President of the Hind Dosti March, which besides organising other functions held vigils on the Wagah border each year on August 14 and 15.

Kuldip Nayar's ideal was Bhagat Singh, on whom he wrote two books. He was a 'Pakka Punjabi' and his commitment to the Punjabi language could be gauged from the fact that he would always speak Punjabi with Pakistani Punjabis. He organised an International Punjabi Conference in 2008 and invited about two dozen Pakistanis to Patiala University to participate.

He was a frequent visitor to Pakistan and his column used to be published in an Urdu daily. The last column was printed just a few days before his passing. He was a harsh critic of PM Modi's communalist policies and violation of human rights in Indian Occupied Kashmir. He wanted normalisation of relations between Pakistan and India and also a visa free regime in South Asia.

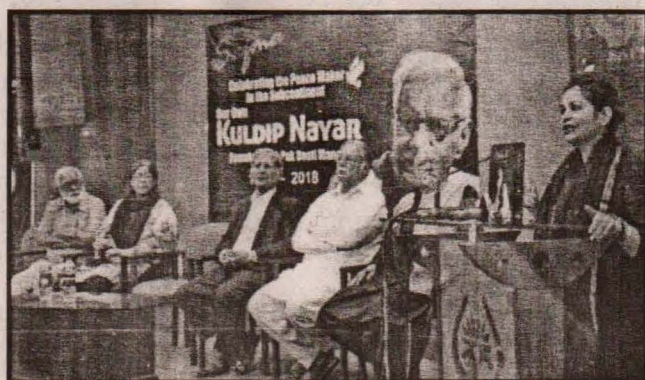
He witnessed many important events in Indian history. He was the first reporter to lodge a story about the assassination of Mahatma Ghandi. He was also present during the Tashkent and Simla Accords. They say "Indira Gandhi asked Indian journalists to bend, but they crawled". Kuldip Nayar, however, was one of the few journalists who stood for freedom of expression and went to jail for his commitment.

He knew every leading politician and peace activists by first name in Pakistan. His autobiography was also translated into Urdu and was launched in Lahore. He also participated in the book launch. Due to his efforts, ultimately a museum on the partition has been established near Wagah border on the Indian side.

The writer is a freelance columnist

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<https://dailytimes.com.pk/289529/kuldip-nayar-a-harbinger-of-peace/>





Kuldip Nayar - Fighter against Emergency who followed his conscience

Prashant Sood

A journalist, author, columnist, human rights activist, diplomat, peacenik and a doughty fighter against the Emergency - Kuldip Nayar saw Indias modern history being made and wrote about it with depth and passion.

Though he wore many hats in his long career, he remained a quintessential journalist till his last breath and did not shy away from speaking his mind, including on communal upsurge.

Nayar (95) was jailed during the Emergency (1975-1977) by the Indira Gandhi government and he fiercely fought for press freedom.

He covered a host of events in his journalistic career spanning over six decades and wrote about major figures in India and the neighbourhood involving the eras of Lal Bahadur Shastri, Jai Prakash Narayan, Indira Gandhi, Zia-ul Haq and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto.

Nayar, who was a media advisor to late Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, was a witness to the Tashkent Accord signed between India and Pakistan. Shastri had died the same night following a heart attack. He knew former Prime

Kuldip Nayar

Minister Indira Gandhi so well that he was almost on first name basis with her.

Nayar's ideas were shaped by partition which changed many lives, including his own. The trauma of partition strengthened his belief in pluralism and in the idea of judging a person by his commitments not his religion.

As a dove on Indo-Pak relations, Nayar started the practice of a candlelight vigil at the India-Pakistan border on the night between August 14 and 15 in early nineties and people joined him in marches up to the border at Attari. Though some saw Nayar's move as unrealistic sentimentalism, he was an optimist for peace and firmly felt that war is not an option between the two countries.

He felt that boosting people-to-people contacts was a way to move forward for the two countries and that Kashmir problem can be solved through mutual cooperation, understanding and accommodation.

Nayar, who was frequently asked about his experience of Emergency, had told IANS in an interview that it was nearly impossible to impose it again but an authoritarian system can still prevail.

He was concerned about conformist, indifferent or pro-establishment press and felt that the present conditions in the country require the judiciary, the press and students to speak out.

Born on August 14, 1923, in Sialkot (Pakistan), Nayar joined Delhi-based Urdu newspaper "Anjam" in 1948 and his first major assignment was to write on Mahatma Gandhi's assassination which left a deep impact on him.

He was the Editor and General Manager of United News of India (UNI) and Editor of The Statesman. He also worked with the Indian Express and foreign publications like The Times, London, The Spectator and the Evening Star.

A prolific writer, Nayar was also the author of 15 books including "Beyond the Lines", "India after Nehru" and

Kuldip Nayar

"Emergency Retold". He was one of the first syndicated columnists of the country.

Nayar loved Urdu and felt that it had not been promoted the way it should have been in post-Independent India.

A widely read political commentator, Nayar felt that Congress should move away from dynastic politics as it was working to the advantage of the BJP. The opposition party, he said, should have learnt its lessons from the Emergency that dynastic politics does not go well with democracy.

Nayar kept alive his interest in the news world till the end. Even on Thursday his last article appeared in the Lokmat Times Edit page in which he had blasted the government on 'Immigrants or Vote Banks'.

He was appointed High Commissioner to the UK in 1990 and nominated to the Rajya Sabha in 1997.

(Prashant Sood can be contacted at prashant.s@ians.in)

<https://www.newsheads.in/latest-news/sources/kuldip-nayar--fighter-against-emergency-who-followed-his-conscience-obituary-article-28035.html>





a conscience-keeper and India-Pakistan peacenik

BAJINDER PAL SINGH

Nayar had been arrested during the Emergency, and during his incarceration, he was allowed an occasional visit from his family members. On one such occasion, when his mother came to meet him for the "mulakat", she narrated a prophesy: "Coming Thursday, you will be released."

The end of Emergency was nowhere in sight, and at that time, few had an inkling that the draconian measures of the Emergency would be rescinded. Although he was behind bars, Kuldip Nayar was aware of the developments, and the prospect of an early release seemed remote.

His mother, however, remained unfazed, as she told a story about a 'Pir' (spiritual guide) from Sialkot. "Last night, Pir ji from Sialkot spoke to me in my dream," she said.

"Pir ji told me that you will be released this coming Thursday," she added. Nayar listened carefully, and did not respond. He was 24 when Partition took place, and he had vivid memories of Sialkot and the dargah.

As foretold, the coming Thursday, his release orders were issued. Although Nayar could not be released that day since the orders arrived late in the day, he was finally set free from prison the next day. Following his release, Nayar was asked by his mother to offer a 'chadar' at the dargah of the Pir in Sialkot. It took him many months, but Nayar lived up to his promise and made an offering at Sialkot.

Kuldip Nayar

The anecdote reflected two pivotal aspects of Nayar's persona — his steadfast commitment to freedom of speech (he went to prison for this), and his unwavering support to India-Pakistan peace efforts.

His arrest was reportedly precipitated by his activism at the Delhi Press Club when he led a signature campaign against the Emergency. Nayar's stint in Tihar jail and his subsequent writings about Emergency cemented his stature as a steadfast proponent of press freedom as well as civil liberties. A decade later, he rallied again when Indira's son Rajiv Gandhi brought the defamation bill in 1988.

If the earlier generation knew him for his dedication to civil liberties, the next generation knew him as a peacenik. An unwavering champion of India-Pakistan peace, Kuldip Nayar continued his activism even during challenging times with the Wagah-Attari candle light marches being the obvious manifestation of his advocacy. During subsequent conversations with the author, he even envisioned a news agency for people in South Asia.

"Why should Indians hear about events in Pakistan from western news agencies?" he had asked.

"We should create a news service that serves South Asia", he had reasoned, and suggested a name for the wire service — South Asia News Service (SANS).

The 'Pir' at Sialkot would have been truly delighted with SANS.

BAJINDER PAL SINGH is a journalist based in Thailand, who specialises in south and southeast Asia. His interests include science, environment and education, and their interface with media.

<https://www.dailyo.in/politics/kuldip-nayar-veteran-journalist-jailed-during-emergency-india-pakistan-peacenik-civil-liberties/story/1/26233.html>



Between The Lines: Fearless Kuldeep Nayar,

Coorni Kapoor

Kuldeep Nayar wore so many hats in his eventful life that the tired old cliché, 'a doyen of Indian journalism', does not really fit. As a newsman, he scooped some of the biggest breaks in political journalism in his time and gained a reputation for chronicling political events in the country over half a century, providing extraordinary insight and insider information in his popular column, appropriately called 'Between the Lines'.

But Nayar was much more than just a newsperson. He was an author of many bestsellers, champion for civil liberties and freedom of speech, an untiring activist for peace between India and Pakistan and conscience keeper of the nation.

Even governments not in tune with his views often turned to him for advice on relations with Pakistan, since he remained in close touch with politicians, the intelligentsia media and people of Pakistan, many of whom he knew intimately. He was on the bus when then Prime Minister, Atal Bihari Vajpayee, rode in the historic inaugural journey between Amritsar and Lahore in 1999. His stature earned him recognition in the form of numerous honours and awards, including a nomination to Rajya Sabha, the prestigious post of High Commissioner to the UK and member on several commissions and committees.

Unlike some of his contemporaries in the media, Nayar never retired. He continued his flourishing syndicated column, translated into practically every major regional language and distributed in dozens of newspapers, not just in India but also in Pakistan, Bangladesh and the Middle East.

He was my editor and mentor at The Indian Express and he kept in regular touch with not just with me but numerous former colleagues for the rest of his life. Less than a month ago, he chided me that I had of late been lax in arranging our regular get-togethers with the old Express hands at the India International Centre. The lunch was fixed for later in the month, but alas, he broke the appointment. He took ill with chest congestion a few days ago and passed away, at age 95, in hospital Wednesday night.

Some of my most vivid recollections of him are from the Emergency. When censorship was introduced by Indira Gandhi and we reporters at The Indian Express were still in a state of shock and inertia, Nayar called us to his office to give us a pep talk. He advised us that even if we could not write about the unfolding events in Delhi because of the blanket censorship, we should privately keep a daily diary for posterity. It was invaluable advice which none of us unfortunately followed.

Within a few days of the Emergency, he courageously called a meeting of Delhi journalists to protest against censorship and the arrest of two editors. The memorandum to Mrs Gandhi was signed by some 100 journalists, largely from The Indian Express and the Hindustan Times. Later, when V C Shukla, then information and broadcasting minister, demanded he hand over the list of signatories, Nayar refused to comply.

A few days later, Nayar was arrested under the dreaded MISA and sent to Tihar jail. He was released shortly afterwards when the government learnt that the Delhi high court was planning to rule in his favour, striking down the MISA provision that barred a detainee from seeking relief from the courts.

Justice Rangarajan, however, ruled in Nayar's favour despite the government arguing that the case had become infructuous since he had already been released. Incidentally, while he was in jail, he met his father-in-law Bhim Sen Sachar, a well-known Gandhian who had been imprisoned for also petitioning against the imposition of the Emergency.

Nayar had a way with people, never pulled rank and acquired legendary contacts, from peons in government offices to top ministers. Consequentially, he had many spectacular scoops to his credit. Reporting for United News of India (UNI) in Tashkent, he was the first to get the news of Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri's death while his rivals were at a party celebrating the declaration of the Tashkent agreement between India and Pakistan. Getting hold of a government telephone line, the enterprising Nayar managed to convey the news to his office and convince the sleepy sub-editor on duty that this was no hoax. UNI released the news past midnight and many newspapers stopped their presses to publish the report.

On January 16, 1977, Nayar put out a report which rocked India. He declared that Mrs Gandhi was going to declare elections in March that year, although Emergency was still in place and people feared that there was no early end in sight. Nayar realised that his neck was on the line and so was the future of The Indian Express, if the report proved untrue. But Express owner Ram Nath Goenka courageously gave him the go-ahead. A decade later, Nayar was the first to report, after an interview with Pakistan's A Q Khan, that Pakistan had acquired the knowhow for a nuclear bomb.

Ironically, the man who made history as a journalist had in fact envisaged a career in law. Nayar studied at the Law School in Lahore where Khushwant Singh was one of his teachers. But when Partition came, Nayar and his family were forced to flee their home in Sialkot. He reached Delhi as an impecunious refugee who had to build a new life for himself. He first joined an Urdu newspaper and later the Indian Information Service. He studied for his Master's degree in journalism at North Western University, USA, and

moved on to English journalism. He had the privilege of working as information officer for both Lal Bahadur Shastri and Govind Ballabh Pant, when they were home ministers. His work with the two ministers brought him into close contact with all big names in the Congress party of that era.

After his stint with the government, Nayar was invited to head the struggling UNI wire service, which was completely overshadowed by the Press Trust of India (PTI). Later, he moved to the Statesman as Resident Editor, where he began his celebrated column 'Between the Lines'. Shortly afterwards, Ram Nath Goenka, owner of The Indian Express, hired the fabled newsgetter to start the Express News Service. Despite the plaudits he earned for building the most active and informed news network in the country, he decided to leave when he felt he was not in tune with a new editorial appointment. He used to joke that Goenka, by forcing his hand, had done him a huge favour since he then pioneered the concept of syndicating his column and news stories all over the country. The reach of his syndicate was phenomenal. He made far more money on his own than he could have ever dreamed of working for a newspaper.

Nayar believed fervently in mending ties with Pakistan, no matter what the provocation from hardliners on both sides of the border. He realised that his nostalgia and sentimental attachment to the region he grew up in was increasingly out of sync with a younger generation of Indians. Once he narrated to me laughingly that when he asked his grandson what he thought of the film Border, his grandson replied jocularly, "You won't like it, it's pro-India." Nayar never gave up hope for peace in the neighbourhood and continued with his symbolic candle light vigils on the border on the eve of Independence Day with like-minded people from the other side, even if the number of marchers kept diminishing.

<https://www.financialexpress.com/india-news/end-of-an-era-1923-2018-between-the-lines-fearless-kuldip-nayar-journalisms-conscience/1290196/>



Kuldip Nayar, a Crusader for Press Freedom With a Sharp Nose for News

Neena Vyas

With his passing today at the age of 95, a voice that never balked at speaking about the perils of a press subjugated to the will of the ruling dispensation, has fallen silent.

Kuldip Nayar was at once a passionate reporter, an activist for peace between India and Pakistan and a person who believed that a meaningful democracy cannot exist without a free and fiercely independent press.

With his passing on Thursday at the age of 95, a voice that never balked at speaking about the perils of a press subjugated to the will of the ruling dispensation has fallen silent. At a time when the print and the electronic press is increasingly seen to be its master's voice, Nayar lamented that "newspapers and television channels have themselves become so pro-establishment that the government doesn't have to do anything to make them fall in line".

This self-censorship is starkly different from the time of the Emergency, in 1975, when Indira Gandhi used official censorship to silence criticism.

Nayar stepped into journalism directly from the Press Information Bureau (PIB) in the 1960s. At the PIB, he was, by dint of the nature of his job, a spokesperson for one minister or another. This required him to defend government

policy. But after he made a career switch – launching into journalism as the head of then fledgling United News of India – he never looked back.

Born in Sialkot (now in Pakistan) in 1923, Nayar was particularly sentimental and even stubbornly optimistic about forging peace between the hostile neighbours. Passionate about India-Pakistan peace, he was part of a group that regularly held candle light vigils at the Attari-Wagah border.

Over time, Nayar acquired the distinction of being a reporter with uncompromising passion and a sharp nose for news. Throughout his life and journalistic career, he remained doggedly opposed to any government move that had the potential of undermining the independence of the press. In his mission to safeguard media autonomy and freedom, Nayar would often make common cause with other journalists. He teamed up with his colleagues during Emergency to fight censorship. He revealed the same streak of resistance later when former Congress prime minister Rajiv Gandhi sought to bring the Anti-defamation Bill in 1988, which was a direct attack on press freedom. Faced with resolute opposition to the bill, Gandhi was forced to withdraw it.

More recently, under pressure from journalists, wholeheartedly supported by Nayar, the Narendra Modi government had to withdraw a proposed order to monitor digital media, aimed at checking proliferation of fake news. The monitoring committee was tasked to bring online information under regulation, on the lines applicable to print and electronic media.

During the years he occupied the post of director at the Printers Mysore Private Ltd that publishes Deccan Herald, Nayar continued to defend press freedom even as more and more media outlets made compromises.

The first opportunity that came Nayar's way to make a news splash was during the time he was general manager/editor of UNI. He had gone to Tashkent to report on the talks between India and Pakistan after hostilities between the two countries ended in 1965. I was then working at UNI. The memory of

that day still lives with me. The Tashkent declaration was signed and sealed. Correspondents had filed their stories. It was past midnight in India and newspapers had started rolling out when a call from Nayar dictated two words in a flash – “Shastri Dead “.

As information officer, Nayar was well acquainted with Lal Bahadur Shastri even prior to his becoming prime minister. After the Tashkent declaration was signed, Nayar went to meet Shastri, hoping to get some insights into the development. It was there that he learnt of Shastri's death. That night, newspapers had to destroy papers already printed and the front page had to be remade.

Some believed Nayar to be soft on some pro-Khalistani elements within the Akali Dal. He may have met some of these elements when he was India's high commissioner in the United Kingdom. He perhaps even naively believed that lack of proper understanding of the resentment and anger in Punjab had led to the terrible turn of events that came to be associated with the Khalistan movement.

Nayar was also close to several prime ministers – Lal Bahadur Shastri, later V.P. Singh and Inder Kumar Gujral. He was nominated to the Rajya Sabha in 1997.

Work was the passion of his life. Nayar remained engaged in public conversations and writing till just a few weeks before he died.

Neena Vyas covered the Bharatiya Janata Party for years for The Hindu.





Kuldip Nayar: A Partition storyteller par excellence

Shazzad Khan

My father, a prolific reader of literature about the historical events connecting India, Pakistan and Bangladesh, was a great admirer of Indian writer-columnist Kuldip Nayar. "Don't miss it," he would tell me, about Nayar's weekly column published by The Daily Star. I often heard my father say that Muhammad Ali Jinnah used to be called an "ambassador of Hindu-Muslim unity".

My knowledge of that time was mostly from my father's recollections, books and documents. But after my father's insistence that I read Kuldip Nayar, I came to realise that if anyone today deserves this ambassador title for their work on India-Pakistan relations, it was Nayar. He was truly a champion of India-Pakistan unity.

Over the years, reading Kuldip Nayar's articles on the pages of The Daily Star had become a regular task for me. Whenever I saw his article, I would read it instantly. I had a folder on my PC named after Nayar for archiving his articles, which were down-to-earth and penetrating, and would give a reader the feeling of being a part of this subcontinent, and also a feeling of brotherhood between Hindus and Muslims.

Kuldip Nayar's *Beyond the Lines: An Autobiography* is a mesmerising piece of work. As I read it, it gave me a feeling as if my father was talking to me. Since my childhood, I heard my father say many striking stories of the Partition.

Kuldip Nayar

While reading the book, I found many similar stories told poignantly by Nayar. Kuldip Nayar never wrote to exhibit his mastery over the language of English but to penetrate into the hearts of his readers. In many English newspapers, including *The Daily Star*, I found writings that could only draw me up to the first paragraph or at best the second. But reading Kuldip Nayar, you would feel as if he were chatting with his readers, always saying that the history of the subcontinent was not inevitable, but now that it's there, we should accept it and live in peace like brothers and sisters.

Kuldip Nayar's writing style was extremely vivid. In his last article published by *The Daily Star* on August 14, 2018, he described how, while he was crossing the border in 1947 from Sialkot to Amritsar, he was aghast to get the stench of bodies of people killed in the riots triggered by the Partition, and at the same time, how he felt utterly lost as he was unable to help the grandson of an old Sikh who begged him to take him along. Kuldip Nayar wrote that these incidents haunted him all his life. Reading the story, I too felt haunted, thinking what could possibly happen to the child afterwards.

A few years ago, possibly at the Hay Festival (now Dhaka Lit Fest), I learned that he was coming to Bangla Academy. As I met him there, I was surprised to see that he looked somewhat like my own father. And as he was giving his account of the 1947 Partition, I felt as if I was listening to my own father. That was a great moment in my life.

Kuldip Nayar had always been a conscience keeper for India and Pakistan. In an article on Rahul Gandhi's relations with Narendra Modi, or the one published on August 14 in *The Daily Star*, he once again portrayed how insensitively politicians behave, because of which we common people have to suffer. His life's experience and attachment to historic figures such as Gandhi, Nehru, Jinnah, Sardar Patel, Abul Kalam Azad, Subhas Bose and others gave us a picture of what the Indian subcontinent was once and what it is now—how we lived then and are living now.

Kuldip Nayar

I pay my deepest respect and love to Kuldip Nayar and pray for his eternal peace. He will forever live in my heart, as my own father will, with his words of wisdom and peace.

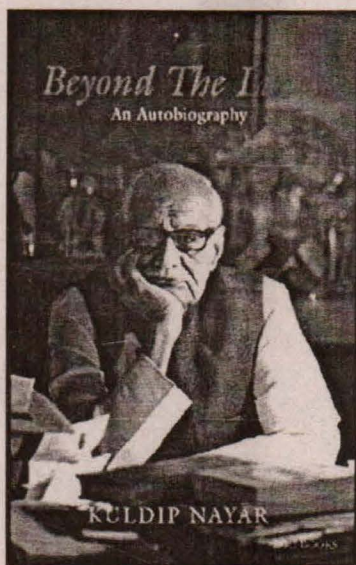
Shazzad Khan is a development worker, currently working for Manusher Jonno Foundation (MJF).

Email: Shazzad@manusher.org

<https://www.thedailystar.net/news/opinion/tribute/kuldip-nayar-partition-storyteller-par-excellence-1625749>

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Kuldip Nayar





Kuldip Nayar, Who Spent His Life Searching for Truth Between the Lines

Sanjay Parikh

On June 26, 2018, a human rights organisations had assembled at the Gandhi Peace Foundation in Delhi to remember the dark days of the Emergency. This was an annual affair and Kuldip Nayar was a regular speaker at these meetings. This time too, he came and spoke. But his speech was different; it came from his heart and was quite moving. He ended by saying that the fight has not ended – there are issues much more serious than the Emergency and they have to be fought fearlessly with deep conviction – by listening to the voice of the inner-self. Never give up truth, was his message to the audience. I told him: “Today, you were different, very powerful!” He smilingly replied: “Today, you were more receptive!”

It was a long journey for him – 95 years, divided into pre- and post-Partition. His memories were full of the sad days of partition. He knew what price people paid and therefore, stood for values India should have after independence. He wrote throughout his life relentlessly as an editor, writer and columnist on every possible issue he thought was relevant for the people and the nation. His heart bled for the poor. He openly supported people’s movements where he found tyranny and repression by the state of human rights and civil liberties. He was a staunch defender of the freedom of press and expression and therefore, wrote fearlessly against the Emergency imposed by Indira Gandhi in 1975.

Kuldip Nayar

He was detained in Tihar jail under the Maintenance of Internal Security Act. His wife, Bharti Nayar, filed a habeas corpus petition in the Delhi high court to quash his illegal detention. The petition came up before Justice S. Rangarajan, a brave and bold judge during Emergency. After the judgment was reserved, the government decided to release Kuldip Nayar and revoke his detention before the judgment was pronounced. However, Justice Rangarajan not only delivered the judgment (Bharti Nayar vs Union of India) but added a 'post-script' to it as to why he was delivering the judgment. He said the habeas corpus writ, being a public law remedy, after the judgment was reserved, "courtesy, to the court demanded that we were apprised about the intended action before it was actually taken."

Indira Gandhi was quite upset with these remarks and the courage shown by the judge and therefore, transferred him to Guwahati. After Justice Rangarajan retired, I joined a law practice with him in 1982. He was quite proud of his judgment in the Nayar case, which was praised, among others, by Lord Denning. I read the judgment and was quite curious to know why he wrote the post-script. He replied that on the day he was going to pronounce the judgment, he felt some unease inside. He added: "I got up around at 3 am in the morning and typed the post-script on a manual typewriter. Thereafter, I felt relieved of the burden on my conscience." I did not know Kuldip Nayar at that time. Justice Rajindar Sachar introduced me to him after he had retired and joined the Supreme Court Bar. Since 1990, it was almost regular to see him in one meeting or the other with Justice Sachar or without him. In one of the conversations recently, I told him what justice Rangarajan said about the 'post-script'. His response was: "Even during Emergency, there were judges who were guided by their conscience rather than the ambitions."

I remember he was upset when the domicile requirement under the Representation of Peoples Act, 1961 was removed by an amendment with effect from August 28, 2003 for election to the Rajya Sabha. It meant that one could be

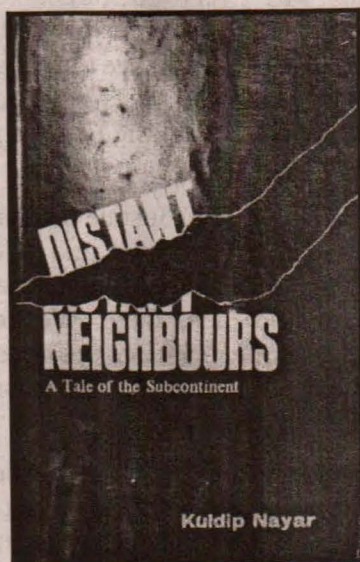
chosen as an MP from any place to represent that constituency in the Rajya Sabha, though s/he had no connection with the place. He was of the view that this amendment will destroy the sacrosanct function of the legislature as such, because Rajya Sabha is a place where every Bill has to be debated properly keeping in view federalism, interests of all states and their peculiar problems. This amendment was challenged in the Supreme Court. A constitution bench heard it. Justice Sachar argued the case and I assisted him. The constitution bench upheld the amendment. Nayar was very disturbed and wrote disapproving of it. Thereafter, whenever we met, he kept telling me that he would like to challenge the judgment before a larger bench of the Supreme Court. The last reminder was when he spoke on the anniversary of the Emergency.

If there were meetings in Delhi on any human rights issue, everyone would expect Nayar and Justice Sachar to come as if they could command (out of regard and affection) their presence. Both of them would never disappoint and it would be an exception not to find them there. We lost both in a short span. It appears as if a generation has gone: one which represented a selfless breed of human beings on whom we could always depend for guidance.

As a young student, we were asked to memorise renowned authors and their work. I remember one such author was Kuldip Nayar and the book was *Between the Lines*. I did not understand then the meaning of an invisible gap between the lines. Now I see the gap and look at the great man who was incessantly searching between those visible lines, the invisible truth that spread 'beyond the lines' – over the wide canvass of his writings as an independent journalist, which truly he was till his last breath.

Sanjay Parikh is a Supreme Court advocate and national vice-president of People's Union for Civil Liberties.

<https://thewire.in/media/kuldip-nayar-obituary-between-the-lines>





Kuldeep Nayar: Our conscience keeper

MRINAL PANDE

Kuldeep Nayar became the voice for many a just causes and raised it to great effect as few would, against injustice

Kuldeep Nayar, veteran Editor of several national dailies, columnist for some 80 publications in 14 languages, writer of 15 books on a variety of subjects, Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri's press advisor, India's ambassador to the UK, member of the Upper House in late 90s, and initiator of several historical petitions against State excesses, from the Emergency to the demolition of the Babari Masjid, passed on at the age of 95. Traditionally he had what in Hindi we call a 'Bharapoor Jivan', a life lived well. But it was also a life lived dangerously. We in the media today, will greatly miss this giant who would not go gently into the night whenever freedom was in peril. Everything about him was large. His frame, his heart, his courage. He roared and challenged injustice with all his might again and again, making us feel proud to be members of the same profession.

Kuldeep Nayar belonged to the generation of Indians who had graduated from college in the undivided India and believed alongside Gandhi that the Partition was a mistake. That India and Pakistan were but two children of the same mother and unless they sank their petty misgivings and turned into amicable neighbours, neither would live in peace. Wars, cross border killings and the ugly sparring at the UN, nothing

shook this belief and in 2000 he started the Aman Dosti Yatra from Rajghat to Wagah border which ended by the participants lighting candles for peace at the Indo Pak border, each year on 14th August. It is entirely befitting that his last public appearance this year was on 12th August when he flagged off the Aman Dosti Yatra.

Kuldip Nayar belonged to the generation of Indians who had graduated from college in the undivided India and believed alongside Gandhi that the Partition was a mistake. That India and Pakistan were but two children of the same mother and unless they sank their petty misgivings and turned into amicable neighbours, neither would live in peace.

One can accuse various governments in the history of Indian republic of all kinds of things, but no one can say that they have ever hesitated to use the monopoly of might if their own power base felt threatened. At times like these Kuldip Nayar never failed those of us who wished to register our dismay and opposition to the whittling away of our civil rights. He petitioned against the Emergency, was jailed under MISA, but a few years later he petitioned again against the Babari demolition with Justice Setalvad. He protested against any threat to the media's freedom. When some of us senior women journalists decided to form the Indian Women's Press Club, he along with colleague's BG Verghese and HK Dua, supported us firmly and never failed to attend our celebrations whenever he could.

Once while he was our High Commissioner in London on a visit to Delhi, I happened to greet him cheerfully. He growled, "And you had no time to come home and meet me when you were in London last month?" I growled back and told him such a sin was unthinkable for me. That I had not been in London since I called on him and his gracious wife in their home a year ago and partook of their typical large-hearted Punjabi hospitality. He smiled a tad sheepishly and said, "My mistake. Someone told me you had been sighted." Then he warmly patted my head and said, "I had said to them, Mrinal would never do this to me. I am glad I was right."

Kuldip Nayar

To those who got to know him and see him at work as a journalist, as an activist, in the last half a century, Kuldip Nayar remained one man who would say out loud what he thought of the governments on both sides of the Wagah border or the Lord Above, without being bothered about being tortured and/or threatened with death. Today when public debates and frank interchange of views across generations of media men and women are becoming more and more ephemeral, and a disgraceful xenophobia has been directed suddenly against those of another faith who are being registered as excludable foreigners, such frankness is rare. He became the voice for many a just causes and raised it to great effect as few would, against injustice.

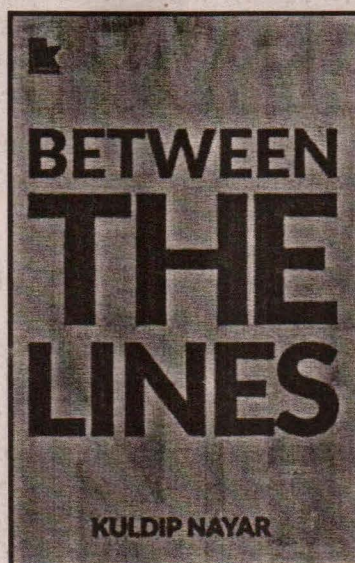
Kuldip Nayar like Nikhil Chakraborty, Prem Bhatia, and BG Verghese, were one of the last of a breed of journalists who we considered our last resort for airing our angst. When we sought him out, he would always hear out his hyperventilating younger coworkers patiently with a twinkle in his eyes and when he was convinced, lost no time as he set about turning vicious sloganeering and bills threatening civil freedoms, on their head. He believed in a settlement of disputes by taking them straight to the courts, not sloganeering on the streets and how memorably he took the State to court. To its credit the judiciary never failed him. Together, both have ensured that disagreements are settled in courts, not on the streets, that the media, the women and the minorities live a life of equal rights and dignity, and all citizens of India retain the minimum conditions of civilisation.

Such courage, such grace, as Lakshman says about Ahilya in Ramayana, is to be bowed to.

<https://www.nationalheraldindia.com/obituary/kuldip-nayar-our-conscience-keeper>

<https://thewire.in/media/kuldip-nayar-obituary-press-freedom>

Kuldip Nayar





Silence is not a virtue

A.S. Panneerselvam

In a vibrant democracy, there must be free flow of information, not prepublication gag orders

It was heartening to read all the glowing tributes to veteran journalist Kuldip Nayar and his relentless fight for a free press. The irony is that some of those who do not value the importance of a free press are celebrating his resistance to the Emergency. In the mid-1970s, the threat to media freedom was transparent as it was a top-down command. Now, it has taken myriad forms and operates in a subtle fashion. It is akin to a byzantine maze.

No prior restraint

One of the key tools used to silence a probing press, whose fundamental mandate is to scrutinise those in power, is the prepublication gag order. In recent times, gag orders have been coming as an avalanche. They are in gross violation of the Supreme Court's 1994 order in *R. Rajagopal v. State of Tamil Nadu*. The Bench comprising Justices B.P. Jeevan Reddy and S.C. Sen categorically denied the option of prior restraint. The apex court observed that it was important to strike a balance between the freedom of the press and the right to privacy. The court said that the state and its officials do not have the right to impose prior restraints on the publication of materials that may be defamatory to the state.

“No such prior restraint or prohibition of publication can be imposed by the respondents upon the proposed publication,” the court said, but this does not prevent the state from initiating legal proceedings if it finds the published material to be defamatory. In other words, the ruling meant that no one can prevent the publication of potentially defamatory articles; one can only sue after such articles are published. But what constitutes defamation? Why should India permit both criminal and civil defamation? Legal experts have explored these contentious issues at length.

There seems to be a wide gap in the interpretation and application of laws between the higher judiciary and the lower judiciary in India. While the higher judiciary retains the space for freedom of expression, the lower judiciary tends to restrict it on untested legal grounds, often bordering on infringement of fundamental rights. For instance, in Karnataka, nearly 80 cases of blanket prior injunctions were issued against various media houses, including this newspaper. It takes months, if not years, to get these injunctions vacated. It is not just governments that opt for prior restraint to silence the media and hamper the flow of information but also powerful corporate houses.

Last year, the news website The Wire was forced to take down two articles following a court order in a defamation suit filed by Rajya Sabha member Rajeev Chandrasekhar, who is also the vice chairman of the National Democratic Alliance in Kerala. The City Civil Court in Bengaluru gave an ex parte order in the case without even giving the news organisation an opportunity to explain its reason for publishing the material.

The Rafale deal

In September 2016, a €7.87 billion Intergovernmental Agreement for 36 Rafale multi-role fighter jets in fly-away condition was signed between India and France. The deal has become a contentious issue since. It is the duty of the media to examine the deal closely, including the controversial offset deal. However, three companies owned by Anil Ambani

served a “cease and desist” notice to the The Hindu against publishing “unverified and speculative” reports relating to the offset contract that was part of the Rafale deal. The notice comes after the Congress alleged that there were financial irregularities in the Intergovernmental Agreement. The party had also raised questions about the manner in which the companies were roped in as offset (export obligation) partners for the deal. The “cease and desist” notice was later sent to some other publications and to Congress leaders.

The Editors Guild of India condemned the “cease and desist” notice and asked the company to withdraw this notice. The Guild was equally disturbed by the gag order issued by the Patna High Court restraining the media from reporting on the investigation in the Muzaffarpur shelter home abuse case.

Only totalitarian regimes prefer silence. A vibrant democracy encourages debate and arguments, and values the need for the free flow of information.

readerseditor@thehindu.co.in

<https://www.thehindu.com/todays-paper/tp-opinion/silence-is-not-a-virtue/article24787909.ece>





Vishav Bharti

Tribune News Service

“You people may be successful one day. We, the governments, will not get anywhere,” Benazir Bhutto famously told Kuldip Nayar in Lahore in 1993. Nayar, a committed peacenik, worked relentlessly for furthering India-Pakistan ties, lighting candles at Zero Line along the Wagah border on the midnight of August 14 and 15, along with his comrades, for several years.

He believed “the high walls of fear and distrust will crumble one day... it is the straw I have clutched in the sea of hatred and hostility that has engulfed the subcontinent,” he wrote in his autobiography. A group headed by Nayar lit candles at the Wagah border in 1992. Soon, it took the shape of a movement. Year after year, peaceniks started gathering there. By 2011, their number had swollen to a lakh.

On the other side of the barbed wire, he was joined by Dr Mubashir Hussain, Asma Jehangir, Jugnu Mohsin and IR Rehman. And in 2009, for the first time the iron gates on the Attari- Wagah border were opened. Haunted by memories of Partition, Nayar did not hesitate knocking at the doors of Pakistan’s leaders — whether those of Zulfikar Bhutto, to urge him to open trade, or his daughter Benazir’s or those of Nawaz Sharif. Just before she was assassinated, Benazir told him in London that she would make the subcontinent borderless. But that was not to be.

Kuldip Nayar

Whether in war or in peace, Nayar's heart throbbed for Punjab. Before Operation Bluestar, he formed "Punjab Group" comprising prominent citizens Inder Kumar Gujral, Lt Gen JS Aurora, Air Marshal Arjan Singh, Justice Rajinder Sachar and Pran Chopra, to restore peace in the state, questioning human rights abuses.

Sad to hear of the passing away of Kuldip Nayar, veteran editor and writer, diplomat and parliamentarian, and a determined champion of democracy during the Emergency. His readers will miss him — Ram Nath Kovind, PRESIDENT

Kuldip Nayar was an intellectual giant of our times. Frank and fearless in his views, his work spanned many decades. His strong stand against the Emergency, his public service and commitment to a better India will always be remembered — Narendra Modi, PRIME MINISTER

He served the country in various capacities with great distinction. He was a veteran journalist, diplomat, parliamentarian and author. He wore many hats in his decades of public life. — Manmohan Singh, FORMER PM

<https://www.tribuneindia.com/news/punjab/a-committed-peacenik-nayar-promoted-india-pak-ties/641907.html>



Interpreting Kuldeep Nayar's life between the lines

Tarun Basu

There is a story, possibly apocryphal, of the legendary journalist-columnist Kuldeep Nayar, who died on Aug. 23 at the age of 95. In the 1970s, Nayar ran a popular syndicated column called "Between the Lines" that was a highly readable account of what went behind the scenes in the Indian political spectrum of the time. He later wrote a book by the same name which became perhaps the first non-fiction best-seller in India. Apparently, it was so popular at the time that Delhi panwallahs would stock it; unable to change a hundred rupee note in full, they would offer their clients copies of "Between the Lines" instead.

Such were the stories associated with the life and times of Nayar — Kuldeep to those in his profession and peers — that till almost the last day of his life he wrote the stories, analyzed events and interpreted situations whose sharp and incisive content would become a subject of avid discussion by the powerful and the commoner. He was not just a doyen among South Asian journalists — he had a large following across the region — but a tireless champion of press freedom, civil liberties, liberal values, secular politics and South Asian - particularly India-Pakistan - unity and which continued to animate his writings till the end.

Injustice of any kind moved him and that was one reason he chose to become a journalist, he once told an interviewer.

Although he rose to become a diplomat — he was appointed India's High Commissioner to the UK in the late *nineties* and then a Member of Parliament in the Upper House (Rajya Sabha) — at heart he remained a quintessential reporter and storyteller, ferreting out news from the mouths of the high and mighty; seeking out news from quarters that strove best to keep them under wraps; and treasuring sources in the establishment who shared confidences with him in the larger quest of the public's right to know in a democracy.

Among the many books he penned was "Scoop," in which he chronicled some of the big stories he broke. Among these were an interview with Cyril Radcliffe, the former British chairman of the pre-Partition Boundary Commission, who disclosed to Nayar at his London home that he nearly gave Lahore to India but then changed his mind after realizing that "Pakistan would have no big city left with them."

He also interviewed the late Pakistani nuclear scientist A. Q. Khan in 1987 and got him to brag that Islamabad already had the bomb — confirming the long-held bomb-in-the-basement theory about Pakistan which officially detonated it in 1998 - and had already tested it in the laboratory

But the best of the Nayar stories and anecdotes were also redolent of the bawdy Punjabi humor that made him such an absorbing raconteur at journalistic gatherings. Nayar, who was then serving as press adviser to then Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri (he had also been press officer to Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru), had gone with him to Tashkent, now capital of Uzbekistan but then part of the Soviet Union, where he and Pakistan President Ayub Khan had signed the Soviet-brokered Tashkent Agreement to end the 1965 India-Pakistan war. A few hours after signing the agreement, Shastri died in his hotel room. It was past midnight in Delhi when the night editor at the United News of India (UNI) news agency — where Nayar had helped found and had also served as its general manager — was taking 40 winks after clearing what he thought were the day's most important stories. He was woken up rudely when the telephone jangled and Nayar was on the line from Tashkent informing him that

"Shastri was dead." Thinking that Nayar was pulling his leg after a drink, the night editor, also a Punjabi, told Kuldip to stop kidding and to continue his celebration of the historic agreement just signed. Realizing that polite language may not work, Nayar decided to call again on a cracking long-distance line, and this time decided to yell in what he later said was in "chaste Punjabi" full of expletives that only a fellow Punjabi could digest. The result : the editor was shaken up and — pronto — sent off the breaking news on the agency ticker that shocked the country and the world - PRIME MINISTER LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI DIES OF HEART ATTACK AT TASHKENT!

As a product of the Partition himself - Nayar had left Sialkot to come to India - the trauma and its aftermath were subjects close to his heart and he yearned, much to the chagrin of the hawks, for amity and friendship between the people of India and Pakistan.

Till ill health prevented him, he and a clutch of peaceniks would go to the Wagah border and light candles there every year, with a similar bunch of idealists coming from the other side of the border. It had become an annual ritual and he and his friends came to be derided as the "candlewallahs" who lived in a utopian world when the reality between two countries was anything but friendly.

At his memorial meeting in New Delhi, his grandchildren recalled how he loved to talk about commonality of culture between India and Pakistan and how they would pull his leg about his emotional attachment to Pakistan. Once, when he asked one of his grandchildren, how he liked the Bollywood film "Border," the boy ribbed him: "You won't like it; it's too pro-India!"

People from across the professional and social spectrum who came into contact with him wrote or spoke about the indelible impression he left on them. One of the them, Sanjay Parikh, an attorney, recalled how Nayar was there on June 26 this year to "remember the dark days of the Emergency" when then-Prime Minister Indira Gandhi on that day in

Kuldip Nayar

1975, suspended civil liberties; muzzled the press and put hundreds of opposition leaders and dissenters to prison, including Nayar.

"This was an annual affair and Kuldip Nayar was a regular speaker at these meetings. This time too, he came and spoke. But his speech was different; it came from his heart and was quite moving. He ended by saying that the fight has not ended — there are issues much more serious than the Emergency and they have to be fought fearlessly with deep conviction — by listening to the voice of the inner-self. Never give up truth, was his message to the audience."

Truth, accuracy and a belief in the plurality of India were articles of faith with Nayar and remained so till his last breath. He always spoke about the value of accuracy in journalism and told young journalists and journalism students that without truth and accuracy, journalism as a vocation had no meaning. In his last column that was ironically carried in many newspapers on the day he died, Nayar cautioned the ruling BJP not to "impose its Hindutva philosophies" on the Northeast that was a "plural society" and instead focus on development and good governance in winning over a politically exploited region.

Nayar, despite his immense stature and veneration, was a man with a puckish sense of humor and that remained with him even in his 90s when he continued to be mentally agile even as his withering body left his large frame bent. In correspondence days before his death with one of his publishers, K. P. R. Nair of Konark, Nayar thanked him for the royalty check for two of his books published with him, "Between the Lines" and "Emergency Retold." He asked him good-humoredly whether there was "more (money) to come." At a time when men think mostly of the afterlife and worry about their transition, Nayar had his mind firmly on his accounts ledger and kept close track of what his 15 books were fetching in sales and royalty.

Nayar had a long association with India Abroad since the 1980s, being a close friend of India Abroad founder Gopal

Raju. He helped Raju in negotiating some of the bureaucratic red-tape in setting up his India operations in the late eighties and was its regular columnist. When I established a media school and held its first graduation at the India International Centre in New Delhi, Nayar agreed happily to be its chief guest and gave an inspiring address to the students about the challenges and values of the profession. Unfortunately, the school did not continue long because of lack of funds.

That was Kuldip, the last of the journalistic Mohicans, a long line of illustrious editors and journalist trailblazers who left a mark on India journalism for years to come. Those who preceded Kuldip included George Verghese, Ajit Bhattacharjee, Inder Malhotra, K. K. Katyal and S. Nihal Singh, people who used their words not only to "inform and educate the public without fear or favour" but who were not afraid show the mirror to government and society when they went wrong. Indian journalism stands much poorer today!

(Tarun Basu was the founder-editor of IANS - formerly India Abroad News Service. He is currently president, Society for Policy Studies (SPS), New Delhi that publishes the web journal South Asia Monitor, southasiamonitor.org. He can be contacted at tarun.basu@spsindia.in).

https://www.indiaabroad.com/opinion/interpreting-kuldip-nayar-s-life-between-the-lines/article_a435cb0c-abd1-11e8-8f0a-8b2914ee1e7.html





India's greatest 'scoop-man'

Shekhar Gupta

Kuldip Nayar's presence in the newsroom was electric and his network of contacts the stuff of legend

Earlier this week, The New York Times surprised its readers, and shocked us reporters' community, by dropping its reporters' bylines on stories featured on its home page. The following day, its editors came up with the reasoning: many more readers now access the newspaper on their mobiles than the desktop; we adore our reporters, but their bylines on top of the summary isn't the best way to display a story digitally. Good point, you might have said. But only if you missed the fact that the op-ed writers' bylines are there as before.

The newsgatherer

We bring this up in this tribute to Kuldeep Nayar because reporters/newsgatherers versus editorialists is the oldest power tussle in the newsroom. The latter, with their superior intellect, weighty arguments and fine turn of phrase, have mostly won it. Their domination was total in India, until Nayar broke it in 1970-80.

He was Indian journalism's first rock star in an era when any editor would have taken umbrage at being described as such. Nayar's rise as India's pre-eminent byline came when there was no news TV or glossy magazine profiles and decades before Twitter. And for my journalism school, in prison and

out of it that year, Nayar's was the most inspirational story ever. More stirring than even the then recent Bob Woodward-Carl Bernstein Watergate exposé.

He is India's greatest "scoop-man" ever, our teacher, B.S Thakur, would say to his pupils, most of whom had strayed into his journalism class after failing to get into something more worthwhile, to teach them that "scoop" also meant something sweeter than a mere dollop of ice cream. There were classroom debates on what the Emergency meant for the press (nobody said 'media' then) and especially for our employment prospects. The Indian press had caved in, but some had shown that a fight-back was possible. After all, Nayar had even gone to jail.

A golden era

After the end of the Emergency began the first golden era of Indian journalism. Pre-censorship had sensitised the people to how much a free press mattered to them. If The Indian Express was the Emergency's shining star, Nayar was its face. Never mind that in the Express's formidable editorial star-cast, he featured third, after editor-in-chief S. Mulgaonkar and editor Ajit Bhattacharjea. Nayar was editor, Express News Service. But he was the paper's real masthead. His earlier books, *Between The Lines*, *India: The Critical Years*, *Distant Neighbours*, had also brought him greater intellectual heft than those above him, "in spite of being a mere reporter".

His presence in the newsroom was electric and his network of contacts the stuff of legend. "Arrey kya, George (Fernandes), why are you bent on breaking the (Janata) Party," you'd overhear him admonishing the great socialist. Or, "hello, Idris (Air Chief Marshal Idris Hassan Latif), I hope you and Bilkees know Chandigarh is such a boring place." Later, around midnight, he walked in to give her a post-prandial tour of the newsroom and its hot-metal press underneath. His human rights/civil liberties phase also began in these heady post-Emergency months. He was a key member of the Justice

V.M. Tarkunde Committee probing the killings of Naxalites in fake encounters in Punjab.

The best and the fairest tribute to Nayar would be that he made the reporter the prince of the Indian newsroom. The Indian Express itself produced a stellar team of young reporters under him, many of whom rose to editorships later. Three other young editors who emerged in that era, Arun Shourie, Aroon Purie and M.J. Akbar, then made Nayar's reporter-prince the king.

Ramnath Goenka had a great eye for editorial talent. He brought Arun Shourie into journalism from scholarly activism as executive editor in 1979. Suddenly, from number 3, Nayar was 4, despite his stardom. More importantly, Shourie was more accessible, less distracted, brimming with ideas and energy. Younger reporters gravitated towards him. Goenka wanted to modernise his paper. He saw Shourie, 37, as the man for it, not Nayar at 55. Plus, as is often the case with owners, he wasn't particularly dazzled, but impatient with Nayar's new fame. Soon enough, all of the editors were sidelined and some, including Nayar, were let go. It's a different matter that within three years Goenka grew insecure with Shourie as well and dismissed him peremptorily. Several of us reporters too left in Shourie's wake.

With regrets

Nayar returned to the Express newsroom in the summer of 2014 "for the first time after 1980" (1981, actually) for a conversation with the editorial team while promoting his memoir, *Beyond The Lines*. He began that conversation by ruing that he had been fired by Goenka because Indira Gandhi returned to power in 1980 and he wanted to make peace with her by sacrificing him. This part of the recording has been re-published by the paper with its report on his passing away. This was untrue. It simply isn't in that paper's DNA to fire editors to please governments. Some of us did, respectfully, say this to Nayar.

Nayar also said, in the same recorded chat, that he regretted that "nobody offered me any job after 1980". It rankled with

him. As did the fact that many who worked at entry levels under him, and who he believed were way lesser journalists than him, rose to be editors of newspapers, a title that eluded him. He had the innocence and honesty to say this often to many of us. He later became High Commissioner in London, a Rajya Sabha member, but all this new eminence wouldn't compensate for the title he had missed. The Express did make it up to him, at least symbolically, by conferring the Ramnath Goenka Lifetime Achievement Award to him in 2015.

What he missed by way of an editorial title, Nayar more than made up in fame, as a columnist and a subcontinental peace activist. Critics joked about him being the 'neta' of the 'mombatti' gang (candle-light marchers at the Wagah India-Pakistan border crossing). But he was unfazed in his commitment to India-Pakistan rapprochement. This peacemaking became his new calling and took him away too early in his career from the kind of journalism he was best at. He was indeed never offered a job after 1980, but it isn't because he had become unemployable. He had chosen a more varied life, and excelled in it.

From the parochial point of view of us reporters, it is a loss that he gave up so soon. Or he would have risen as India's finest reporter-editor and its most influential and insightful columnist too. Today's generation of reporters could've done with a figure like him, just when the trend of reporter-editors that he pioneered is being reversed in India, with owners either becoming editors themselves, or preferring diligent, sharp but non-threatening back-room choices. Or when the venerable New York Times junks its reporters' bylines from its home page, while retaining the columnists'. As that eternal newsroom tussle is again being lost by us, we will greatly miss Nayar for the reporter-editor he was and equally rue that he was denied what he could have been.

Shekhar Gupta is Founder and Editor-in-Chief of ThePrint

<https://www.thehindu.com/opinion/lead/indias-greatest-scoop-man/article24774252.ece>



RIP Kuldeep Nayar: My Friend, The Man for Peace

Syeda Hameed

Khushjamalon ki yaad aati hai

Bemisaalon ki yaad aati hai

Jaanevalay kabhi nahin aate

Jaanevalon ki yaad aati hai

That's what he was Khushjamaal (Beautiful) Bemisaal-
(Peerless)

I never thought I would be writing these lines for Kuldeep Nayar. He was alive, active, articulate until the very last when I spoke to him on the phone from Amritsar exactly one week ago on Independence Day.

A group of us had gone to the Wagah border to light candles upholding the Kuldeep Nayar tradition. For 23 years the candles had been lit on midnight of August 14/15. He had a few comrades, specially two young men from Amritsar Satnam Manek and Ramesh Yadav who stood by him for a quarter century of his struggle to bring these two beleaguered countries on the Aman Dosti Path. For many years he enabled Pakistani and Indian friends to stand on the either side shining their candles to dispel the darkness and distance between the two neighbors. On either side, the BSF and Rangers were mute witnesses to this courageous tableau. No matter which government was in power they could not stop

this movement; although it was carefully contained within the lakeers on either side.

This year it was Kuldip who flagged off the Yatra from Gandhi Darshan. A dozen of us, led by the indomitable Mohini Giri herself in a wheelchair, Ram Mohan peace crusader from Panipat the land of Sufis went to invite him to flag off the Yatra. We were received with the usual Nayar hospitality. Bharati ji was at his side with the same spirit I witnessed personally eighteen years ago in 2000 at Wagah. He sat at his desk while we crowded around, all smiles. On August 12 he came to Gandhi Darshan for the flag off. In the hall where all had gathered, he walked to the stage with support; he even climbed the two steps, sat down, listened to the speakers, and spoke poignantly of 1947 and the tragic exodus from West Punjab. He reminisced about his student days when Mohammad Ali Jinnah came to his college and young Kuldip asked him a question about the fate of Hindus and Muslims in case partition happens. His mind was crystal clear, his speech was soft, his expression was sad but with a glimmer of hope. At that moment I got a strong feeling that history was being penned as he was speaking. I asked a colleague who was recording on his phone to keep it safe as a precious record.

Amritsar was waiting for Kuldip's caravan of Aman Dosti. The event was organised at the Natshala. It began with remembering Madeeha Gauhar and Asma Jahangir but every few moments people spoke about Kuldip. They recounted how he had seeded the idea, how for several years he got thousands on both sides of the border to listen to Hans Raj Hans. His presence was all pervasive in that packed auditorium. No one thought that the very next year it would be Kuldip who we would be commemorating. His friends Yadav, Manek and Bali told me that they were planning a big event in his honour in Delhi in September. I know they will still hold it.

From Amritsar I spoke to him on the phone every morning, reporting on our day. He had a very bad throat but I heard the keen edge and trace of joy in his voice. I could sense how

Kuldip Nayar

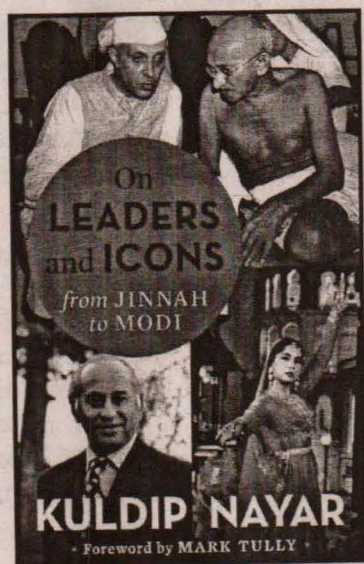
keenly he listened when I recounted bit by bit our movement through the day leading to the midnight vigil at Wagah. I spoke to him about his friends, how they were missing him and how they were hoisting his flag of peace. I spoke to him three mornings in a row and got the feeling that he was waiting for my call. 'We will come and see you as soon as we get back' was the last sentence he hared from me. Sadly I called him not immediately but two days after our return to learn that he was in hospital and not allowed visitors.

I spoke to his staff yesterday; being Eid it was my special day to pray for him. I have to say that never have I a spent a sadder and more desolate Eid. The sadness had no name; just a blanket of grief which negated any thought of celebration. And the day after Eid early morning Kuldip Nayar, Midnight's Child, Candle Bearer at borders and boundaries, flag bearer of Peace between India and Pakistan has left us for ever.

He was the gentle giant of India Pakistan Peace. Both countries should honour him by opening the borders for a massive memorial meeting which should be held in his karmbhoomi Amritsar. That should be a start of opening the way for the two countries to begin a Kuldip Nayar - Asma Jahangir Peace Dialogue to fulfil the dreams of these two stalwarts who lived and died for the cause. And to bring solace to the hearts and minds of millions of Indians and Pakistanis.

<https://www.newsclick.in/rip-kuldip-nayar-my-friend-man-peace>

Kuldip Nayar





Kuldeep Nayar, the Precious Gem of India

Thepfulhouvi Solo, IFS (Retd)

I always greatly liked Kuldeep Nayar's very fine Articles in the Nagaland Post. I saw deep and true democracy in his writings. Kuldeep Nayar, not only respected democracy, he is democracy itself and he gave it to all. Man like Kuldeep Nayar, great inside, less rhetoric outside are precious Gift of God to the People, such persons are met only once in seven 7 generations of men. I am sure what he wrote is the man. He upheld sound conscience and justice everywhere, chided great and small with purposeful and profound democracy with magnanimity.

Two and half decades ago, one evening, a Naga youth I did now know of, on an errand, brought a big elderly Indian man, with his shirt a little loose fitting, of coarse material, to my Official Residences at Kohima, it was already dark. The man was down to earth natural, without any trace of assumed air or petty ceremonies and he said he is Kuldeep Nayar, the former High Commissioner of India to the United Kingdom as a way of introduction.

He said he has come to Kohima to discuss about Naga politics with the Nagas and straightway said, "It would be best for the Nagas to have Federation with India".

His low definite words rang true, real and feeling, but since I was only a government official, Principal Chief Conservator in the Government, I felt a little hesitant to discuss Political

Kuldip Nayar

matters suddenly with an unknown Indian in my house. He could be on an intelligence mission as it happens sometimes in Nagaland. Therefore, I said, "I am just an officer in the Government and it would not be proper to discuss Politics in my house".

After some time, I called in the errand youth and advised him to take the man to such and such Persons.

Kuldip Nayar left my house as natural as he came in.

Long after that, the NNC executives requested some elderly Persons in the society and some Officers to help them hold a function on 16th June in an important way, in celebration of the anniversary of Naga Plebiscite Day and the 100th anniversary day of the birth of recently died President Zapuphizo, the day fell on a Sunday. The non-NNC members suggested that the programs be a Public one, not specifically NNC only. The NNC wanted just such a one and so the meeting decided to have the celebration.

A Working Committee resulted and it first approached the Chief Minister Nagaland, apprised him of our Agenda and a requested for his Government's goodwill and support. The Chief Minister was very happy that responsible Elderly people are programming the celebration and that he would very gladly attend the function with this Cabinet and would inform even the Officers to honor the occasion. He promised he would help fund the program.

The Committee generated considerable enthusiasm for the celebration in Kohima and it sent invitation to important Organizations, Churches and Persons including many who thought themselves as somebody.

The President of the Women Organization of Manipur, Late Chief Minister Jasokie, Hollohon former Minister, Rev. Lorin Rengma Oldest Reverend in the Nagaland Baptist Church Council, Mrs. Khrieleno Terhüja, the first Naga woman to pass BD and lastly but most importantly, Kuldip Nayar, were listed to speak on the occasion. I sent an email to

him; he promptly acknowledged it, expressing great enthusiasm to attend.

It was the time of zenith of firepower of the undivided NSCN, who issued an Ultimatum to the Committee to stop the celebration "because the NSCN Government does not recognize 16th June as Phizo's date of birth". They abducted Kaka Iralu, the Spokesperson of the Committee from the APO Hall and came in force to the House to abduct me, the Committee Convener, but I refused and God protected me.

But most of the proposed Speakers and the VIPs from top to bottom including Reverends and Pastors did not attend the meeting in view of the warning of the NSCN in the New Papers, except the Chairperson of the Manipur Woman Association President. The IM exploded two bombs from under the seat of the football ground she was speaking in Manipuri, later translated. Luckily, no one was injured and the affected crowd only changed their seat and the Meeting continued.

The other woman who defied the IM dictate not to attend the Meeting was Mrs. Leno Terhüja who replied her opponent saying, "Nobody can stop her from any place to pray to God".

Most Naga look at mainland Indians through their lenses of their experiences of the Indian Army's treatment of the Naga people for many years; the picture is not a very friendly one.

There are however a few Indians who have shown great understanding for the Nagas. Of them, Kuldip Nayar was one of the foremost including Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru and Rajmohan Gandhi of the ones I know of.

Rajmohan Gandhi attended a meeting at Zonal Council Hall, Kohima where many Nagas were gathered and Mr. Tobu Periatscü, General Secretary of the NNC asked the Grandson of Mahatma Gandhi,

"What should the Nagas do for India to consider the Naga struggle for Independence?"

Rajmohan replied that the Nagas should be united. Tobu replied the Nagas hunted each others head from very early time but on the question of Independence they are all united.

Rajmohan then asked, "And what do you think India can do for the Naga Independence?"

Tobu replied loudly, "Get out of Nagaland!"

Rajmohan replied, "I am getting out tomorrow, I have already sent for my Air Ticket!" at that everybody in the Hall laughed loudly, Tobu the loudest!

Many Nagas ruefully remember Jowaharlal Nehru for their total boycott of his public Meeting at Kohima Ground on 31st March 1953 and for his saying in anger to Phizo, Imnaonen, Tolhopu and Etsürhomo, the Naga Leaders during their meeting in the Steam Boat at Silghat in the Brahmaputra River near Tezpur. Phizo told Nerhu that Nagas are going to observe Independence and it provoked Nehru. Mr. Imnaonen, Secretary of NNC said, Nehru lost his temper, he thumbed the table with his feast and said,

"Whether heavens fall, or India goes into pieces, blood run red in the country, whether I am here or anybody comes in, Nagas will never get Independence."

To which Phizo observed, "It seems you are declaring war on the Nagas, but we will not" and that ended the meeting.

However Chubatoshi Jamir, former Governor Goa, Maharstra, and lately Odisha, the last surviving Member of Naga Peoples Conference that signed the 16 Point Agreement with India for the Statehood of Nagaland told me,

"Many Nagas think we got the State of Nagaland very easily, it was not so. Whenever we raise some requirement for Nagaland, the Indian Minister and others would raise objections and difficulties. But every time Nehru would say, "we can discuss it" and would pass over to continue the negotiation. The former Governor vouched, "Nehru always showed great consideration for the Nagas."

Not a single Naga joined Mahatma Gandhi's movement of freedom for India, yet the few utterances Gandhi made when Naga Leaders met him at Delhi shows the great man had very considerate attitude for the Naga.

One of the greatest things Kuldip Nayar did for the Nagas was when he was the High Commissioner of India to the UK. He told me the Indian Staff at the UK was not in favor of giving permission to the Naga Delegate to take the dead body of NNC President to Nagaland for burial. He said he told his staff "everywhere people like to burry their leader in their own country. The Naga leader died here and they want to take his body to Nagaland for burial, let them take it". "It is alright", he said.

<http://morungexpress.com/kuldip-nayar-the-precious-gem-of-india/>

Kuldip Nayar

Drop Food Not Bombs !



**DEMILITARISATION,
DEMOCRACY
AND SOCIAL JUSTICE
IN SOUTH ASIA**

A PANEL DISCUSSION

Speakers: Kuldip Nayar, Kamal Chenooy, Nahu Mathew,
Praful Bidwai, Karamat Ali, Karsh Mander
and Maj. Gen. (Retd.) Vinod Saigal

Date: 24 August 2013 | **Time:** 10.30 am - 1.00 pm

Venue: India Islamic Cultural Centre,
Lodhi Road, New Delhi

organised by South Asia Alliance for Poverty Alleviation (SAAPE)
supported by People's SAARC India



Obituary: Kuldip Nayar

ABDULLAH NIAZI

Aged 95, Kuldip Nayar passed away as frail old men often do. A chill is followed by pneumonia that attacks the weakened lungs and there is nothing much that doctors can really do. Age takes its toll on the human body, and at 95, Nayar had reached a grand old age.

While his lungs may have been weak as any old geezer's, his mind was still sharper than men and women thrice younger than his age.

At 95, the syndicated columnist's articles were still appearing in a number of Pakistani newspapers. Across the border, his was a voice of reason that even the harshest of critics would at least stop to listen.

In his tributes to Nayar, the Indian president described him as an 'intellectual giant' and a "champion of democracy." Prime Minister (PM) Modi called him 'frank and fearless'.

In his storied life, the man wore many hats and wore them all with distinction. As a human rights activist, diplomat, and parliamentarian he remained dedicated and precise. As a left-wing commentator and public intellectual, he was a figure many across the globe often turned to not necessarily for clarity, but for moral stances.

For all the criticism he received in India for his supposed 'anti-India' stances and his pro-Pakistan leanings, his writings

Kuldip Nayar

and opinions were always directed by a firm sense of right and wrong rather than any agendas that many might want to pin on him.

His commitment to peace was second only to his dedication to taking stands that would be judged favourably by history.

Where he called out India for its atrocities, he was an equally strong voice against Pakistan's continued refusal to repent for the atrocities committed in East Pakistan during the 1971 war.

But for all the roles he played in life, they were perhaps second to his role as a journalist.

Born in Sialkot in 1923, his career took him through the drudgery of press reporting and the hardship of editorship in multiple languages and cities. It was also as a journalist that Nayar first made a name for himself as a man with the requisite grit to back his words. It was during the Indian Emergency in the 70's that he became a vehement opponent of press censorship and a symbol of press freedom not just in India but in the entire region.

In today's brave new world, Nayar's will perhaps be a lasting legacy. And in the age of made up truths and fake news, it is a legacy that he would be proud of.

<https://www.pakistantoday.com.pk/2018/08/24/obituary-kuldip-nayar/>



From between to beyond the lines

Sanjay Parikh

On 26th June 2018, human rights organizations had assembled at the Gandhi Peace Foundation, Delhi to remember the dark days of Emergency. This was an annual affair and Shri Kuldip Nayar was a regular speaker in these meetings. This time, too, he came and spoke. But his speech was different; it came from his heart and was quite moving. He ended by saying that the fight has not ended – there are issues much more serious than the Emergency and they have to be fought fearlessly with deep conviction – by listening to the voice of one's own inner-self. Never give up on truth, was his message to the audience. I told him: 'Today, you were different-very powerful!' He smilingly replied: 'Today, you were more receptive!' It was a long journey for him – 95 years, divided into pre and post Partition. His memories were full of the sad days of the Partition. He knew the price people have paid and therefore, stood for the values India should have after independence. He wrote throughout his life relentlessly- as editor, writer, a columnist on every possible issue which he thought were relevant for the people and the nation. His heart bled for the poor. He came out openly in support of all those people's movements where he found tyranny and repression of human rights and civil liberties by the State.

Kuldip Nayar

He was a staunch defender of the freedom of press and expression and therefore, wrote fearlessly against the emergency imposed by Smt. Indira Gandhi in 1975. He was detained in the Tihar jail under the MISA. His wife, Smt Bharti Nayar, filed a Habeas Corpus petition in the Delhi High Court to quash his illegal detention. The petition came up before Justice S. Rangarajan, a brave and bold judge during the emergency. After the judgment was reserved, the Government decided to release Kuldip Nayar and revoke his detention before the judgment was pronounced. Coomi Kapoor in her write-up (23rd August, 1975 in the Indian Express) on Shri Kuldip Nayar, recalls this story. However, Justice Rangarajan not only delivered the judgment (Bharti Nayar Vs Union of India, dated 15.9.1975) but added a 'post-script' to it as to why he was delivering the judgment. He said that Habeas Corpus writ being a public law remedy after the judgment was reserved, "courtesy to the court demanded that we were apprised about the intended action before it was actually taken." Indira Gandhi was quite upset with these remarks and the courage shown by the judge and therefore, transferred him to Gauhati. After Justice Rangarajan retired, I joined law practice with him in 1982. He was quite proud of his judgment in Kuldip Nayar's case, which was praised, among others, by Lord Denning. I read the judgment and was quite curious to know why he wrote the post-script. He replied that the day when he was going to pronounce the judgment, he felt some unease inside. He added: "I got up around at 3 am in the morning and typed myself the post-script on a manual typewriter. Thereafter, I felt relieved of the burden on my conscience." I did not know Shri Kuldip Nayar at that time. Justice Rajinder Sachar introduced me to him after he had retired and joined the Supreme Court Bar. Since 1990, it was almost regular to see him in one meeting or the other with Justice Sachar or without him. In one of the conversations recently, I told him what Justice Rangarajan said about the 'post-script'. His response was: "even during Emergency, there were judges who were guided by their conscience rather than the ambitions."

I remember that he was very much upset when the domicile requirement under the Representation of Peoples Act, 1961 was removed by an amendment with effect from 28.8.2003 for election as MP in the Rajya Sabha. It meant that one could be chosen as an M.P. from any place to represent that constituency in the Rajya Sabha, though he had no connection with the place. He was of the view that this amendment will destroy the sacrosanct function of the legislature because the Rajya Sabha is a place where every bill has to be debated properly keeping in view federalism, interests of all the States and their peculiar problems. This amendment was challenged in the Supreme Court and it was heard by a Constitution Bench. Mr. Rajindar Sachar argued and I assisted him in the case. The Constitution Bench upheld the amendment (August 2006). Shri Nayar was very disturbed. He wrote as to how the judgment was wrong. Thereafter, whenever we met, he kept on reminding me that he would like to challenge the judgment before a larger bench of the Supreme Court. The last reminder was when he spoke, as mentioned above, on the anniversary of the Emergency.

If there were meetings in Delhi on any human rights issue concerning people in general, everyone would expect Kuldipji (Kuldip Nayar) and Sacharji (Justice Rajinder Sachar) to come as if they could command (out of regard and affection) their presence. Both of them would never disappoint and it would be an exception, not to find them there. We lost both in a short span. It appears as if a generation has gone: the generation, which represented a selfless breed of human beings on whom we could always depend for guidance.

As a young student, we were asked to memorize renowned authors and their works. I remember one such author was Kuldip Nayar and the book was 'Between the Lines'. I did not understand it then- the meaning of the invisible gap between the lines. Now I see the gap and look at the great man who was incessantly searching between those visible lines, the invisible truth that spread 'beyond the lines' -over

Kuldip Nayar

the wide canvass of his writings as an independent journalist which truly he was till his last breath!

(The author is advocate, Supreme Court and National Vice President of People's Union for Civil Liberties (PUCL))

<https://sabrangindia.in/article/remembering-kuldip-nayar>



Kuldip Nayar: 7 Things That Made The 'Gentleman of Press' A Legend of Journalism

Lekshmi Priya S

Leaving behind an irreplaceable legacy in the annals of Indian journalism, veteran journalist and author Kuldip Nayar bid adieu to the world during the early hours of Thursday, 23 August following a brief illness, at the age of 95.

Today's generation might not be very familiar with this stalwart of the Indian press – a distinguished contemporary of eminent journalists like Ajit Bhattacharjea and George Verghese, he carved a rare niche at a time when Indian journalism was just taking off.

As penned down by notable historian Ramachandra Guha, these three 'gentlemen of the press' were amongst the very few dissidents who had the journalistic integrity to honourably resist chasing ephemera and entertainment.

"These men are all in their seventies, which means they came of the age around the time India became free. All were shaped by the humane and inclusive spirit of the freedom struggle, and all joined the press when it was a trade that was neither glamorous nor well paid," he had written for The Hindu in 2003.

One doesn't have to be in the field to know what the 1975 Emergency meant for journalists and the freedom of Press in

the country – a turbulent period that continues to be described as the darkest hour for Indian journalism. Countless press members, including Nayar, were put behind bars and tortured for their resistance against the state.

Particularly known for his illustriously long career as a left-wing political commentator, here are 7 things about Kuldip Nayar that made him a legend of Indian journalism:

1. Starting out as an Urdu press reporter, Nayar then went on to become the Delhi bureau editor of the iconic English newspaper *The Statesman*, and later the head of the news agency, UNI.
2. He had been at the forefront of covering every historic moment the country had seen – from the 1971 Indo-Pak war for the liberation of Bangladesh to the infamous Emergency of 1975.
3. In fact, when Emergency was declared, Nayar had been one of the first journalists to be put behind bars for his detailed documentation of human rights violations by the state.
4. Nayar had also been a staunch human rights and peace activist, who had been quite vocal about breaking the ice between India and Pakistan and led many peace-centred initiatives.
5. Nayar's syndicated column, 'Between the Lines', was a true reflection of his dedicated advocacy for the freedom of the press. His political commentary was well known for being critical, vociferous and unabashed throughout his active years.
6. Besides being a member of India's delegation to the United Nations in 1996, Nayar had also essayed the roles of High Commissioner to the United Kingdom in 1990 as well as a nominated Rajya Sabha member in August 1997.
7. The man had authored many books, of which his autobiography, *Beyond the Lines* and other works like *Distant Neighbours: A Tale of the Subcontinent*, *India after Nehru*, *Wall at Wagah*, *India-Pakistan Relationship*, *The*

Kuldip Nayar

Judgement, The Martyr, Scoop and India House reflected his vision of a new South Asia, one that had Pakistan and India on amicable terms.

The journalistic legacy left behind by Kuldip Nayar can never be replaced, whose integrity in an industry that is often criticised for a lack of it would forever remain a benchmark for members of the press and journalism students across the country.

(Edited By Vinayak Hegde)

[HTTPS://WWW.THEBETTERINDIA.COM/156868/NEWS-INDIA-KULDIP-NAYAR-JOURNALISM/](https://www.thebetterindia.com/156868/NEWS-INDIA-KULDIP-NAYAR-JOURNALISM/)

Kuldip Nayar





KULDIP NAYAR (1923-2018)

Mahfuz Anam

It was literally a magical moment when Kuldeep Nayar (Kuldip Ji to all who loved and admired him) first stepped into the newsroom of the newly launched The Daily Star. He loved the vibrancy that comes naturally when a bunch of young journalists embark on their dreamy journey to bring out the “best paper” of their life and he responded with all his latent energy that lay subdued ever since he left the newsroom and became one of the most renowned columnists of India.

He was a personal friend of our founder editor-publisher SM Ali (Ali Bhai to us all). So it was only natural that Ali Bhai sought the collaboration of his old friend and veteran journalist and editor while launching his own new venture, of which we all had the honour to be a part. Thus, Kuldeep Ji's association with The Daily Star was practically from the very beginning.

I recall his first visit in mid-1992 when we were still in our Motijheel office. We bonded right from the word go. He seemed to thrive in the midst of this group of young, enthusiastic and committed journalists led by unquestionably the most internationally famed Bangladeshi journalist that Ali Bhai was. And we, for our part, were thrilled at the proximity

of this famous journalist whose fame we had heard about but may not have been familiar with his writings, and who now stood with us, shoulder to shoulder, in our endeavour to give Bangladesh a quality newspaper as the country embarked on its new democratic journey.

As if it was his job to push us forward, he moved from one section to another starting with the newsroom, then to the editorial section, and then he met with the feature writers and came back to the newsroom where he stationed himself for days. His one key message to us was "accuracy" in news reporting. He repeated ad nauseam the need for it and said everything depended on it. A newspaper would never have any credibility, which is its lifeblood, without accuracy.

He devoted a lot of his time for us while spending the lunch and dinner hours with his friends, and I was privileged to be a part of the circle as the executive editor at the time. I was astounded by his energy and interest and later understood the reason for it. He had left the newsroom years ago when he retired from the editorship of Statesman and now, finding himself again in the hustle and bustle of what is the heart of any newspaper, he appeared to recall his old days and once again re-lived his newsroom days. And needless to say, we all benefited from it greatly.

Then disaster struck The Daily Star. We lost Ali Bhai in late 1993, within two and a half years of the paper's launching. Like many people, Kuldip Ji thought that this promising new daily faced an uncertain future. Like most people he also didn't know what this writer, and SM Ali's successor, would be able to deliver. And he decided to extend his experienced hand to a totally untried one, stunned by the loss of his editor and mentor and not knowing how to proceed.

Thus began a "Guru-Shishya" relationship between Kuldip Ji and me. On hearing the news of Ali Bhai's passing, he immediately called me, first of many to follow, and said, in a heavy and reassuring tone that was to be forever etched in my mind, "Do not lose heart; I will be at your side for whatever help you need."

Other than my Board's unanimous and vigorous support for my editorship and my wife's unstinting faith in my ability to lead the newspaper, this phone call meant the world to me.

"Maahfooze [that is how he would pronounce my name], make sure to send me daily copies of your paper by post [internet wasn't available then] and I will send you my feedback. You may find them useful."

And this he did, without fail, and needless to mention, I found them most educative. The copies would reach him seven to ten days later and he would read each edition and then call me. "Your lead story was not properly edited", "The lead point was not developed enough", "Why there was not any follow up of the earlier story", "This story does not have enough facts" and so on.

Ever the editor, he never failed to praise whenever the occasion came about, knowing that my young team needed positive feedback as much as it needed guidance.

Thus we moved on, knowing that an experienced "gaze", though from distance, was always upon us, ready to come to our aid whenever needed. More than anything else it gave us a sense of confidence and me a great sense of relief, knowing that we had the best possible guidance to move forward.

Over the years, he came to The Daily Star many times. He would never miss our anniversaries and took personal pride at the rising strength of the paper he felt was his own. Many of my colleagues he became familiar with and commented to me about the relative strength and weakness of their writing and guided me to help them. My senior colleagues did not know that many of the insightful things I told them actually came from him.

In the last few years, he appeared pained at the non-journalistic challenges that The Daily Star faced. Knowing, through his personal experience, the crucial role that independent media plays in a country's economic and democratic journey, especially the latter, he was disturbed at the impediments that were being laid to the progress of the

former. As a most sincere friend of Bangladesh, he would rejoice at its every success and feel sad when reality indicated the opposite. He would often recount the damage that Indira Gandhi's emergency did to his country and how counterproductive media restrictions were for Mrs Gandhi's own future and would repeatedly plead through his columns that Bangladesh must never take that path.

On a personal level, I enjoyed an extraordinary level of affection from him. He took a personal pride in the success of The Daily Star and rejoiced at our ethical moorings and celebrated our refusal to deviate from them. He treated me like his son and called Shaheen, my wife, his "Bahu". It would be impossible for both Shaheen and me not to see him and his wife, Bharati Ji, if we went to Delhi. And if for some reason we failed to, and if they came to know about it, we would never hear the end of it. Once I went for an angiogram and could not let them know. But somehow, they learned about it and called up the doctor to inquire how I was doing, and later gave me an earful for such negligence. It drove Shaheen and me to tears, realising how much they cared for us.

Once noticing that I was irregular in writing my column, Kuldip Ji, in a reprimanding tone, said to me, "Do you know that I have never missed my weekly column in the last 35 years? Once when I had my heart surgery I wrote four submissions in advance."

True to his habit, he never ceased writing till the very end. His last column appeared on 14 August 2018, just a few days before he was taken to a hospital where he breathed his last on August 23 at the age of 95.

Journalism, South Asian relations, Bangladesh, India and Pakistan, in that order, were the topics of our discussion on every occasion we met, either in Delhi or in Dhaka. Courtesy Kuldip Ji I had the honour to meet many Indian politicians and media personalities. To every one of them he would ceaselessly talk about The Daily Star. He was immensely impressed by this paper's Board of Directors and would

proudly say Indian owners should learn from them as to how to give editorial freedom and protect the institution of the editor.

He became very close to some of the directors, especially Latifur Rahman whose personal tragedies affected him deeply, but whose capacity to overcome them and continue to support independent journalism he admired from his heart.

We mourn the passing away of this giant in our field and take solace in the fact that he led a full life. May he rest in peace.

<https://www.thedailystar.net/news/frontpage/tribute-unique-mentor-1624276>





Journalism's guiding light

Mahfuz Anam

Kuldip Nayar, the grand old man of Indian journalism, died on August 23, 2018 aged 95. In a career spanning over six decades, Nayar established himself as an exceptional columnist and intellectual known for his frank and fearless views on politics, culture and society. The Daily Star Editor takes a look at the rich legacy that he has left behind.

With the passing away of veteran journalist Kuldeep Nayar Bangladesh has lost a sincere and lifelong friend, India has lost a conscience keeper for secular values, Pakistan has lost an untiring voice for greater understanding between the two neighbours, South Asia has lost one of loudest voices against hatred and oppression of all minority groups everywhere, journalism has lost an incomparable example of the profession's ethos and humanity has lost one of the truest believers of the ultimate goodness in man.

He was a personal witness to the partition of 1947 that rendered him and his family refugees, and the subsequent bitterness, suspicion, hatred not to mention several wars and numerous war like situations between the two biggest South Asian countries prompting him to devote his whole life in trying to ameliorate its ill effects.

He accepted partition but not the hatred it generated. His life's experience convinced him that peace and understanding was the only way for South Asia's prosperity.

A life-long journalist, he devoted his full energy in fighting communalism and hatred between countries of South Asia. He always spoke of greater responsibility of India in helping all its neighbours to develop and also in promoting greater understanding among them.

As a journalist his lifelong attachment to the profession's fundamental ethos was incomparable. He would never tire of telling youngsters entering the profession that their ultimate success lay in promoting "public interest" instead of the interest of the powers that be. He was never comfortable with the corporatisation of the media and saw its core values threatened under the relentless drive for profit.

An active supporter of Bangladesh's Liberation War through his writings, he was one of the first senior journalists to visit the newly independent country and developed an abiding interest in Bangladesh's march forward, an interest he maintained to the very end. He visited Bangladesh regularly and wrote about our economic and social progress with his characteristic insight. He would rejoice at our democratic journey and warn when he would notice it faltering.

His last piece published in The Daily Star was on 14th August, 2018, just a few days before his passing away, was on India-Pakistan relations. The titled "71 years on, frosty relations continue" did not hide his sadness in seeing life's work not reaching its desired goal. But he never gave up. He recounts in the said piece, about his lifelong effort for peace and understanding symbolised by his annual candle lighting project at the Wagah Border that he started 20 years ago.

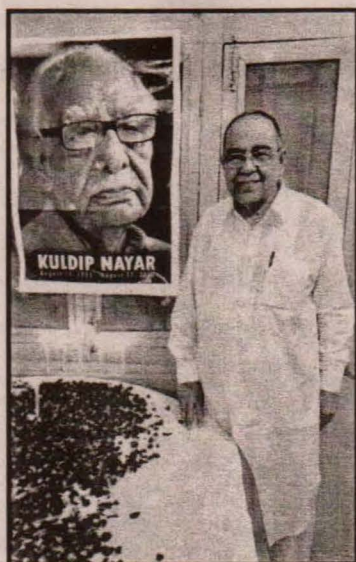
Every August he, along with his few fellow travellers, would go to the Wagah border and stand on the Indian side and light candles as a symbol of good will for the people across border. Started with a few individuals the event now, as he states in his column, brings thousands of people on the Indian side with several hundred across border. It was his way of strengthening understanding between the two bitter neighbours. Who will stand with the candles from now on?

Kuldip Nayar

For us in The Daily Star, Kuldip Nayar was a guiding spirit and a symbol of the values of the best in the profession. His occasional visits would be occasions for us to learn from his long and vast experience, a learning that would be made easy by his generosity, humility and sincere desire to see The Daily Star succeed in its mission of serving the people. For him The Daily Star was like a baby he was intent on nurturing and ensuring that it become a newspaper of quality and credibility both nationally and regionally.

May his Soul rest in Peace.

<https://www.thedailystar.net/news/country/journalisms-guiding-light-1624000>





The India-Pakistan border haunted journalist Kuldip Nayar all his life after Partition

KISHWAR DESAI

Perhaps, someone will now institute a much-needed Kuldip Nayar Peace Prize.

One of my father's closest friends from the pre-Partition days, Kuldip Nayar was someone I have seen, had glimpses of and read my entire life. I remember his tall, gangly, rumped figure, slightly awkward gait, and that wonderful thicker-than-lassi Punjabi accent from childhood. He started each sentence with his very memorable "Suno..." or with "Look here" But I got to know him better when I wanted to be a journalist and The Indian Express had just opened in Chandigarh. I had joined journalism classes in Chandigarh University — but did not really care for the formulaic training and preferred to learn on the job. With a bit of Punjabi nepotism, as the editor of the paper at the time, 'Uncle' gave me a break as a trainee reporter. We had a wonderful team there, which included Shekhar Gupta and others. I have fond memories of a very relaxed Kuldip Nayar giving us a lot of leeway to grow and learn.

I also interacted with him when he was working on one of his many books and wanted someone to research for him. Once again, I had a very laid back author, who seemed content with what I sifted out — without really feeling the pressure.

Kuldip Nayar

Kuldip Nayar wore many hats, and all of them very comfortably. I used to wonder how from the downside of being a persona non grata during the Emergency when he was jailed, he got his career going again to become the High Commissioner in the UK. This was of course highly unusual for a journalist. But this was his secret — despite the scoops he churned out, he managed to keep all his friends, or at least he did not allow them to go too far.

Then, recently, we met again when we were setting up the Partition Museum in Amritsar — and he immediately said he would be a patron. This was despite the fact that his wife Bharti Nayar, of whom I am also exceedingly fond of, had all kinds of worries about it. The distance of years meant nothing, because the Partition was still very close to him, as he narrated the story of how he left Sialkot and the difficult journey to re-settle his life once again. For years he was haunted by that border, which for him was a meaningless line. That interview with him now plays in the Museum daily and has been viewed by lakhs of people.

Till ill health prevented him, he would go to the Wagah border and light candles there every year, with friends coming from the other side of the border. It had become an annual ritual. This was a space in which the Partition Museum fitted into beautifully, as it is also about hope and reconciliation. But for him, these were also all a paean to the past — about a life when religion did not matter.

With his typical helpfulness, Nayar would give me names and numbers of people to contact — as he still believed in the old Punjabi biradari of working together. We were fortunate that somehow our struggle bore fruit and the Partition Museum is now well established. I remember last year I had wished we had the funds to name a Peace Prize after him, and I had shared the idea with him wondering how to take it forward. We wanted to give it from the Partition Museum team.

Kuldip Nayar

Perhaps someone will now institute a Kuldip Nayar Peace Prize — which is much needed. But of course, the first recipient should have been him, in his lifetime.

Kishwar Desai is a former journalist and founder of the Partition Museum in Amritsar.

<https://theprint.in/opinion/the-india-pakistan-border-haunted-journalist-kuldip-nayar-all-his-life-after-partition/104044/>





Kuldeep Nayar: The rock star Reporter who should've been Editor

SHEKHAR GUPTA

India's greatest "scoop-man" often regretted that the title of Editor eluded him. But he more than made up for that in fame as a columnist, diplomat, MP and peace activist.

Earlier this week, The New York Times surprised its readers, and shocked us reporters' community by dropping its reporters' bylines on stories featured on its home page. The following day, its editors came up with the reasoning: Many more readers now access the newspaper on their mobiles than the desktop. We adore our reporters, but their byline on top of the summary isn't the best way to display a story digitally. Good point, you might have said. But only if you missed the fact that the op-ed writers' bylines are there as before.

We bring this up in this tribute to Late Kuldeep Nayar, because reporter/newsgatherer versus the editorialist is the oldest power tussle in the newsroom. The latter, with their superior intellect, weighty arguments, and fine turn of phrase have mostly won it. Their domination was total in India, until Nayar broke it in 1970-80.

He was Indian journalism's first rock star in an era when any editor would have taken umbrage at being described as such. Nayar's rise as India's pre-eminent byline came when there was no news TV, glossy magazine profiles, and three decades

before Twitter. And for my journalism school, in the prison and out of it that year, Nayar's was the most inspirational story. More stirring than even the then recent Bob Woodward, Carl Bernstein and the Watergate expose.

He is India's greatest "scoop-man" ever, our teacher, late Prof. B.S Thakur, would say to his students, most of whom had strayed into his journalism class for failing to get into something more worthwhile, to teach them that "scoop" also meant something even sweeter than a mere dollop of ice cream. There were classroom debates on what the Emergency meant for the press (nobody said 'media' then) and especially for our employment prospects. The entire Indian press had caved in, but some had shown that a fight-back was possible. After all, Nayar had even gone to jail.

The end of the Emergency began the first golden era of Indian journalism. Pre-censorship had sensitised the people to the value of a free press. If The Indian Express was the Emergency's shining star, Nayar was its face. Never mind that in the Express's formidable editorial star-cast, he featured third, after Editor-in-Chief S. Mulgaonkar and Editor, Ajit Bhattacharjea. Nayar was Editor, Express News Service. But he was the paper's real masthead. His earlier books, *Between The Lines*, *India: The Critical Years*, *Distant Neighbour* had also brought him greater intellectual heft than those above him, "in spite of being a mere reporter".

His presence in the newsroom was electric and his network of contacts the stuff of legends. "Arrey kya, George (Fernandes), why are you bent on breaking the (Janata) Party," you'd overhear him admonishing the great Socialist. Or, "Hello, Idris, (Air Chief Marshal, Idris Hassan Latif), I hope you and Bilquees know Chandigarh is such a boring place." Later, around midnight, he walked in to give Mrs Latif a post-prandial tour of the newsroom and its hot-metal press underneath. His human rights/civil liberties phase also began in these heady months. He was a member of the Justice V.M. Tarkunde Committee probing the killings of Naxalites in fake encounters.

The best and the fairest tribute to Nayar would be that he made the reporter the prince of the Indian newsroom. The Indian Express itself produced a stellar team of young reporters under him, many of who rose to editorships later. Three other young editors who emerged in that era, Arun Shourie, Aroon Purie and M.J. Akbar then made Nayar's reporter-prince the king.

Ramnath Goenka had a great eye for editorial talent. He brought Shourie into journalism from scholarly activism, as Executive Editor in 1979. Suddenly, from number 3, Nayar was 4, despite his stardom. More importantly, Shourie was more accessible, less distracted, brimming with new ideas and energy. Younger reporters gravitated toward him. Goenka wanted to modernise his paper. He saw Shourie, 37, as the man for it, not Nayar at 57. Plus, as is often the case with owners, he wasn't particularly impressed, but impatient with Nayar's new fame. Soon enough, all of other editors were sidelined and some, including Nayar, were let go. It's a different matter that within three years Goenka developed insecurities with Shourie as well and dismissed him peremptorily. Several of us reporters too left in Shourie's wake.

Nayar returned to the newsroom in the summer of 2014 "for the first time after 1980" (1981, actually) for a conversation with the editorial team while promoting his memoir *Beyond The Lines*. He began that conversation by ruing that he had been fired by Goenka because Indira returned to power in 1980 and he wanted to make peace with her by sacrificing him. This part of the recording has been re-published by the paper with its report on his passing away. This was untrue. It simply isn't in that paper's DNA to fire editors to please governments. Some of us did, respectfully, say this to Nayar.

Nayar also said, in the same recorded chat, that he regretted that "nobody offered me any job after 1980". It rankled with him. As did the fact that many who worked at entry levels under him, and who he believed were way lesser journalists than him, rose to be editors of newspapers, a title that eluded him, although he had been editor of the Delhi edition of *The*

Statesman. He had the innocence and honesty to say this often to many of us. He later became High Commissioner in London, a Rajya Sabha member, but all this new eminence wouldn't compensate for the title he had missed. The Express did make it up to him, at least symbolically by conferring the Ramnath Goenka Lifetime Achievement Award to him in 2015.

What he missed by way of an editorial title, Nayar more than made up in fame, both as a columnist and subcontinental peace activist. Critics joked about him being the 'neta' of the 'mombatti' (candle-light marchers at Wagah) gang. But he was unfazed in his commitment to an Indo-Pak rapprochement. This peace-making, after diplomacy and Parliament became his new calling and took him away too early in his career from the kind of journalism he was best at. He was indeed never offered a job after 1980, but it isn't because he had become unemployable. He had chosen a more varied life and excelled in it.

From the parochial point of view of us reporters, it is a loss that he gave up so soon. Or he would have risen as India's finest reporter-editor and its most influential and insightful columnist too. Today's generation of reporters could've done with a figure like him, just when the trend of reporter-editors that he pioneered is being reversed in India with owners either becoming editors themselves, or preferring diligent, sharp but non-threatening back-room choices. Or when the venerable New York Times junks its reporters' bylines from its home page, while retaining the columnists'. As that eternal newsroom tussle is again being lost by us, we will greatly miss Nayar for the reporter-editor he was and equally rue that he was denied what he could have been.

Postscript: Kuldip Nayar gave me three important counsels often. The first, that I must begin and sustain a weekly column, I dutifully followed. That is how 'National Interest' came about. Second, that I must have an afternoon nap, I try occasionally, with indifferent results. Third, that I was raising journalists' salaries too high and should desist as it would

Kuldip Nayar

make them more materialistic and be ultimately unacceptable “for the owner”, I respectfully ignored.

Editor’s Note: This article is also published in The Hindu on 25 August 2018.

<https://theprint.in/opinion/kuldip-nayar-the-rock-star-reporter-who-shouldve-been-editor/104892/>

Kuldip Nayar





Kuldip Nayar: Life and work

Daily star, Dhaka

Eminent Indian journalist and a regular columnist of The Daily Star, Kuldip Nayar died on August 23, 2018 at a hospital in Delhi, India. He was 95.

In a career that spanned over six decades, Kuldip Nayar was much more than a journalist. He was a champion of civil liberties and human rights, an untiring advocate for peace between India and Pakistan, a chronicler of the historic events of his time, an uncompromising editor, and an author of several bestsellers. He was among India's first syndicated columnists; his columns were read and appreciated across the border.

Kuldip Nayar started his journalistic career with the Urdu daily Anjam in 1948. He also worked at the Press Information Bureau as a Press Officer to then home ministers Govind Ballabh Pant and Lal Bahadur Shastri. Subsequently, he went on to head various Indian newspapers including The Indian Express, The Statesman and contributed in over 80 newspapers in 14 languages including Deccan Herald, The Daily Star, The Sunday Guardian.

In 2015, he was awarded the Ramnath Goenka Lifetime Achievement Award for his contributions to journalism.

Indian historian Ramachandra Guha gave an insight into what shaped the mind of Kuldip Nayar when he talked about

Kuldip Nayar

the three stalwarts of Indian journalism—the other two being Ajit Bhattacharjea and BG Verghese—who created a niche for themselves when Indian journalism was just taking off. Writing for *The Hindu* in 2003, Guha said, “These men are all in their seventies, which means they came of the age around the time India became free. All were shaped by the humane and inclusive spirit of the freedom struggle, and all joined the press when it was a trade that was neither glamorous nor well paid.”

Born on August 14, 1923 at Sialkot (Pakistan) in British India, Kuldip Nayar spent his early childhood and youth in Pakistan. He graduated from Forman Christian College before pursuing law in Lahore. In 1952, he moved to Illinois, United States to study journalism at Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism.

Nayar was one of the first journalists to be put in jail when Prime Minister Indira Gandhi declared emergency in India in 1975, for his detailed documentation of human rights violations by the state.

He was well-known for his efforts to improve frosty relations between India and Pakistan, including leading peace activists to light candles on the Independence days of Pakistan and India at the Attari-Wagah border near Amritsar. He explained his efforts in a column published by *The Daily Star* just over a week before his death, in which he acknowledged that his experience of the 1947 partition particularly motivated him to work on India-Pakistan relations. In his own words:

“That was the main reason why I started lighting candles on the Wagah border, a process that began some 20 years ago. It was a small movement with just 15-20 people to begin with. Now roughly one lakh people on this side and the people of Pakistan, though in limited number, have joined the cause...I wish that the border could be made soft and the situation became calm so that the enmity between the two countries is banished.” (“71 years on, frosty relations continue”, August 14, 2018.)

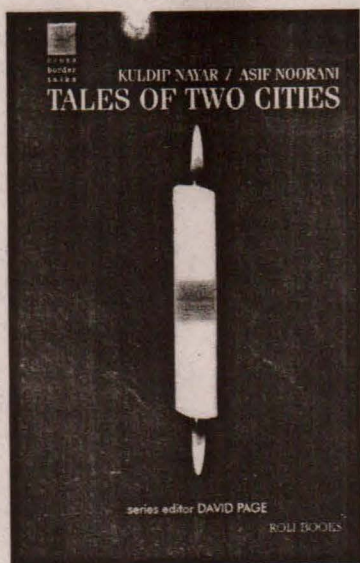
Kuldip Nayar

Kuldip Nayar authored a total of 15 books, including Beyond the Lines, Distant Neighbours: A Tale of the Subcontinent, India after Nehru, Wall at Wagah, India-Pakistan Relationship, The Judgement, The Martyr, Scoop and India House. He also served as High Commissioner of India to the UK. He was also nominated as a member of the Upper House of Parliament in 1997.

He is survived by his wife and two sons.

<https://www.thedailystar.net/news/opinion/kuldip-nayar-life-and-work-1624135>

Kuldip Nayar





People & Society

Rakhshanda Jalil

In a career spanning over six decades, India's veteran journalist, Kuldip Nayar has covered a host of events; he has met, interviewed and written about major figures in India's, as well as the world's, political life: Indira Gandhi, Lal Bahadur Shastri, Jai Prakash Narayan, Mujibur Rahman, Ziaul Haq, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, Dr Abdul Qadeer Khan.

The list is endless. His first major assignment as a cub reporter working for Delhi-based Urdu newspaper Anjaam was to write on Gandhi's assassination in 1948. The poignancy of that moment left a deep impact on his psyche. Only three months into working as a journalist, he could "see" history explode before his eyes; he admits he wept unashamedly. He is still haunted by Gandhi's words, delivered at a public prayer service a few days before his death where Nayar was present: Hindus and Muslims are like my two eyes, he had said.

In a previous book, *Tales of Two Cities* (co-authored with senior Pakistani journalist Asif Noorani), Nayar has written with empathy and clarity about Partition, which changed countless lives, including his own, forever. Was it inevitable, I ask? Could its thirst for blood have been slaked by some means other than India's division? Holding Jinnah and Nehru equally "responsible", Nayar explains the Partition was not inevitable to begin with. The Cabinet Mission Plan

held promise of resolution but as events panned out and Nehru and Jinnah remained implacable, it became inevitable.

"One day, all of South Asia will be a union – one visa, one currency ... everyone will be free to work, travel, think."

Having witnessed first-hand the blood and gore, the massacres and the communal carnage, how, then, did he not go the "other" way? After all, many did. In fact, right-wing organisations on both sides of the border fed on precisely the trauma that the first generation of migrants had experienced to swell their ranks and obtain sympathisers, if not members? Nayar explains that it is precisely because he witnessed the trauma and the madness that his belief in pluralism was strengthened. He learnt to judge a person by his beliefs and commitments, not his religion.

Nayar's great love for the Urdu language is well known. In fact, in his youth, he even wrote poetry until Hasrat Mohani, the maverick poet-politician, told him he was wasting his time "writing verses that made no sense". Yet Urdu has remained Nayar's "first love" and he is one of its most vocal champions. But what does he make of the neglect of Urdu in India? Why is it that any Urdu-related soiree sees only a grey-haired audience? What does he make of the Indian Muslim's oft repeated lament that Urdu has languished due to official apathy? Holding Urdu to be the worst casualty of Partition, Nayar blames political parties, including Congress which held sway in post-Partition India, as responsible. In his characteristically blunt manner he says, "Such deliberate neglect is understandable on the part of the BJP [right-wing Hindu nationalist Bharatiya Janata Party], but why the Congress?"

In 1992, Nayar started the practice of a candlelight vigil at the India-Pakistan border on the night between August 14 and 15. Scores of peaceniks join him as he marches up to the border at Attari, candle in hand; an equal number of activists, writers, poets and performers surges from the other side. This annual event is viewed with some bemusement by hard-nosed political commentators and dismissed as dewey-eyed idealism

by hawks on both sides, especially in times when bilateral relations suffer from frostbite. But what compels a man of 88 years to undertake this long journey – by rail from Delhi, by car from Amritsar and eventually on foot, that too at the perilous hour of midnight – year after year to raise the cry of "Hindustan-Pakistan Dosti Zindabad" in the face of continuing cynicism? "I am an optimist," he tells the Herald. "One day, all of South Asia will be a union — one visa, one currency... everyone will be free to work, travel, think." As we wind up our conversation he recites a verse by Faiz Ahmad Faiz.

Jis dhaj se koi maqtal mein gaya, woh shaan salamat rahti hai
Yeh jaan tou aani jaani hai, iss jaan ki koi baat nahi

[Immortal is the way people go to the gallows; life is not important since it has to end anyways]

And this unshakable belief is the heart of the matter. Herein lies Nayar's real eminence.

This was originally published in the Herald's August 2012 issue. To read more subscribe to the Herald in print.

*The writer is a translator and literary historian from India.

<https://herald.dawn.com/news/1153495>

Kuldip Nayar





Kuldip Nayar: Modern India's chronicler and conscience keeper

Press Trust of India

Some people never hang up their boots and some, like Kuldip Nayar, never put down their pens. The veteran journalist died today at age 95, working till the end -- his last column appearing in the Lokmat Times this morning, hours after he breathed his last around 12.30 am in a Delhi hospital.

The prolific journalist, columnist and author, known not just as one of India's most respected mediapersons but also as a passionate advocate for peace and press freedom, discussed the immigrants as vote banks in his last article, focussing on the northeast.

He ended with advice to the BJP to not ignore the problems of the region, pointing out that Assam has 14 of 25 seats in the northeast.

It was a fitting end for the journalist, who was born in 1923 in Sialkot, Pakistan, and began his career in journalism in the Urdu language press before going on to serve as editor of several newspapers, including Indian Express and The Statesman.

It was a career with many highs for the mostly journalist, who also served a stint as India's high commissioner to United Kingdom and was appointed to the Rajya Sabha.

Kuldip Nayar

An oft quoted Nayar anecdote is about how he broke the news of Lal Bahadur Shastri's death in Tashkent.

Nayar was in Tashkent when Shastri died after signing the historic Tashkent Declaration.

Soon after midnight on January 11, 1966 when most newspapers in India had gone to bed with front page headlines on the Tashkent Declaration, Nayar, who had accompanied Shastri on the trip, phoned in the flash to the United News of India.

But the shock value was such that many back in India, at first, refused to accept it, Nayar recounts in his 2012 autobiography "Beyond the Lines".

"Surinder Dhingra on late night duty received the call. I told him to send the flash 'Shastri dead'. Dhingra began laughing and told me that I must be joking because he had just cleared Shastri's speech at the evening function," the book reads.

"I told him not to waste time and send the flash immediately. He still did not believe me and I was obliged to resort to some harsh words in Punjabi to get him to action," he goes on to say.

Nayar also narrates how he learnt about Shastri's demise.

"I got up abruptly to a knock on my door. A lady in the corridor told me: 'Your prime minister is dying'. I hurriedly dressed and and drove with an Indian official to Shastri's dacha which was some distance away."

In the book, Nayar says then Pakistan president General Ayub Khan was "genuinely grieved" by Shastri's death.

"He came to Shastri's dacha at 4 am and said, looking toward me: 'Here is a man of peace who gave his life for amity between India and Pakistan'," he writes.

Another Nayar "scoop" was his interview with Pakistan's nuclear scientist Abdul Qadeer Khan, where it was revealed that Pakistan had a nuclear device.

Kuldip Nayar

For Nayar, who did his graduation from the Forman Christian College in Lahore and also got a law degree from the Law College in the city, Pakistan was a subject close to his heart.

He argued tirelessly for peace with Pakistan.

One of Nayar's most enduring images will be of him leading peace activists in lighting candles at the Attari-Wagah border on the Independence Days of India and Pakistan -- while India celebrates its Independence Day on August 15, Pakistan does so a day earlier.

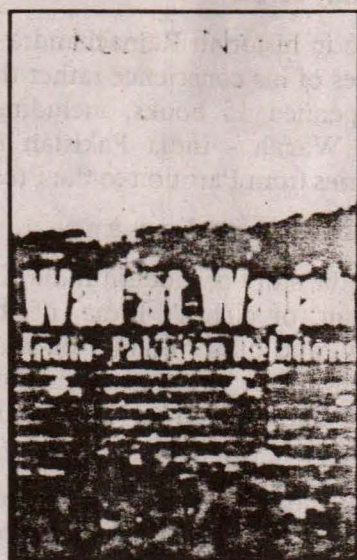
The journalist, who in historian Ramachandra Guha's words followed the dictates of his conscience rather than the lure of money or fame, penned 15 books, including "India after Nehru", "Wall at Wagah - India Pakistan relations" and "Scoop!: Inside stories from Partition to the Present".

He was also imprisoned during Emergency.

"My story is really the story of modern India. Of the freedom struggle, of partition, of Nehru's India, of the Bangladesh war, of Emergency, and more recently of liberalisation and India as a world power," he writes in his memoirs, the title of which played was borrowed from his syndicated column "Between the Lines".

A newsman till the end, Nayar, who was imprisoned during the Emergency, remembers his first job in the book.

https://www.business-standard.com/article/pti-stories/kuldip-nayar-modern-india-s-chronicler-and-conscience-keeper-118082301190_1.html





Kuldip Nayar: A people's journalist enters eternal sleep

YUSUF JAMEEL

Nayar would not hesitate in calling a spade a spade openly, even in difficult situations, and for this reason he was jailed during Emergency.

The very first time we met, I was at Aftab (The Sun) and was introduced to Kuldip Nayar sahib by its editor Khawaja Sannaullah Bhat as “the boy sitting in that corner who does it”.

The introduction was in response to Nayar sahib’s question about who translated his syndicated column, *Between the Lines*, for the popular Srinagar Urdu daily. The question perturbed me, but became the basis of a relationship that lasted for several decades.

Nayar sahib informed Khawaja sahib that his weekly column was published by over 80 newspapers in 14 languages in India and abroad, but it was at Aftab where it was translated properly, and without any change in the fundamental meaning of its message. He then quoted the famous rule, “Translation is not about words. It’s about what the words are about”. A “people’s journalist” and a crusader for civil rights and press freedom, Nayar sahib was widely respected for his columns and reportage and wrote several books.

Kuldip Nayar

He would not hesitate in calling a spade a spade openly, even in difficult situations, and for this reason he was jailed during Emergency.

However, post-1990, one could feel that as peace activist his patriotism prevailed over everything else vis-à-vis the issue of Kashmir. I asked him about it and he tried to justify his views by calling them “realism and pragmatism”.

He would assert it in public discourses and through his writings that India does not want another Partition and that the Kashmir issue “can be solved by granting full autonomy to the state within the country.” For these views he had to face hostile students at a media conference in Srinagar a few years ago.

At the same time, he was quite unhappy with the handling of Kashmir by New Delhi and would assert that the government’s policy towards the restive state is flawed and that the problem cannot be solved by using force.

Nayar sahib was in the forefront about 24 years ago in convincing JKLF leader Muhammad Yasin Malik and his comrades to abandon their armed struggle and start a non-violent movement on the premise that it would earn them the support of the people of the country.

In 1993, Nayar sahib met Malik in a hospital where he had been shifted from prison. “If you could trust white men, why not us?” he had said.

<http://www.asianage.com/india/all-india/240818/kuldip-nayar-a-peoples-journalist-enters-eternal-sleep.html>



KULDIP NAYYAR

Andalib Akhter

Veteran journalist, author, parliamentarian, diplomat, human right activist and above all a great human being, Kuldip Nayyar passes away last night at a private hospital. He was 95. He was not keeping well for sometime. Mr. Nayar was basically a Punjabi, was originally born in Sialkot in 1923.

Nayar started his career with a Urdu newspaper 'Anjam' and rose to editorship of several newspapers and news agencies high profile journalist. He was also the author of 15 books including "Beyond the Lines", "India after Nehru" and "Emergency Retold".

Later he worked in an 'Wahdat' newspaper for sometime edited by freedom fighter Maulana Hasrat Mohani he had covered the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi. He was first to take interview of Pakistan nuclear scientist Abdul Qadir Khan in which he revealed that Pakistan already have nuclear bomb.

He was a votary of peaceful relations between India and Pakistan. Every year he used to go to Wagah border for candle march..

I had an opportunity to travel with him from New Delhi to Aligarh by road. We had long discussion in the 3-4 hour journey in which I came to know the different human angle of his personality.

Kuldip Nayar

Nayyar Early life, education and marriage

Early life, education and marriage Nayyar was born at Sialkot, Pakistan on August 14, 1923 in a Sikh Khatri family. His parents were Gurbaksh Singh and Pooran Devi. He had his early schooling at the Ganda Singh High School in Sialkot. After school, he studied at a number of institutes including Murray College(Sialkot), F.C.College(Lahore), Law College(Lahore) and Medill School of Journalism(Evanston, Illinois, USA). His degrees include B.A.(Hons.), LL.B., M.Sc. (in Journalism) and Ph.D. (Philosophy). Nayyar and his family had to flee in the aftermath of the Partition in 1947. He married Bharti Nayar on August 28, 1949 and has two sons.

As Journalist

- Joint Editor, Anjam (Urdu daily), Delhi(1948-50).
- Editorial Assistant, United States Information Service (USIS), Delhi(1950-52).
- Press Officer (Press Information Bureau) to the Home Ministers of India (Shri Govind Ballabh Pant and Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri) (1954-64).
- Chairman of Reorganisation of News Agencies(1977-78) and Transparency International(India).
- Editor and General Manager, United News of India (UNI)(1964-67).
- Editor of The Statesman, New Delhi(1967-75) and Indian Express (1975-81)
- Delhi Correspondent, The Times, London(1965-90)
- Correspondent of The Spectator, London(1971-75) and the Evening Star, Washington(1971-75).

As Member

Nayyar has also been on the boards of several important organizations. These include:

- Citizens For UNI(2006)
- Press Council(1975).
- National Integration Council(1990).
- Senate and Syndicate, Punjabi University, Patiala.

Kuldip Nayar

- Senate, Guru Nanak Dev University, Amritsar.
- Indian Delegation to the U.N.(1996).
- Body of Governors, Gemini News Service, London, UK
- Committee on Communications Advisor, Citizens for Democracy, India.

As Diplomat

- High Commissioner to the UK(1990).

As Parliamentarian

- nominated to the Rajya Sabha (August, 1997).

Awards

- Nayyar has been awarded with:
- UNI Employees Federation Award of LIVING LEGEND-MEDIA INDIA , JUNE(2006)
- Freedom of Information Award.
- Bhai Vir Singh Award.
- Pride of India Award.
- Maharana Mewar Foundation Award.
- All India Artists' Association Award.
- UK Sikh Forum Award.
- Shiromani Gurudwara Prabandhak Committee Award, Amritsar.
- Hamdard Institute Award.
- Abdus Salam Award for the Best Journalist in South Asia.
- Indo-Pak Friendship Award.

Publications

- Nayyar has authored several book including :
- Between the Lines(1969).
- India-The Critical Years(1971).
- Distant Neighbours-Tale of Subcontinent(1972).
- Supersession of Judges(1974).
- India After Nehru(1975).
- The Judgement(1977).

Kuldip Nayar

- In Jail(1978).
- Report on Afghanistan(1970).
- The Tragedy of Punjab(1985).
- India House(1992).
- Scoop (2006)

Nayyar's special interests include:

Affairs of border States, America, Russia, China and countries of the SAARC, the police and human rights. .

<http://theindianawaaz.com/ah-kuldip-nayyar/>



In Kuldeep Nayar's demise, journalism has lost a moral reference point

POORNIMA JOSHI

With the passing away of Kuldeep Nayar, 95, in Delhi this morning, India has lost an icon embodying the core values that define the Nation's socio-political and cultural foundations — democracy, inter-religious faith, syncretic culture and harmony.

Born in Sialkot on August 14, 1923, Nayar worked as a journalist, press information officer to Lal Bahadur Shastri and Govind Ballabh Pant, a High Commissioner to UK, a Rajya Sabha MP and as a peace activist in his long career.

But among his many roles, including that of an author of as many as 15 books, what he was identified most was with that of a journalist.

His Emergency days

Beginning his journalistic career in 1948 in an Urdu newspaper Anjam, Nayar was to become the most celebrated columnist in the country, penning the first draft of all critical events in History, from the Partition, Lal Bahadur Shastri's death, the 1971 war, insurgency in Punjab and Kashmir and, most importantly, the Emergency during which he worked with the Indian Express and was arrested.

In *Emergency Retold*, Nayar's recount of what is counted as the darkest chapter in post-independence India, the memory and detailing of the events is sharp and fresh.

"JP (Jayaprakash Narayan) announced the formation of a five-member Lok Sangharsh Samiti (people's struggle committee), with Morarji Desai as chairman and Nanaji Deshmukh, a top Jana Sangh leader, as secretary, to start a countrywide agitation on June 29 to force Mrs Indira Gandhi to resign. There were to be non-violent hartals, satyagrahas and demonstrations... JP asked the gathering to raise their hands to indicate that they, if need be, would go to jail to restore moral values in the country. Everyone raised his hand. Surprisingly, 24 hours later, most of them did not even protest, when protest was called for, much less offer to go to jail. JP also appealed to the police and the military not to obey any "illegal" order as their manual indicated," Nayar wrote. The account is important not because of the lucidity of the prose or even owing to the detailing of facts which have been recounted by authors, journalists and politicians alike.

Detailed facts, lucid style

It is the conviction of Nayar as a journalist and citizen to brave a prison sentence to restore what he believed was moral values and continue championing them throughout his life that mark his criticality as a public intellectual.

Whether it was a case of wrongful confinement, arrest, a State-sponsored riot or attack on freedom of the press, Nayar saab lent his name and stature to any protest, however, small, against them.

Breaking news

He would stand at the Wagah border with a candle for peace and sit, moist-eyed, when young reporters and their senior colleagues would organise protests and meetings against riots in Gujarat in 2002 or the wrongful arrest of a Kashmiri journalist and censoring of the press by any regime. For us, as journalists, the man who broke the news of Lal Bahadur Shastri's death and scooped the sensational disclosure by AQ

Khan that Pakistan had a lab-tested atom bomb ready for delivery, had innumerable lessons to give.

In his *Beyond the Lines: An Autobiography*, Nayar's account of how he squeezed the information out of the man widely known as the father of Pakistan's nuclear bomb is an invaluable lesson for reporters.

"I thought I would provoke him. Egoist that he was, he might fall for the bait. And he did. I concocted a story and told him that when I was coming to Pakistan, I ran into Dr Homi Sethna, father of India's nuclear bomb who asked me why I was wasting my time because Pakistan had neither the men nor the material to make such a weapon," Nayar wrote.

AQ Khan was adequately goaded and boasted to Nayar that Pakistan had not only made the bomb but "if you ever drive us to the wall, as you did in East Pakistan, we will use the bomb."

In the same chronicle, a most striking feature in this age of almost infantile narcissism when news and news-gathering is personalised with even obituaries of late leaders laden with how well the authors knew them, Nayar's focus even in his autobiography was only on public events, while he kept himself and references to his family completely out.

There is very little of what must have been personally significant, such as what his family went through when he spent over seven weeks in prison during the Emergency unless it makes a larger point.

Witness, for instance, one of the few personal experiences that he recounted in his autobiography that shaped Nayar saab's most significant contribution to public life.

Recounting The Partition

"When I crossed the border on 13 September, 1947, I had seen so much blood and destruction in the name of religion that I vowed to myself that the new India which we were going to build would know no deaths due to differences in religion or caste.. I, therefore wept when I witnessed the mass murder of Sikhs in 1984 and saw a repetition of such

Kuldip Nayar

inhumanity in Gujarat in 2002, viewing it as a microcosm of the communal violence I had witnessed in 1947,” Nayar wrote.

It was this conviction, his courage and the ability to speak truth to the power that Kuldip Nayar would be always remembered as a foremost journalist who adopted whatever role he thought was appropriate in larger interest.

For those who still believe the first content of news to be public interest, the passing away of Kuldip Nayar means that a moral reference point is gone forever.

<https://www.thehindubusinessline.com/news/national/in-kuldip-nayars-demise-journalism-has-lost-a-moral-reference-point/article24762591.ece>



Kuldeep Nayar obituary

Mark Tully

Kuldeep Nayar earned his reputation for courage in the 1970s when he was jailed for opposing the state of emergency declared by the then prime minister, Indira Gandhi. Photograph: Hindustan Times/Getty Images

Kuldeep Nayar, who has died aged 95, was one of the last of a generation of remarkable Indian journalists who started their careers just after the partition of the sub-continent. As editor of the Indian Express, and then through his syndicated columns, which were published in 14 languages in about 80 papers, Kuldeep was a courageous spokesperson for press freedom as well as an important promoter of India's secular tradition.

He earned his reputation for courage in the 1970s when he was jailed for opposing the state of emergency declared by the then prime minister, Indira Gandhi.

He also spoke out against the current Hindutva (Hindu nationalist) policies of Narendra Modi's government and what he saw as the "soft Hindutva" of today's Indian media. The day after he died, an article he had just written was published, saying: "It is paramount that the centre [central government] should concentrate more on good governance rather than imposing its Hindutva policies."

Kuldip Nayar

He worked throughout his life to improve relations between Pakistan and India, and established the vigil that is still held on the Wagah-Attari border near Amritsar at midnight on 14/15 August, the hour that marks the end of Pakistan's independence day (and Kuldip's birthday) and the beginning of India's.

Kuldip was born in the Punjab city of Sialkot, which is now in Pakistan, the son of Puran Devi and Gurbaksh Singh, a doctor who, Kuldip said, "blended the traditions of Sikhism and Hinduism". Kuldip studied at Forman Christian College then the Law College in Lahore, obtaining a law degree. When violence broke out at partition in 1947, the family migrated to India. Kuldip, who had dropped the Singh from his name, settled in Delhi.

He began his career on an Urdu newspaper, Anjam, in 1948. Although he loved the language and its poetry he was told there was no future in Urdu journalism because it was now the national language of Pakistan. So, to work in English, in 1952 he joined the United States Information Services, which enabled him to go to the US and earn a degree in journalism from the Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University.

He then joined the Indian Information Service, where he became spokesman for the home minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, who went on to be the second prime minister of India. Kuldip's close association with Shastri and other members of the cabinet was an invaluable education in politics, which made him one of the best informed journalists when he joined UNI (United News of India), India's second news agency.

He was first with the news that Shastri had died at Tashkent, the day after signing the 1966 peace agreement with the president of Pakistan, Mohammad Ayub Khan, after the 1965 war between the two countries.

In 1977 Kuldip broke the news that Indira Gandhi intended to call an early election, following her 1975 declaration of a draconian state of emergency, suspending fundamental rights

and censoring the press. It was widely believed that Gandhi intended to retain the emergency much longer. The head of the government's information service knew nothing of the election and threatened to arrest Kuldip if he did not withdraw the story. He would not, and Gandhi did call the election.

By then Kuldip had already been editor of the Delhi edition of the Statesman and had moved on to edit the Indian Express. Most editors and journalists accepted censorship without protest but Kuldip persuaded about 100 journalists to sign a protest and send it to Gandhi. He spent three months in jail as a result and was released only because the government learned that the judge hearing his appeal was likely to find in his favour.

Gandhi was defeated in the election she called but before long, in 1980, she returned to power. The owner of the Indian Express who had supported his editor during the emergency asked Kuldip to mend fences with her. He refused and resigned.

That was the beginning of his long career as a freelance journalist and columnist. He used to say he was thankful to the owner of the Indian Express because he made much more money syndicating his weekly column, *Between the Lines*, throughout south Asia. In addition to his journalism he wrote 15 books, including a lengthy autobiography, *Beyond the Lines* (2012), which took him 22 years to write.

Kuldip was close to many secular politicians but he never allowed them to influence his journalism. In the 1990s he was appointed high commissioner in London for a short time, and was also nominated to the Rajya Sabha, the upper house of parliament, for one term in 1997.

Establishing peaceful relations between India and Pakistan was one of Kuldip's life-long ambitions, never giving up hope no matter how low relations between the two countries sank. He took part in backchannel negotiations, and retained contact with many leading Pakistanis as well as establishing the candlelit border vigil.

Kuldip Nayar

Kuldip was much admired for his courage and commitment and much liked for his openness and friendliness. He was a popular editor. Until the end of his life he had regular lunches with his former colleagues from the Indian Express. He became the father of the journalist community. They turned to him to lead the campaign against a stringent defamation law seen as limiting media freedom in the 80s. Recently, when tax officials were threatening Prannoy Roy, the founder of the most independent television channel, NDTV, journalists again asked Kuldip for his support, which he gave.

In 2015, he was honoured with one of Indian journalism's most prestigious awards, the Ramnath Goenka lifetime achievement award.

Kuldip is survived by his wife Bharti, whom he married in 1949, two sons, Sudhir and Rajiv, three grandchildren, Kanika, Mandira and Kartik, and three great-grandchildren.

Kuldip Nayar, journalist, author and politician, born 14 August 1923; died 23 August 2018

<https://www.theguardian.com/media/2018/sep/06/kuldip-nayar-obituary>



Remembering Kuldip Nayar

Khaled Ahmed

I fell for Kuldip Nayar when I met him first in 1990-91 inside a track-2 dialogue between India and Pakistan. Many people in Pakistan consider the maverick journalist a friendly Indian, barring moments when he unleashes on us some home truth we don't relish. I hear in India his fraternity is divided over his stature, but I give him full marks for one scoop that no other journalist in India can boast: Dr AQ Khan's confession that Pakistan had gone nuclear!

Kuldip probably still doesn't know what that scoop actually unleashed on Pakistan.

Kuldip had travelled to Pakistan in 1987 to attend the wedding of Mushahid Hussain, editor of Islamabad daily Muslim - currently a senator - who said he would give a "wedding gift" to him (sic!) by putting him together with Dr AQ Khan, believed by most Pakistanis to be the father of the Pakistan's atom bomb. The meeting took place and Kuldip was able to squeeze the truth out of him about a lab-tested bomb ready for delivery.

He thought the interview was sanctioned by the government - meaning President Ziaul Haq - but the truth that came out this year indicated that it was planned and executed by General Aslam Beg who later became second-in-command to General Zia and was close to Dr Khan and may have

persuaded Mushahid Hussain to help in his plot to “showcase” the Pakistani bomb.

In his latest book *Beyond the Lines: An Autobiography* (Roli Books 2012) Kuldip tells the story thus: “I thought I would provoke him. Egoist that he was, he might fall for the bait. And he did. I concocted a story and told him that when I was coming to Pakistan, I ran into Dr Homi Sethna, father of India’s nuclear bomb, who asked me why I was wasting my time because Pakistan had neither the men nor the material to make such a weapon.” Khan exploded and boasted that Pakistan had made the bomb, adding the threat, “If you ever drive us to the wall, as you did in East Pakistan, we will use the bomb.”

Kuldip proceeded to sell his story to a newspaper in London. On its publication, the proverbial excrement hit the fan in Pakistan. What happened thereafter has been made public by Brigadier (ret’d) Feroz Hassan Khan in his book *Eating grass: the making of the Pakistani bomb* (Stanford Security Studies 2013). The book painstakingly and convincingly proves that Dr Khan was not the father of the bomb and he was punished by General Zia for having colluded with General Beg to make the bomb public. It says:

“Islamabad’s reaction to the publication of the interview was swift and severe. AQ Khan was first called to explain himself to Senate Chairman Ghulam Ishaq Khan; next he was directed to report to General KM Arif, the Vice Chief of Army Staff, who supposedly grilled Khan in his office. AQ Khan claimed that ‘he was tricked (by Mushahid) into meeting the Indian journalist.’ Finally, he was summoned to the president’s house. Lieutenant-General Syed Rifaqat Ali, who was chief of staff to President Ziaul Haq, narrated to the author how the wrath of Zia fell on Khan.” After a normally polite Zia had finished with Khan the latter was seen leaving “trembling and perspiring”.

Brigadier Feroz Hassan Khan is no ordinary author. He is an acknowledged “insider” who was once a director at the apex nukes establishment called Strategic Planning Division

(SPD): "Soon afterward, Zia directed the bomb-designing project to be taken away from Khan and returned to the dedicated team in Pakistan Atomic Energy Commission (PAEC). The newlywed Mushahid Hussain soon lost his job at Muslim. The Zia government deprived the newspaper of all government advertisements, isolated it, and economically crippled it, putting it out of business. [But] damage to the nuclear policy could not be reversed."

The "scientists" making the bomb were polarised between head of the PAEC Munir Ahmad Khan and Dr Khan who was to head the famous Khan Research Laboratory (KRL). Islamist Zia had taken the "bomb" project from Munir because he thought Munir was an Ahmadi, and had given it to Khan. (Under Bhutto an Ahmadi Nobel Laureate Abdus Salam had made a crucial "manpower" contribution to the bomb from his institution in Trieste, Italy.)

The book proves that Dr Khan did not make the bomb and does not qualify as the stud who fathered the country's "nuclear deterrent". The GHQ verdict was: "Munir was a sober, quiet and unassuming person dedicated to his work. AQ Khan was a glib-tongued flamboyant individual always in search of publicity and glory."

A more damning view is expressed thus: "The Pakistani government overlooked Khan's activities because it believed the benefit he provided outweighed the cost of corruption. AQ Khan was a go-getter, a people-pleaser, and a hero. He was a master at kickbacks and bribes which kept scrutiny away from his activities—at least temporarily. Also, many of those who observed his bureaucratic malpractices were themselves beneficiaries of the system."

When in 1998, the moment came to test the bomb at Chaghai, Dr Khan was kept out of the "ceremony". Clearly it was Dr Samar-Mubarak Mand heading the PAEC who was finally acknowledged as the father of the device. Dr Khan got himself represented at the button-pressing ceremony through sheer pressure, insisting that he perform the final act. Both sides settled on a junior scientist from PAEC.

Brigadier Feroz Hassan Khan tells us about the “proliferation” triggered by Dr Khan for personal gains, selling blueprints and centrifuges from North Korea and Iran to Libya, till he was finally caught in the act and had to be gagged and confined by the Pakistan army.

The most damning passage relates to Dr Khan writing to the army chief of Sri Lanka asking for help in retrieving money owed him by a Sri Lankan. He actually threatened him if he did not do the needful - for \$300,000! The letter he wrote on a Government of Pakistan letter-head stationery as a “federal minister”, stated that in case the army chief did not oblige, Khan will get in touch with Prabhakaran, leader of the terrorist Liberation Tigers of Tamil Elam (LTTE) to do the job (p.365).

I wonder if the author knew the dangerous link he was revealing between Dr Khan and terrorism, especially in the context of General Zia’s own death in an air-crash in 1988 which was clearly seen by all in Pakistan as an act of terrorism staged from within Zia’s establishment. After Zia’s death the beneficiary was clearly his second-in-command General Aslam Beg who became the army chief and soon visited Iran, returning with a nuclear “deal” worth \$5 billion, which Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif wisely turned down.

From author s Face book timeline on September 16th, 2018 .



THE MAN WHO SPOKE TRUTH TO POWER: REMEMBERING KULDIP NAYAR

Madhav Nayar

The brand of independent journalism which Kuldeep Nayar represented is the need of the hour.

We live in times when it is rare for journalists to speak truth to power. While most are happy to toe the government's line, those in electronic media are even prepared to do its bidding, with government propaganda masked as primetime 'debates'. The curse of paid news has eroded the credibility of print media and its current state can be best summarized in the words of Kuldeep Nayar, who in an interview once remarked, "now there is news in editorials and editorialising in news".

The passing away of Kuldeep Nayar calls for a reflection on the journalistic doyen's life and career which is a reminder of what journalism can be or rather should be. Though I happen to share his surname, I must clarify that I was in no way related to him. However, I was fortunate enough to know him personally. I vividly recall meeting him when I had accompanied my Father to his house. Warm and affectionate to the core, Nayar talked enthusiastically about how he had been a witness to history in the making. A partition refugee, Nayar was a close witness to both the birth of the Republic and the many events which shaped it: linguistic reorganisation, split of the Congress, The Emergency.

Kuldip Nayar

Though he was nearly 90 when I met him, he spoke with the enthusiasm and vigour of a young man.

Such was the energy of arguably one of India's finest journalists that he wrote for more than 80 newspapers and in most Indian languages. Apart from his prolific and prodigious journalistic output, Nayar can also be considered as one of India's best political reporters. His works such as *Beyond the Lines*, *India After Nehru* and *The Judgement: Inside the emergency* constitute a treasure trove of information on India's post-independence history and some of the key events which shaped it. He has in fact been described as the "Rockstar political reporter" by Shekhar Gupta.

A multifaceted figure, he also served as a parliamentarian and ambassador. But what Kuldip Nayar would be truly remembered for is his championing of journalistic values and human rights issues. He was a staunch supporter of the freedom of press and the freedom of expression. Nayar was in fact one of the first journalist who was jailed during the emergency under the draconian Maintenance of Internal Security Act (MISA). In one of his columns Nayar described the Emergency in the following words: "If I were to explain this failing to the Indians of today or tomorrow, I would say that we faltered as a nation. Indira Gandhi switched off the lights of democracy to make us grope in the darkness of police raj."

He was also at the forefront of the agitation against the defamation bill in 1986, introduced by Rajiv Gandhi's government to muzzle press freedom. Thanks to the efforts of Kuldip Nayar and other leading lights from the press fraternity like Khuswant Singh the government was forced to withdraw the bill. Kuldip Nayar embodied and championed democratic values not only in his vocation but also in his life. His was a lifelong engagement with human rights issues and it was a matter of personal conviction for Nayar. From being a member of the Justice V.M. Tarkunde Committee probing the killings of Naxalites in fake encounters, to being a resolute advocate of peace with Pakistan and initiating the

candle light marches at Wagah, Nayar belonged to a breed of journalists who believed that journalism was above all else a commitment to society and to democratic norms and values. Even in his last column Nayar urged the Modi government to focus on, development and good governance in the Northeast rather than imposing its “Hindutva philosophies”.

Commenting on the state of journalism and media, Nayar rued how “Even though there is no Emergency, they are willing to fall in line and crawl.” In his view there was no need for the government to take any extra-constitutional measures in light of how conformist the press had become. Perhaps it would do well for today’s journalists to pay heed to Nayar’s words for they run the risk of becoming ‘lapdogs’ rather than the ‘watchdogs’ of our democracy.

Madhav Nayar has graduated in History (Hons.) from Hindu College, Delhi University. He will be pursuing his Masters in Modern South Asian History from SOAS.

<https://lawschoolpolicyreview.com/2018/08/30/the-man-who-spoke-truth-to-power-remembering-kuldip-nayar/>

Kuldip Nayar

The Judgement

INSIDE STORY OF
THE EMERGENCY IN INDIA

**Kuldip
Nayar**



Kuldeep Nayar and Sialkot's Pir Sahib

Nirupama Dutt

“You are not a reporter until you have received a couple of legal notices and faced the challenge.” This was a quotable quote by the legendary Kuldeep Nayar who was then, what they call these days, a launch editor. The year was 1977 and he was in Chandigarh to launch the North Indian edition of Ram Nath Goenka’s paper ‘The Indian Express’ now rid of the rough times during the Emergency. We were the gullible trainees who lapped up the bravado it took slow-learners like me a long time to learn to unlearn such lessons.

The last I saw the gutsy Nayar was when he along with Saeed Naqvi was running a campaign for return of Bahadur Shah Zaraf’s mortal remains from Rangoon (now Yangon) to Delhi some five years ago. He was frail but yet there at the meet and to my surprise he recognised me. Nayar’s virtues were strong secularism, belief in Punjabi and of course a newshound’s sharp memory.

But today what comes to my mind is a very tender tale of faith he shared with poet and film-maker Gulzar on one of their drives from Delhi to Amritsar to light candles on peace at the Indo-Pak border. The latter wrote it in his inimitable style and I had the privilege of translating it from Hindustani to English many years ago for a literary journal called ‘The Little Magazine’.

Kuldip Nayar

The story related to a Pir Sahib's grave near their ancestral home left behind in Sialkot in 1947. When he was in Tihar Jail during the Emergency in 1975, he was comfortable with a table, chair notebooks and a pen but restless to be out about his job. Although arrested as one of the dissenting intellectuals and told that he would set free soon, yet his confinement ran into many months. He suddenly thought of the Pir Sahib in his heart that when would he be released. Nayar's mother respected the Pir as she did the Peepul tree nearby and after prayers she would put vermilion on the tree and the grave.

To Nayar's surprise the Pir Sahib, whom he had never seen, appeared in his dream, in a green robe and flowing white beard, and assured him that he would be released the following Thursday. True enough the orders came late on the following Thursday night and Friday morning he was a free man.

The story did not end here. Nayar's ageing mother would tell him to go to Sialkot and place a chaddar on the Pir's grave as the Baba was feeling cold. When she passed away in 1980, Nayar made a trip to his old home and all had changed. Its locality was crowded with shops and neither the tree nor the grave were to be seen. No one seemed to even know about them. But the day he was to return, he met the shopkeeper whose shop was close to the mazaar and persisted in knowing about the grave. Hesitantly, the man confessed that they were refugees from the other side and the whole family crowded the shop. Next to the shop was a grave and they removed it to make a room.

"The needs of life snatched away yet another grave. I returned to India and one day, I went and placed the chaddar that I had taken to Sialkot at the dargah of Nizamuddin Aulia in Delhi," Nayar told Gulzar. The Pir Sahib never came in Nayar's dreams again. Perhaps, like his mother he too had attained nirvana!

https://www.facebook.com/nirupama.dutt.3/posts/10157860246559782?__tn__=K-R



**'From between to beyond the lines'-
Remembering Kuldeep Nayar**

Sanjay Parikh

On 26th June 2018, human rights organizations had assembled at the Gandhi Peace Foundation, Delhi to remember the dark days of Emergency. This was an annual affair and Shri Kuldeep Nayar was a regular speaker in these meetings. This time, too, he came and spoke. But his speech was different; it came from his heart and was quite moving. He ended by saying that the fight has not ended – there are issues much more serious than the Emergency and they have to be fought fearlessly with deep conviction – by listening to the voice of one's own inner-self. Never give up on truth, was his message to the audience. I told him: "Today, you were different-very powerful!" He smilingly replied: "Today, you were more receptive!" It was a long journey for him – 95 years, divided into pre and post Partition. His memories were full of the sad days of the Partition. He knew the price people have paid and therefore, stood for the values India should have after independence. He wrote throughout his life relentlessly- as editor, writer, a columnist on every possible issue which he thought were relevant for the people and the nation. His heart bled for the poor. He came out openly in support of all those people's movements where he found tyranny and repression of human rights and civil liberties by the State.

Kuldip Nayar

He was a staunch defender of the freedom of press and expression and therefore, wrote fearlessly against the emergency imposed by Smt. Indira Gandhi in 1975. He was detained in the Tihar jail under the MISA. His wife, Smt Bharti Nayar, filed a Habeas Corpus petition in the Delhi High Court to quash his illegal detention. The petition came up before Justice S. Rangarajan, a brave and bold judge during the emergency. After the judgment was reserved, the Government decided to release Kuldip Nayar and revoke his detention before the judgment was pronounced. Coomi Kapoor in her write-up (23rd August, 1975 in the Indian Express) on Shri Kuldip Nayar, recalls this story. However, Justice Rangarajan not only delivered the judgment (Bharti Nayar Vs Union of India, dated 15.9.1975) but added a 'post-script' to it as to why he was delivering the judgment. He said that Habeas Corpus writ being a public law remedy after the judgment was reserved, "courtesy to the court demanded that we were apprised about the intended action before it was actually taken." Indira Gandhi was quite upset with these remarks and the courage shown by the judge and therefore, transferred him to Gauhati. After Justice Rangarajan retired, I joined law practice with him in 1982. He was quite proud of his judgment in Kuldip Nayar's case, which was praised, among others, by Lord Denning. I read the judgment and was quite curious to know why he wrote the post-script. He replied that the day when he was going to pronounce the judgment, he felt some unease inside. He added: "I got up around at 3 am in the morning and typed myself the post-script on a manual typewriter. Thereafter, I felt relieved of the burden on my conscience." I did not know Shri Kuldip Nayar at that time. Justice Rajinder Sachar introduced me to him after he had retired and joined the Supreme Court Bar. Since 1990, it was almost regular to see him in one meeting or the other with Justice Sachar or without him. In one of the conversations recently, I told him what Justice Rangarajan said about the 'post-script'. His response was: "even during Emergency, there were judges who were guided by their conscience rather than the ambitions."

I remember that he was very much upset when the domicile requirement under the Representation of Peoples Act, 1961 was removed by an amendment with effect from 28.8.2003 for election as MP in the Rajya Sabha. It meant that one could be chosen as an M.P. from any place to represent that constituency in the Rajya Sabha, though he had no connection with the place. He was of the view that this amendment will destroy the sacrosanct function of the legislature because the Rajya Sabha is a place where every bill has to be debated properly keeping in view federalism, interests of all the States and their peculiar problems. This amendment was challenged in the Supreme Court and it was heard by a Constitution Bench. Mr. Rajindar Sachar argued and I assisted him in the case. The Constitution Bench upheld the amendment (August 2006). Shri Nayar was very disturbed. He wrote as to how the judgment was wrong. Thereafter, whenever we met, he kept on reminding me that he would like to challenge the judgment before a larger bench of the Supreme Court. The last reminder was when he spoke, as mentioned above, on the anniversary of the Emergency. .

If there were meetings in Delhi on any human rights issue concerning people in general, everyone would expect Kuldipji (Kuldip Nayar) and Sacharji (Justice Rajinder Sachar) to come as if they could command (out of regard and affection) their presence. Both of them would never disappoint and it would be an exception, not to find them there. We lost both in a short span. It appears as if a generation has gone: the generation, which represented a selfless breed of human beings on whom we could always depend for guidance.

As a young student, we were asked to memorize renowned authors and their works. I remember one such author was Kuldip Nayar and the book was 'Between the Lines'. I did not understand it then- the meaning of the invisible gap between the lines. Now I see the gap and look at the great man who was incessantly searching between those visible lines, the invisible truth that spread 'beyond the lines' -over

Kuldip Nayar

the wide canvass of his writings as an independent journalist-
which truly he was till his last breath!

(The author is advocate, Supreme Court and National Vice-
President of People's Union for Civil Liberties (PUCL)

<https://sabrangindia.in/article/remembering-kuldip-nayar>



Kuldip Nayar was a legend

Kalyan Arun

I met him the first time probably in 1963. I had gone with my dad to Indian Express office on Mathura Road, and was introduced to him. I still remember being overawed by his tall hefty figure and booming voice, and more so by his reputation.

Even at that time Kuldip Nayar was a legend.

He had insisted that I go on a conducted tour of the office, including the press, accompanied by one of the attenders. And told me not to forget to get one of the linotype operators to produce a slug with my name on it. (I had it for a few years before losing it while the family relocated to Ahmedabad).

The next time was in December 1966, again in Indian Express office, at a farewell party for my father who was leaving IE to take up an assignment with the Bangkok Post. Two things I vividly remember about that evening. First one was him telling my father "Neel, wherever you go, you will come back to Express." (He did go back to Express seven years later).

The other changed my food preference. I was eating a chicken kabab, without realising it was chicken but liking it, till Nayar Saab asked me whether my father knew I eat non veg. That's when I realised I was eating non veg and more

Kuldip Nayar

importantly, liking it also, setting me off on a journey through non veg cuisine over the next 40 years.I

But my last meeting with him was more memorable.

It was 1980 and Indira Gandhi had just come back to power. I was in the Department of Journalism and Mass communication, university of Madras.

The head of department Prof D Sadasivan was informed one day by someone from Indian Express that Kuldip Nayar would be in Chennai for a couple and asked whether the journalism department could host an interaction with the university students.

The students and other faculty members were thrilled at the prospect of having such a great journalist coming over to the university. But the good old Professor had other ideas.

He wanted to play it safe in the political cesspool that Madras University has always been. The then Vice-chancellor GR Damodaran was a Congress supporter. The registrar CK Kumaraswamy was an AIADMK supporter, who at that time was worried about his position,as Tamil Nadu was under President's Rule after Mrs Gandhi had dismissed MGR's AIADMK government.

Prof Sadasivan was apparently worried that hosting a critic of Mrs Gandhi might create problems for himself. His first reaction was to try and avoid hosting Nayar. The students were disappointed and the other faculty members Josephine Joseph and BP Sanjay were appalled. At the same time the Professor did not want to antagonise Indian Express. So he t played it safe by asking the students to organise the show, making it a Students activity rather than a department activity.

And I was given the responsibility of interacting with "someone called Nakuna", as the prof put it, organise the event. But we were barred from seeking permission from the University administration to use the lecture hall F 50, where most such events were held. We were instead told to seek

permission for a much smaller lecture hall belonging to Economics Department.

The Nakuna turned out to Saeed Naqvi, the then Resident Editor of Indian Express , Chennai. And soon the event was organised. We anticipated that the lecture hall would be more than full for Kuldip Nayar. But the actual turn out far exceeded our hopes. Not only did the hall not have even standing space, there were at least a hundred others standing in the corridor long before Nayar Saab arrived. We had a tough time helping him Wade through the crowded hall.

Nayar Saab spoke about Emergency and the muzzling of the press and the need to remain ever vigilant to protect our freedoms.

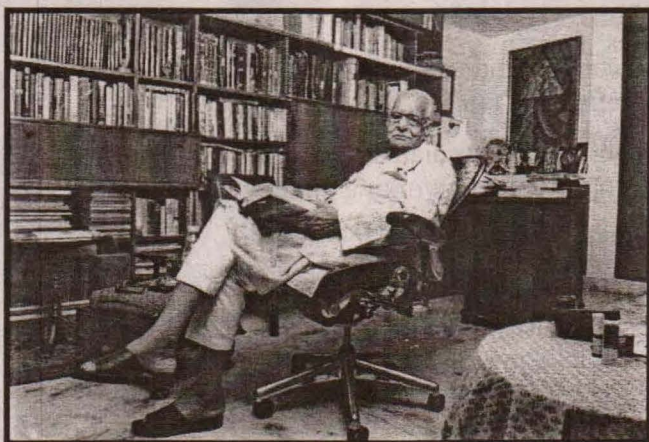
And got a protracted ovation at the end, much to the discomfiture of our Professor.

Though I joined Indian Express a year after this, I did not have opportunity of working directly with him.

Goodbye, Nayar Saab

https://www.facebook.com/kalyan.arun/posts/10155775138614290?__tn__=K-R

Kuldip Nayar





'A magnificent man': Remembering #KuldipNayar

Cherry Agarwal

'He was a man of love, affection and dignity—a magnificent man. His legacy should be an inspiration to all honest and committed journalists.'

Kuldip Nayar, a journalist, author, human rights activist and parliamentarian, passed away at the age of 95 after a brief illness.

Born in Sialkot (now in Pakistan) in 1923, Nayar graduated in law. He studied journalism and began his career with an Urdu newspaper called Anjam. Over the course of his career, Nayar worked with several media organisations, like The Statesman and The Indian Express. He authored 15 books, including *Beyond the Lines*, *India after Nehru* and *Emergency Retold*. In 2015, the Express group honoured Nayar with a Lifetime Achievement Award for his contribution to journalism at the eighth edition of the Ramnath Goenka Awards. He was felicitated by Union minister Arun Jaitley.

Newslandry spoke to Nayar's colleagues, Raghu Rai and Coomi Kapoor, on his legacy and what he stood for.

Raghu Rai, renowned photographer and journalist, worked with Nayar for over a decade, and remembers him as a "magnificent man". Nayar was Rai's first editor and was also present at the release of Rai's photography magazine, *Creative Image*, in 2015. In his autobiography, *Beyond The Lines*, Nayar also refers to Rai as a "gifted photographer".

Rai told Newslandry, "Nayar sahab was almost a century of living history who has just left us. But a history that was born out of honesty, truthfulness and explorations. He never flickered, never dimmed in his energy and commitment towards the country that he loved so deeply. From S Mulgaonkar to Kuldip Nayar—these are the breed of great editors. When they write, the governments shake."

Rai speaks fondly about Nayar and their time together. He says, "He was one of those rarest breeds, and nobody else has been like him. Here was a man who was also a kind of a social scientist, social worker and an activist, apart from being a great journalist."

During the Emergency imposed by then Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, several journalists were arrested. Nayar, a staunch opposer of the Emergency, was also jailed during that period under the Maintenance of Internal Security Act. He was arrested for leading a protest against the excesses of the administration.

Speaking about Nayar's arrest, Rai says, "He was one of those rare guys who stood up. In the first few days, we published pictures and stories which were anti-government. But then they [the government] would edit our pictures or not allow us to publish our pictures." Nayar's way of standing up to the administration was to leave the space blank in the newspaper for the photograph.

Nayar was not only Rai's editor but also his best editor. Rai remembers anecdotes from those days, including the time Nayar asked for his resignation. It was the early 1970s, and The Statesman's photo section, of which Rai was a part, was in dire need of new camera equipment. When Rai told Nayar, the latter promised to bring it up with the managing director in Calcutta, CR Irani, whom Rai says "was so arrogant that he literally destroyed The Statesman".

But Nayar returned from his trip with no results, saying Irani had been too busy for them to discuss it. Rai told him, "I am sorry, then we are not going to be doing any photo assignments," and promptly told the same thing to his staff.

The next day, however, on June 14, 1972, Japan Airlines Flight 471 crashed into the banks of the Yamuna River, killing 86 passengers. Remembering it, Rai said, "And that was a huge thing for a newspaper. Everybody carried big, beautiful pictures except The Statesman ... And we had some small pigley pictures from somewhere." He had reminded Nayar of his statement to do no further assignments until they got their equipment. To which Nayar said, in anger, "Why don't you resign and go, since you aren't taking care of important assignments?"

Rai was furious. He says, "I had spent weeks convincing him that he did not have good equipment. So I said 'you should resign and go because I have spent more years in the Statesman.'"

Following this, Rai slammed Nayar's door shut and left. Barely five or seven minutes later, Nayar apologised to Rai. Nearly four decades after the incident, Rai recalls how both of them hugged each other and cried subsequently. A choked-up Rai adds, "He was that rare breed of editors who had the humility and goodness to come to my room and apologise."

Rai describes his relationship with Nayar as amazing. He says, "He respected people who had the honesty to do things."

He talks about the time Nayar refused to publish one of his photographs. This was during the elections of 1977. "I had come back from the shooting with a picture of family planning posters and Indira's posters being put into the dustbin. I showed him the picture and he said, 'what a wonderful, editorial statement it is'. But he said, we can't use it because if she [Indira] doesn't lose, then both of us will be jail," Rai says with a chuckle.

"I was very upset. And I told him, 'Nayar sahab, I am not a political analyst. But I am a sniffer and an intuitive person. And the mood is that they are losing it.' But he refused to use the picture. I was so angry that I threw the picture and went away. I didn't go to the office the next day. By 5 pm, the results had started coming in. He started looking for me and

rang me up at the house.” Finally, the picture was displayed prominently as a photo editorial, to sum up the situation.

Rai says Nayar has left behind a legacy of truth and honesty. “He was a man of love, affection and dignity—a magnificent man. His passing away is not sad at all. He has lived a glorious life. He was above 90 and the eternal truth is we all have to go. His legacy should be an inspiration to all honest and committed journalists.”

Newslandry also spoke to Coomi Kapoor, consulting editor with The Indian Express, who describes Nayar as her mentor. She says, “He not only mentored me but many young journalists; not necessarily from his newspaper. He always took an interest.” Kapoor says Nayar was a warm-hearted and enterprising person and a go-getter as a journalist. She also says Nayar persevered to bring peace between India and Pakistan.

Kapoor recalls the days of the Emergency, and the role Nayar played in the newsroom. “When the Emergency was introduced, we as reporters did nothing. Then he [Nayar] called us and said, ‘you get your act together, and even if you can’t write anything for the newspaper, at least keep a record of what’s happening in the country, keep a diary to know what is going on’. It was for our own benefit. But of course, we never did!”

Speaking about Nayar’s role in her personal life, Kapoor says, “In my particular case, when he [Nayar] was arrested, my husband was arrested as well. And when he came out, he was very sympathetic and supportive to me.”

On Nayar’s legacy and what one can learn from him, Kapoor says, “One should always keep their courage, show some conviction, and not be suppressed by the government of the day.”

<https://www.newslandry.com/2018/08/24/a-magnificent-man-paying-tribute-to-kuldipnayar>



The India-Pakistan border haunted journalist Kuldeep Nayar all his life after Partition

KISHWAR DESAI

One of my father's closest friends from the pre-Partition days, Kuldeep Nayar was someone I have seen, had glimpses of and read my entire life. I remember his tall, gangly, rumpled figure, slightly awkward gait, and that wonderful thicker-than-lassi Punjabi accent from childhood. He started each sentence with his very memorable "Suno..." or with "Look here" But I got to know him better when I wanted to be a journalist and The Indian Express had just opened in Chandigarh. I had joined journalism classes in Chandigarh University — but did not really care for the formulaic training and preferred to learn on the job. With a bit of Punjabi nepotism, as the editor of the paper at the time, 'Uncle' gave me a break as a trainee reporter. We had a wonderful team there, which included Shekhar Gupta and others. I have fond memories of a very relaxed Kuldeep Nayar giving us a lot of leeway to grow and learn.

I also interacted with him when he was working on one of his many books and wanted someone to research for him. Once again, I had a very laid back author, who seemed content with what I sifted out — without really feeling the pressure. Kuldeep Nayar wore many hats, and all of them very comfortably. I used to wonder how from the downside of being a persona non grata during the Emergency when he was jailed, he got his career going again to become the High Commissioner in the UK. This was of course highly unusual for a journalist. But this was his secret — despite the scoops

Kuldip Nayar

he churned out, he managed to keep all his friends, or at least he did not allow them to go too far.

Then, recently, we met again when we were setting up the Partition Museum in Amritsar — and he immediately said he would be a patron. This was despite the fact that his wife Bharti Nayar, of whom I am also exceedingly fond of, had all kinds of worries about it. The distance of years meant nothing, because the Partition was still very close to him, as he narrated the story of how he left Sialkot and the difficult journey to re-settle his life once again. For years he was haunted by that border, which for him was a meaningless line. That interview with him now plays in the Museum daily and has been viewed by lakhs of people.

Till ill health prevented him, he would go to the Wagah border and light candles there every year, with friends coming from the other side of the border. It had become an annual ritual. This was a space in which the Partition Museum fitted into beautifully, as it is also about hope and reconciliation. But for him, these were also all a paean to the past — about a life when religion did not matter.

With his typical helpfulness, Nayar would give me names and numbers of people to contact — as he still believed in the old Punjabi biradari of working together. We were fortunate that somehow our struggle bore fruit and the Partition Museum is now well established. I remember last year I had wished we had the funds to name a Peace Prize after him, and I had shared the idea with him wondering how to take it forward. We wanted to give it from the Partition Museum team.

Perhaps someone will now institute a Kuldip Nayar Peace Prize — which is much needed. But of course, the first recipient should have been him, in his lifetime.

Kishwar Desai is a former journalist and founder of the Partition Museum in Amritsar.

https://www.facebook.com/haque.kataria/posts/1813658062037427?__tn__=K-R



Kuldeep Nayar: A Tribute To The People's Journalist

Yusuf Jameel

The very first time we met I was at Aftab and was introduced to Kuldeep Nayar by its editor Khawaja Sannaullah Bhat as 'the boy sitting in that corner who does it'.

The introduction was in response to Nayar Sahib's question about who translated his syndicate column Between the Lines for the popular Srinagar Urdu daily. The question perturbed me but it became the basis of a relationship that lasted for several decades.

Nayar Sahib informed Khawaja Sahib that his weekly column is published by over eighty newspapers in 14 languages including Urdu across India and abroad but it was Aftab where it is translated properly and without changing the fundamental meaning of the message it carries. He then quoted the famous rule 'Translation is not about words. It's about what the words are about'. I heaved a sigh of relief and felt happy and proud. I could see my editor's face lighting up.

Nayar Sahib invited me for coffee at the Broadway Hotel where he was staying. During our one-to-one that evening, he suggested that I should try my hand at English (language) journalism as well "if you want to be read widely and that also beyond the Valley." He also said that he himself had started his career as a reporter with Urdu newspaper Anjam. He was born in Sialkot of undivided Punjab (now in Pakistan) on August 14, 1923. He completed his BA (Hons)

from the Forman Christian College, Lahore and LLB from the Law College, Lahore.

Following the Partition, he migrated to Delhi and later went to the USA where he studied journalism from the Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University on a scholarship.

After a spell abroad, he worked as information officer of Lal Bahadur Shastri and Govind Ballabh Pant and eventually became Resident Editor of The Statesman and managing editor of the news agency United News of India (UNI). He also worked as the correspondent for The Times for twenty-five years and later served as Indian High Commissioner to the UK during the V P Singh government.

A few years after our formal meeting, Nayar Sahib introduced me to M J Akbar who willingly appointed me as J&K reporter for The Telegraph he was editing exceptionally and with his own style and flair from Kolkata. Those were the days when I was struggling to get a job with some reputable media organization after my over a four-year stint in Aftab.

Nayar Sahib and I used to meet frequently during his Kashmir trips and, whenever in Delhi, I would try to call on him at the first opportunity. Most of these meetings took place at his Sunder Nagar abode where from he shifted to another New Delhi area later.

He was a 'people's journalist', a glorified soul and a crusader for civil rights and press freedom. He was widely respected for his columns and reportage and wrote several books – each one of these does justice with the subject-matter. He would not hesitate in 'calling a spade a spade' openly even in difficult situations and for this reason, he was jailed during the Emergency.

However post-1990, one could feel that as peace activist his 'patriotism' is prevailing over logic and everything else vis-à-vis the issue of Kashmir. I asked him about it and he tried to justify his views by calling them 'realism and pragmatism'.

He said and would assert it in public discourses and through his writings too that India does not want another Partition “as it will have disastrous consequences in the country” and that the Kashmir issue “can be solved by granting full autonomy to the State within the country.” He had to face a hostile crowd of mainly students at a media conference in Srinagar a few years ago when he said the Kashmiris should forget about getting freedom.

At the same time, he was quite unhappy at the handling of Kashmir by New Delhi and would assert that the government’s policy towards the restive state is flawed and that the problem cannot be solved by using force only. Nayar Sahib, throughout his life, stood for journalism of courage. A line in his autobiography *Beyond the Lines* (Roli Books Private Limited-2012) reads, “If ever the history of zulum by the Army is recorded, the interrogation centres in Kashmir will rank quite high up the ladder.”

Nayar Sahib was in the forefront of the Indian civil society which about twenty four years ago convinced Jammu Kashmir Liberation Front (JKLF) leader Muhammad Yasin Malik and his comrades to abandon their armed struggle and start non-violent movement on the premise that it would earn them support of the people of the country for their political cause.

It was in 1993 when Nayar Sahib had met Malik in a hospital where he had been shifted from prison. He had told him ‘If you could trust white men, why not us?’ Earlier diplomats of the USA and UK had made similar statements before the JKLF leadership. This prompted the pro-independence JKLF to declare a unilateral ceasefire in 1994. Rest is history.

Yusuf Jameel

Before our formal meeting during my Aftab days, I had seen Nayar Sahib first time at the coronation of Farooq Abdullah at Srinagar’s now Iqbal Park way back in August 1980. As Farooq’s appointment as the National Conference president replacing his father Sheikh Muhammad Abdullah was not any different from “taj pooshi” of the heir apparent, the

Kuldip Nayar

veteran journalist had commented satirically “Farooq badshah bangaya”.

Last time we met was on May 8, 2016, at the anniversary function of Valley’s Urdu magazine Be-Laag Sahafat during which I received an award in journalism from Nayar Sahib. Indeed ‘lifetime achievement’ and the memory attached to the doyen of journalism I will always cherish.

(Yusuf Jameel is Kashmir’s most prominent journalists who earlier reported for world’s most reputed media organisations.)

<https://kashmirlife.net/kuldip-nayar-a-tribute-to-the-peoples-journalist-184118/>



Kuldeep Nayar, Doyen Of Journalism, Who Fought For Freedom of Press Dies

Debjeni Chatterjee

S Kuldeep Nayar will be remembered for his fearless reportage and how he fought for liberal values

Veteran journalist, columnist, political commentator and rights activist Kuldeep Nayar died at 95 on Thursday. Journalists remembered the legendary Mr Nayar for his "fearless" reportage and how he fought for liberal values. He was among the first few journalists to be jailed during the Emergency in 1975.

Born in 1924, in Sialkot province of Pakistan, Kuldeep Nayar wore several hats in his career spanning over six decades. After getting a degree in law from the famous Forman Christian College in Lahore, he went to the US on scholarship to study in the Medill School of Journalism.

Mr Nayar started as a reporter in an Urdu newspaper called Anjam. Later he worked with several leading newspaper houses in the country including the Indian Express and The Statesman. He was the resident editor of The Statesman in Delhi during the Emergency and was jailed under MISA (Maintenance of Internal Security Act) for opposing it.

"I was arrested without prior notice - it stupefied me...Emergency was a curse. People were killed, but their families were not given any recognition. Riot victims got some claim, but what about widows and children who were left orphan, nobody even talk about their grievances," Mr Nayar said in an interview to The Statesman in 2015.

Kuldip Nayar

A prolific writer, Mr Nayar has authored 15 books. In his book 'Beyond the Lines: An Autobiography', he vividly spoke about the partition and the riots that followed, during India's struggle for Independence. He wrote about his best works as a journalist including the 1971 war and interviews with Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and Mujibur Rahman. He also talked about his candid conversation with Dr AQ Khan, often called the father of Pakistan's nuclear bomb.

Mr Nayar had come under severe criticism for his book 'India: The Critical Years' for writing about what was described as sensitive details and what reportedly happens behind the closed doors, at the high commissions. He was allegedly even placed under surveillance after the book was published.

Editorial pieces and op-eds published in over 80 newspapers across the world were very popular with readers, though he was also often criticized for his left leaning viewpoints and "conspiracy theories" as described by his critics. Peace between India and Pakistan was a topic very close to his heart, possibly because he was a witness to the aftermath of partition, as his family was forced to move to Delhi from Sialkot. Since 2000, Mr Nayar had been actively participating in vigils on the Independence days of Pakistan and India, at the Attari-Wagah border.

Mr Nayar also served as the High Commissioner to the UK in 1990 and was a Rajya Sabha member between 1997 and 2001.

Mr Nayar stood firmly for the freedom of press whenever there was a move to clampdown irrespective of which party was in power. A few months ago, when the BJP chief Amit Shah met him as part of his 'Sampark for Samarthan' campaign, Mr Nayar had said though he did not believe in the party's ideologies, he was willing to have a discussion.

<https://www.ndtv.com/india-news/kuldip-nayar-doyen-of-journalism-who-fought-for-freedom-of-press-dies-1904973>



Remembering the 'gentle giant of India Pakistan peace'

Beena Sarwar

The celebrated journalist, author, parliamentarian, peacemonger Kuldeep Nayar flagged off the Aman Dost Yatra at the Gandhi Darshan in New Delhi on August 12 this year, the unique annual peace and friendship pilgrimage to the border he initiated 23 years ago. The tradition entails peace activists on both sides of the border gathering at Attari-Wagah on the night of 14-15 August with candles and songs to commemorate a Pakistan and India's Independence Days together.

The flagging-off ceremony turned out to be his last public event, fittingly enough. A few days after the event, he was hospitalized after a cough and cold that developed into pneumonia, leading to his unexpected passing away in the early hours of 23 August.

Kuldeep Nayar wouldn't have it any other way. He went, so to speak, with his pen in his hand. He had finished writing a tribute to former prime minister Atal Bihari Vajpayee who passed away on 16 August, with whom he had traveled to Lahore for the launch of the Delhi-Lahore Bus service and the ground-breaking Lahore Declaration.

Sadly, Nayar was himself taken ill before he could send it to his syndicated publishers. His last published column appeared in Lokmat Times the morning he passed away.

The joint commemoration of Pakistan and India's Independence Days at the border that he initiated remains a powerful event symbolizing the yearning on both sides for peace. Every year, governments on both sides create obstacles in the way of the commemoration, and nay-sayers scoff at it as a 'useless exercise' of what they disparage as the 'mombatti (candle) mafia'. And yet, every year, India's Border Security Forces and the Pakistan Rangers are "mute witnesses to this courageous tableau" comments Dr Syeda Hameed, a former member of the Planning Commission of India, founder trustee of the Women's Initiative for Peace in South Asia (WIPSA) and the Centre for Dialogue and Reconciliation, in her poignant tribute in *The Citizen*.

The fact that despite all the blockages and attempts to obstruct it, this movement has continued with the younger generation joining in, speaks for the people's powerful cross-border aspirations for peace.

"No matter which government was in power they could not stop this movement," writes Dr Hameed.

Although in recent years Kuldip Nayar had been physically unable to go to the border due to reduced mobility, his leadership and example "enabled Pakistani and Indian friends to stand on the either side shining their candles to dispel the darkness and distance between the two neighbors," writes Dr Hameed.

She relates how this year, she along with several others, "led by the indomitable Mohini Giri herself in a wheelchair, Ram Mohan peace crusader from Panipat the land of Sufis" went to visit Nayar to invite him to flag off the yatra. They "were received with the usual Nayar hospitality". He sat smiling at his desk, his wife Bharati at his side, as the guests crowded around.

Kuldip Nayar

At the Aman Dost Yatra flagging off ceremony, Kuldip Nayar walked to the stage with support. He “even climbed the two steps” and sat and listened to all the speeches before saying a few words himself, speaking poignantly of 1947 and the tragic exodus from West Punjab.

He reminisced about his student days “when Mohammad Ali Jinnah came to his college (in Lahore) and young Kuldip asked him a question about the fate of Hindus and Muslims in case partition happens. His mind was crystal clear, his speech was soft, his expression was sad but with a glimmer of hope,” writes Dr Hameed.

Two days later, at a packed hall in Amritsar, those participating in the Aman Dost Yatra from Delhi joined with locals at an event that began remembering Madēeha Gauhar and Asma Jahangir. However, Kuldip Nayar and his contribution to this movement were also much remembered – “how he had seeded the idea, how for several years he got thousands on both sides of the border to listen to Hans Raj Hans” – the Punjabi singer who joins the amanyatrees at the border every year.

“His presence was all pervasive in that packed auditorium. No one thought that the very next year it would be Kuldip who we would be commemorating. His friends Yadav, Manek and Bali told me that they were planning a big event in his honour in Delhi in September. I know they will still hold it,” writes Dr Hameed.

She spoke to him on the phone from Amritsar every morning for the three days she was there, reporting on the aman yatrees’ activities. “He had a very bad throat but I heard the keen edge and trace of joy in his voice. I could sense how keenly he listened when I recounted bit by bit our movement through the day leading to the midnight vigil at Wagah. I spoke to him about his friends, how they were missing him and how they were hoisting his flag of peace”.

That “bad throat” sadly landed him in hospital by the time Syeda Hameed returned in Delhi and she was unable to see him as he was not allowed visitors. She called his staff on

Eid, her “special day to pray for him”. Early next morning he was gone.

Kuldip Nayar was truly “the gentle giant of India Pakistan peace” as Dr Hameed put it in her tribute. Her suggestion that both countries should honour him by opening the borders for a massive memorial meeting at Amritsar must be taken up. This could be the “start of opening the way for the two countries to begin a Kuldip Nayar-Asma Jahangir Peace Dialogue” to take forward their mission and to “bring solace to the hearts and minds of millions of Indians and Pakistanis”.

His funeral ceremony at Lodi Crematorium, Delhi, at 1 pm on 23 August, was attended by thousands who gathered to pay tribute to one of South Asia’s finest sons. Besides several prominent journalists, many of whom he had mentored, those who arrived to pay their last respects included former Vice-President Hamid Ansari, former Prime Minister Manmohan Singh, Union minister Rajyavardhan Singh Rathore, Delhi Chief Minister Arvind Kejriwal, and iconic photographer Raghu Rai. Many described his passing as “the end of an era”.

Born on 14 August 1923 in Sialkot, Kuldip Nayar graduated from Forman Christian College, Lahore and had a law degree from Law College, Lahore. In September 1947, he was forced to migrate across the border, a penniless refugee like so many others. He was never bitter about the experience and worked all his life to mend relations between India and Pakistan. Belonging to a pre-partition generation who did not equate language with religion, his fluency in Urdu landed him his first job in 1948, with the Urdu daily “Anjam” in newly independent India. In 1952, he went on a scholarship to study journalism at the respected Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University.

The list of Kuldip Nayar’s accomplishments, positions held, honours received and 15 books authored (he was working on another when he passed on) is too long for this space. He was an activist who had the courage of his convictions, and was

Kuldip Nayar

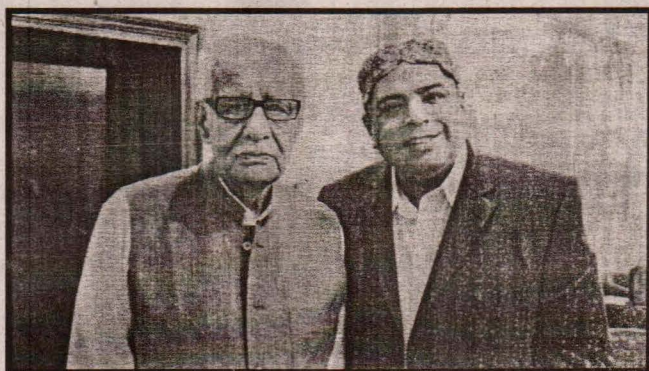
imprisoned for standing against Indira Gandhi's notorious Emergency. Forced out of his newspaper job, he used the opportunity to get his column 'Between the lines' published in other places, becoming one of India's first syndicated columnists.

Kuldip Nayar is survived by his wife Bharti Nayar and sons Sudhir Nayar and Rajiv Nayar. The family's loss comes tragically soon after the passing away on 20 April 2018 of Bharati Nayar's brother Rajinder Sachar, a former Chief Justice of the Delhi High Court, a member of United Nations Sub-Commission on the Promotion and Protection of Human Rights and counsel for the People's Union for Civil Liberties.

The eldest of Kuldip Nayar's three grandchildren Mandira Nayar is a journalist with The Week in Delhi, and a member of the South Asian Women in Media (SAWM) network, taking forward her grandfather's mission of regional peace in her own way.

Kuldip Nayar's departure from this world leaves bereft not only his family but generations of journalists and peace activists on either side of the border who will continue to take inspiration from his life and work.

<http://amankiasha.com/remembering-the-gentle-giant-of-india-pakistan-peace/>





'A lifetime is not enough'

Jatin Desai

With the passing away of Kuldip Nayar, the sub-continent has lost a great human being, champion of peace and freedom of speech and expression. His was a journalism of courage. Personally, I have lost a mentor. I had an opportunity of travelling with him few times in Pakistan and Sri Lanka. He was a fearless and prepared to pay price for it. Journalism has become poor with his death. Also, the sub-continent has lost a champion of peace.

He had titled his autobiography 'A Lifetime is not Enough' but taking a cue from his popular column 'Between the Lines', publisher preferred 'Beyond the Lines'. The autobiography is candid and it narrates the history of India since his childhood. He was born in Sialkot (now in Pakistan) before independence. He had a law degree from Lahore. He wanted to be a lawyer. But, India was divided. His family migrated to India some time after partition. He always narrates his experience of migrating to India from Sialkot. On the way, he saw bodies of people killed by fanatic mobs. He saw sufferings and decided to work for the peace in the region. When he crossed over to India, he never felt that he had left an 'enemy' country, but a country full of friends. In Delhi, he found a job in an Urdu daily Anjam (end).

On January 30, 1948, when he heard Mahatma Gandhi was shot dead, he immediately rushed to Birla House. He writes,

“There was not much of a crowd. I could see Nehru, Patel and Defence Minister Baldev Singh overcome by grief and their loss was palpable. I saw Azad sitting beneath a tree all on his own, lost deep in thought”. He heard Nehru saying in a broken voice,” The light has gone out of our lives. Bapu is no more.”

He filed news for his paper Anjam. In the evening, he got the news that some people were happy with the assassination of Mahatma and they distributed sweets in some parts of Maharashtra. He was disturbed with the news and said to himself how people can be happy with the assassination of Mahatma. He was upset and did not write a word on the distribution of sweets. Years later, in a chat, he said it was a mistake. As a journalist, one should not get too emotional while filing news. He said, “I should have carried that horrible thing people did.”

He was Editor of The Indian Express and fought Emergency. He was fully backed by the owner Ramnath Goenka. During those black days, The Indian Express and The Statesman came out with different techniques and fought Emergency for the freedom of expression and speech. He was a Gandhian and always raised the issues of farmers, Dalits, women and marginalised section of the society. He along with Ajit Bhattacharjee, Prabhash Joshi and others were also concerned about paid news especially during the time of elections. They met Election Commission of India, Press Council of India to see how this ‘evil’ can be removed.

He always encouraged young and women journalists. His house was always open to friends, journalists and activists. Such attitude towards young and aspiring journalists, activists is missing in today’s journalism.

Nayar saab along with Ramesh Yadav, Manak started jointly celebrating India and Pakistan’s Independence Days 23 years ago at the Attari / Wagah border on the midnight of 14-15 August. I regularly participate in this unique ceremony. Film maker Mahesh Bhatt also participated many times. Nayar saab was committed to the peace between India and Pakistan.

Kuldip Nayar

He worked very hard towards this goal. We used to celebrate his birthday in Amritsar as he was born on August 14. Because of ill health, he could not come to the border for last couple of years but he was always with us in the spirit.

This time also we missed him. But, we will continue it for years and see both the countries become true friends. I had an opportunity to meet Nawaz Sharif at his Raiwind house, near Lahore. I witnessed the close relations Nayar Saab had with Nawaz. Our meeting lasted for more than an hour. We primarily discussed how to build trust between two countries. On March 23, 2011 (Pakistan's National Day) Kuldip Nayar, Mahesh Bhatt, myself and couple of friends met Yusuf Reza Gilani, then PM of Pakistan. Gilani told us that the dialogue is the only way to make progress in India-Pakistan relations.

In January 1987, AQ Khan, the father of Pakistan's nuclear bomb, gave interview to Kuldip Nayar. Very smartly, Nayar saab compelled AQ Khan to say that "Pakistan had already developed a nuclear capability". It was immediately reported in India. Zia ul Haq, then President of Pakistan, was angry with Khan as he revealed the secret. Khan was told by Zia 'to grow up and start behaving like an adult'.

He was media advisor of Lal Bahadur Shastri, then PM, when he died in Tashkent on January 11, 1966. He was in Tashkent for a summit with Pakistan's President Ayub Khan. Under the agreement, both countries agreed that their armies would return to the positions they held on August 5 1965. Nayar said, "Shastri believed India could make peace with Pakistan". We will always miss Nayar Saab (as I used to call him). But, we will see that his dream of Indo-Pak peace becomes a reality.

<http://www.sakaltimes.com/opinion/%E2%80%98lifetime-not-enough%E2%80%99-23816>





LOSING FRIENDS

F A Aijazuddin

Pakistan has few enough friends as it is. To lose two within the same week is calamitous. Former PM A.B. Vajpayee died on 16 August, the journalist Kuldeep Nayar on 23 August. Both were in their mid-nineties. They, like that other friend of Pakistan Khushwant Singh, belonged to an age when pre-August 1947 was another country.

I knew all three, the other two better than Vajpayee sahib. One could never know him well. He was as unfathomable as the deepest ocean. I had the privilege of hearing him speak, once during his bus yatra to Lahore in February 1999, and the second time when we shared the stage in April 2001 at the Vigyan Bhavan in New Delhi.

By 2001, Kargil had taken place. PM Vajpayee - disappointed but undeterred - re-iterated his resolve not to 'give up our policy of peaceful coexistence with our neighbours.' His theist heart, if not his BJP mind, taught him: 'Hate had no religion'. To him, secularism had a universal application: 'equal respect and equal treatment of all religions'.

In 2001, after our speeches, Vajpayee sahib met me privately. Teasingly, I asked him whether he still had the return ticket in his pocket. He smiled. He used it in 2004, when he revisited Pakistan.

Kuldip Nayar

Vajpayee sahib's heart and his tongue had an umbilical connection. He felt before he spoke. At the reception in Governor's House Lahore in 1999, Kuldip Nayar whispered to me as Vajpayee sahib rose to address three hundred of Pakistan's elite: "If he reads from a text, he will be a disaster." Vajpayee spoke extempore. Gradually, he so mesmerised his audience that even when the azan for maghrib prayer was called, not one person – from the PM of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan to the lowest attendee – left his seat.

Both Kuldip Nayar and Khushwant Singh appeared to be vociferously pro-Pakistani, except that neither of them loved Pakistan as much as they loved provoking their own governments.

Kuldip made frequent bee-like visits to Pakistan, to collect pollen of information that he could use as a working journalist. In 1987, he was handed a scoop by Dr A.Q. Khan who revealed to him 'in confidence' that Pakistan had gone nuclear. Kuldip did what every free-lance journalist would have done. He touted the information (so General Ziaul Haq suspected) to the highest bidder. Eventually, General Zia, irked by the delay, used another detonator to agitate the Indians.

Soon after General Musharraf took over in 1999, Kuldip en route for his first meeting with Musharraf asked me: 'Is Kashmir the core issue?' My response was spontaneous but indiscreet. "Kashmir is not a core issue – it is more a Corps Commanders' issue." "Marvellous," he chuckled, "I will put that into my column." And he did, all but naming me as his Deep Throat.

On occasions, I detected an anti-Muslim bias in his writings. At first he denied it, but when we met again after a few months, he asked me whether there was still a bias. I replied that there must have been one for him to rectify it.

Now that Khushwant Singh, A.B. Vajpayee and Kuldip Nayar have gone, the flickering torch of Indo-Pak amity has been left for the 'uninterruptible', courageous Mani Shankar

Kuldip Nayar

Aiyar to carry. Mani (a Congress-ite) often sparred with Vajpayee sahib. He never hugged him, but he did embrace (like millions of sane Indians and Pakistanis) Shri Vajpayee's belief that 'ultimately we will have to return to the goal of living together in peace, howsoever haywire we may go on this path'. Khushwant Singh, Kuldip Nayar and Shri Vajpayee will no longer be our fellow passengers on that path. Their lives have shown us the way.

[The Tribune, Chandigarh, 2 Sept. 2018]

https://www.facebook.com/aparajita.sinha.313/posts/10155628073671889?__tn__=K-R





On Kuldip Nayar's passing away

Syed Hussain

One of India's leading icons, who was an iconoclast himself throughout his life, has passed away this morning, I am among the millions who are saddened beyond measure. Mr. Kuldip Nayar died in the fullness of years and all those years, each one, are replete with his mark of courage, his exceptional abilities across many professional expertise, his relentless search for truth and values that go beyond . I recall with remarkable clarity the giant of a man that he was, but he was a gentleman par excellence and a good man, the latter is a far difficult achievement.

I feel enormously honoured by the rare opportunity I had to come close to him. Mr. Nayar was already a celebrated persona when he arrived in London to take up the challenges as HE the High Commissioner of India. He was a gem from India whose multi-dimensional career is replete with courage, extraordinary abilities and above all the unswerving devotion to truth, assumed legendary dimensions. I am among the many millions who learnt, at least sought to learn, about values and the boldness to articulate what one believes to be right. I recall with humility the affection and courtesies my wife and I had received from this High Commissioner of India in the United Kingdom

I think it was 1987 to 1980 , when I had been serving there as the Deputy High Commissioner of Bangladesh. I recall that he

Kuldip Nayar

was kind enough to call me up and ask me for my views on Rabindranath Tagore , after I enthused over my favourite theme for a while, he added he was also an ardent admirer of Tagore. Then High Commissioner Kuldip Nayar requested me to suggest some names of Bangladesh artists/singers who he would like to invite to his residence in Kensington Gardens to celebrate Pahela Baisakh. I said I would and I did .

His impeccable courtesies included a huge gesture in addressing me as Your Excellency and I pointed out that I have a High Commissioner , he said but you were a High Commissioner to Zimbabwe and elsewhere, just before coming over here. I was dumb-founded to know that he did a research on me prior to the call. And he thenwhelmed me further by saying the Tagore event card would follow, but he was inviting my wife and me as his special guests, and as he wanted the function to be solely musical, he would perhaps have me make a presentation on Tagore on another occasion. Our artists did marvellous rendition of selected Tagore songs , that High Commissioner did not forget to acknowledge with great warmth.

♦ He returned to India after a few months - that was indeed a loss to the Corps in London.

May he rest in peace and may we all relate meaningfully to the ideals he cherished as a noble soul.

Syed Muhammad Hussain was ambassador to Bangladesh

<https://www.facebook.com/search/str/kuldip+nayar+as+i+knew/stories-keyword/stories-public>



The Man I Revered Like My Father Has Gone!

Shazzad Khan

I feel shocked as if I have lost my father! Losing one's father means feeling hollow inside. I had this hollowness three years ago when my own father died. But today (23rd August) I am feeling the same hollowness inside. As I learnt this morning on the Daily Star website that Kuldeep Nayar is no more, I feel I have lost my father once again.

I heard about Kuldeep Nayar from my father. This consummate journalist of this subcontinent was dear to many people of those days who saw the making of political history in undivided and divided India. My father's eagerness to this man made me interested in Kuldeep Nayar's writings, whose reflections on the episodes of Indian subcontinent were all very similar to what my father would say. My father used to say, "It's Kuldeep Nayar, don't miss it!"

My father was an old-fashioned prolific reader on the events of India, Pakistan and Bangladesh, and I often heard my father say that Jinnah was called the ambassador of Hindu-Muslim unity. But on my part it was difficult to accept this notion (I may differ with my father), because different historical facts did not tell me this in Jinnah's favour. But as I started reading the writings of Kuldeep Nayar I realised that if there is one who could be denoted as a 'perpetual ambassador of Hindu-Muslim unity' or in other words, an 'ambassador of

India-Pakistan unity,' this man undoubted deserves such accolade.

As years gone by, reading Kuldip Nayar's writings in the Daily Star had become a religious one for me (I didn't know till today that he also wrote for many other newspapers including the Dawn, the Express Tribune, the Pakistan Today, etc.). Whenever I found his article published in each week, I instantly sat with it and finished it without break. I made a folder on my PC for saving his writings only. His writings were very down-to-earth and heart-penetrating, which would give a reader the feeling of being a part of this subcontinent, and also a feeling of brotherhood among Hindus and Muslims – as if living in an undivided India. It is very unfortunate that because of some self-seeking politicians of Indian subcontinent including a few of the British we have developed a sense of broken nations, but the writings of Kuldip Nayar had always generated a feeling that we are living in such a boundary what was often expressed by my father and his generation as Hindu-Muslim living together as members of a same family.

Kuldip Nayar's 'Beyond the Lines' published by the Daily Star is to me a mesmerising work. As I was reading it, collecting from the Daily Star, I had a feeling that my father was talking to me. Since my childhood I heard my father say many striking stories of Indian partition, before and after, and as I read this book I found so many similar stories with mesmerising words. Kuldip Nayar never wrote in such English as to show the portrayal of authority on English rather than penetrating into the hearts of the readers. In many English newspapers including the Daily Star I find some articles and writings which only can draw me to the first paragraph or at best the second one. But Kuldip Nayar's writings had been like chatting with his readers, always saying that we made a history which was not inevitable; but as it had unfortunately happened, let us live as we lived before like brothers and sisters.

Kuldip Nayar

Kuldip Nayar's writings had been so vivid that it even haunted me as he did in his life. One of his articles published in the Daily Star on 14th August 2017, where he wrote that, while he was crossing the border in 1947 from Sialkot to Amritsar, he was aghast to get the stench of dead-bodies killed in riots, and at the same time, he became utterly lost as he was unable to help a grandson of an old Sikh, who begged him to save the child in a helpless scenario. Kuldip Nayar wrote that it haunted him all this life. Reading the story I too felt haunted and I still feel this, thinking what had happened to the boy child then!?

A few years ago, possibly at Hay Festival (or Lit Fest), I learnt that he was coming to Bangla Academy and as I looked at him he was looking very much like my father. And as he was speaking his account of India and its partition I felt I was listening to my father's words. That was the great moment in my life.

Kuldip Nayar had always been a conscience kinder. In his very recent article on Rahul Gandhi's hug and wink in connection with Narendra Modi or just the recent one published on the 14th August in the Daily Star, he once again portrayed how differently politicians behave, and for them, we common people bear the brunt of suffering and detachment. His long-life experience attaching Gandhi Ji, Nehru, Jinnah, Sadar Patel, Kalam Azad, Subhas Bose and many more – gives us the picture of what Indian subcontinent was and what it is now, and how we lived and are living in it.

As Kuldip Nayar left us today I pay my deep respect and love to him and pray for his eternal soul. He will ever live in my heart as my own father lives with his words of India and its great people.

[The writer is development worker, working at Manusher Jonno Foundation (MJF); Email: Shazzad@manusher.org]

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Remembering Kuldeep Nayar

Arshad Mahmud

The veteran journalist perhaps died a sad man as his lifelong passion for improved ties between India and Pakistan remained unrealized.

I had known Kuldeep Nayar for nearly four decades. He died in New Delhi on Aug 23 at the ripe age of 95. In fact, he played a big role in my career and I owe a great deal for whatever I've achieved as a journalist so far.

Despite the odds and uncertainties that journalists often face, he encouraged me to pursue the profession with integrity and honesty and not to seek instant success and limelight. He truly loved the job and remained a valiant fighter for press freedom and justice till his penultimate days.

He once narrated a story to me about his interactions with some university students in India where he was asked whether he believed in afterlife and if so, what profession would he choose. Without a moment of thought, he replied he did believe in afterlife and he would choose no other profession but journalism.

So, it was no surprise that a man with such deep conviction in the value of journalism would be very successful in his long career spanning over six decades. He was one of India's foremost journalists, who wrote several books and a syndicated column "Between the lines", which was published

in dozens of newspapers in India and across the region including Prothom Alo and the Daily Star in Bangladesh.

During my long association with Kuldip Nayar, we had met several times, especially when he used to visit Dhaka regularly in the 1980s and 90s. I last saw him at his Vasant Vihar home in New Delhi in January. I was visiting in connection with the wedding of a family friend's daughter. During my weeklong stay in Delhi, I called him one day and he sounded unwell on the phone. Still he insisted on seeing me and I went to meet him. I found him lying in bed with a bad cough. He could barely talk but seemed happy to see me. I spent just about ten minutes with him as it was hard for him to continue any conversation. I wished his fast recovery and he raised his hand to say good bye. A month or so later I saw his writing in Prothom Alo and felt happy that he recovered well enough to resume his column. But it proved to be short-lived and he died after a brief illness eight months after I saw him.

I got to know Sir (as I used to call him) primarily through his column "Between the lines" and books (India after Nehru, Judgment, Beyond the Lines), which inspired me greatly to become a journalist. In early 1979, when I first started working for The New Nation, I wrote him a letter seeking his blessings and advice about how to be a good journalist. He was kind enough to reply and what he said in the short letter became my driving force: "There's no shortcut in life. Work hard. Remain honest and truthful to your job. And read as many books as you can lay your hands on."

In my many interactions with him over the years, he regaled me with many personal anecdotes. In one, he told me a hilarious story about President Sukorna of Indonesia, who was invited to grace the first Republic Day parade as the guest of honor in 1950, the year India became a republic. After the state banquet hosted by Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, his host, Sukorna retired to his room. Shortly afterwards, as the Indian officials were preparing to leave, a member of the Indonesian delegation came rushing to his Indian counterpart asking him that his boss (Sukorna) wanted

a woman to sleep with and that he had no choice but to make sure that his boss' carnal desire was met. Somewhat bewildered and flummoxed, the Indian official looked at Kuldip Nayar, who was then working for the Information Ministry and was standing nearby.

Not knowing how to handle the situation, they decided to bring it to the notice of the prime minister. In response, Panditji said "Aerey bhai, idhar udhar kuch kar do." (do something). Sir, obviously didn't elaborate how they managed the situation. It was, however, not unusual for Sukorna to make that kind of demand who was unabashedly known for his obsession with young women. To be sure, Sukorna married nine times and some of the marriages were brief.

In another episode, Sir told me about an eyewitness account surrounding the death of Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri in Tashkent in 1965. As a press officer to Shastri, he was a member of the Indian delegation attending the summit between Shastri and Ayub Khan, Pakistan's president. He has recounted this in his autobiography—*Beyond the Lines*.

"I got up abruptly to a knock on my door. A lady in the corridor told me, 'Your prime minister is dying'. I hurriedly dressed and drove with an Indian official to Shastri's dacha which was some distance away". In the book, Nayar says that President General Ayub Khan was "genuinely grieved" by Shastri's death. "He came to Shastri's dacha and said, looking toward me: 'Here is a man of peace who gave his life for amity between India and Pakistan'"

Kuldip Nayar also dedicated his life and career to bring peace to the troubled subcontinent, writing copiously about how to improve relations between India and its neighbors, especially Pakistan.

Sadly, he died without seeing his lifelong passion fulfilled. He perhaps also died a sad man because he failed to realize another dream: He wanted to travel back to Sialkot—his birthplace—and rebuild the house where he was born.

Kuldip Nayar

Arshad Mahmud is a Bangladeshi-American journalist. He splits his time between Dhaka and Washington.

<https://medium.com/@rumissa/remembering-kuldip-nayar-65448350881f>



Remembering Kuldeep Nayar: A man who chose the right way over the easy path

SY QURAISHI

Nayar was an intellectual, a journalist, an activist, a humanist. He suffered Partition and the Emergency but his experiences only strengthened his goodness.

In a world too often governed by corruption and arrogance, it can be difficult to stay true to one's philosophical and literary principles.

-Lemony Snicket

Kuldeep Nayar is among those few men who have weathered all storms to stay true to their belief in peace, equality and free speech. As I sit down to recall our time together, I cannot help but look in wonder at this man who, despite having witnessed the horrors of Partition on both sides, always chose peace.

Who, despite the back-breaking days spent in jail during the Emergency, did not allow it to break his spirit and continued to champion the freedom of press.

In essence, Kuldeep Nayar was a man who always chose to do what is right, over what may have been easy.

Not just India, the subcontinent has lost one of its most acclaimed journalists and authors. As the region pays tribute, it is pertinent to estimate the depth of his legacy, as he shall continue to inspire civil society, both in India and in Pakistan — the two nations he called home.

My 41 years of association with Kuldip Nayar began over a meeting in Chandigarh, when I was serving as the Director of Public Relations, Haryana, and he was the editor of *The Indian Express*. He was accompanied by his media colleague and lifelong friend, Prabhash Joshi. The instant mutual liking between us blossomed into a relationship that I have cherished. It's a small world, for our association found many layers. From his son Rajiv's marriage to my esteemed boss, VP Johar's daughter, Kavita, to his brother-in-law Justice Rajinder Sachar, whose affection I enjoyed, my association with Kuldip Nayar expanded to family. I felt humbled when the family requested me to deliver a memorial lecture a few years ago, in memory of Bhimsen Sachar, the family patriarch and former chief minister of Punjab.

One day in 2009, he rang me up to fix a meeting as he had ample proof of 'paid news' which immensely outraged his sense of journalistic ethics. Among the many Herculean tasks he took on, his crusade against the malpractice of 'paid news' is where, while serving as an Election Commissioner, I got the opportunity to work closely with him and bear witness to his professionalism, elephantine memory and steely commitment. He approached the Election Commission and the Press Council many a time, exhorting them to take notice of this shameful practice that was misleading millions of our citizens. Nayar and Prabhash Joshi were among the first to stand up and call out the malpractice of 'paid news' — it was their efforts and initial evidence gathering that shaped the Press Council's definition of paid news and created the push for the Election Commission's media guidelines.

I can only confirm that Nayar's reputation for being honest and fair is true. He was in the habit of letting no one off the hook — which did make some of his writings controversial. Having fiercely advocated Hindu-Muslim peace and Indo-

Pak normalisation of relations all his life, he stood by his thesis that both sides were equally responsible for Partition. According to him, it was a totally avoidable tragedy and he believed the British, along with the native Hindus and Muslims, had blood on their hands. More than two crore Sikhs, Muslims and Hindus were uprooted from their homeland and no community was any more responsible than the other.

The Partition is a tragedy that cut straight into Nayar's heart.

Reluctantly, he came to India with his family. But he did not carry any ill-will towards any community and refused to grow bitter. "Nothing would be more futile than the effort to pin down who was responsible for the partitioning of the subcontinent. With the sequence of events stretching back to over six decades, such an exercise can only be an academic study," he maintained while writing for an important Pakistani daily.

According to him, Muslims would have been better-off in a united subcontinent, where their vote share would have been significant, as compared to now when they are distributed over three countries and are significantly worse off politically.

In his own words, "Muslims as Muslims have been the biggest losers".

Such bold remarks were made frequently in all his writings at all times, till his last days.

He pointed out that both countries had a tendency to produce and showcase biased history when it came to the Partition, showing themselves as a representative of one of the religions and playing victim. He had a refreshing level of academic honesty, which was admirable. In his wisdom, he rightly observed,

If someone were to tell me that Hinduism is greater in generosity or that Islam emits more love, I would beg to differ. I saw the followers of the two religions killing in the name of faith."

All this inspired him to make sure he advocated amicable inter-community relations all his life, having seen and suffered from the implications of what happened. He started lighting candles at the Wagah Border, some 20 years ago. In his own words, "It was a small movement with just 15-20 people to begin with. Now, roughly 100,000 people on this side and the people of Pakistan, though in limited number, followed suit and have also joined the cause."

Courageous in the face of controversy, he expressed opinions unfavourable to many, may it be his take on Operation Blue Star, which alienated some Sikh activists, who even called on a ban on his book, or his public dislike of Indira Gandhi during The Emergency years and also her counterpart in Pakistan, Z.A.Bhutto. He frankly recounted how his hopes for an egalitarian India, with no animosities of religion or caste, were shattered.

He wept when he witnessed the 1984 Sikh riots and the Gujarat carnage of 2002.

I therefore wept when I witnessed the mass murder of Sikhs in 1984 and saw a repetition of such inhumanity in Gujarat in 2002, viewing it as a microcosm of the communal violence I had witnessed in 1947," he wrote in his autobiography.

He was a staunch proponent of secularism and frequently criticised political parties, courageously naming and shaming individual figures from both major religions for their divisive hate-mongering. He was a believer of Constitutional morality, frequently quoting and alluding to the Preamble to verbally disarm hate groups.

But he was disappointed that secular voices were silent and extremists were becoming more and more mainstream in the subcontinent. Until only a few days before his demise, he was criticising police apathy for the Alwar lynching and lambasting communal organisations in India for spreading hatred and making India "not so pluralistic."

In his own words, "My feeling is that we are all Indians first and Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs and Christians later. Even the

Kuldip Nayar

Constitution's Preamble has the word 'secular' to describe the nation's ethos."

But he was no romanticist – he was well aware of the Pakistani establishment's inherent affinity to the military, and also knew what differentiates our two nations.

"Secularism is the ideology which we have chosen in contrast to Pakistan's Islamic order. Unfortunately, the Muslim community in India stays distant. It feels as if it is somewhat responsible for the Partition. This is not entirely true. The Hindus failed to instill confidence among the Muslims. Some fundamentalists were openly propagating for the beliefs they espoused."

Right to the very end, Nayar stood for secularism and the need for the silent secular majority to speak up of the nation's desire to stay pluralistic. His fear of India losing its secular essence is echoed in his article in the Express Tribune only two weeks ago, "A Not So Pluralist India", wherein he outlined the gruesome details of the Alwar lynching and reminded us that it is important we do not let those, who have vowed to protect all, chose to only protect a select few.

He was one of the people aboard Vajpayee's bus to Pakistan.

Writing for the Daily Star, he was of the opinion that civilians on both sides wanted peace, but governments "are in the way" of "people's enthusiasm". He was also worried about the worsening relations with increasing visa restrictions, declining trade and negligible cultural exchanges.

Few men have acquired such a stage in life, whose loss will be felt equally strongly on both sides of the border. Nayar was, as Prime Minister Modi rightly remarked on Twitter, an "intellectual giant" of this day and age.

<http://www.kractivist.org/remembering-kuldip-nayar-a-man-who-chose-the-right-way-over-the-easy-path/>





BEYOND THE LINES: REMEMBERING KULDIP NAYAR

Jeevesh Gupta

Kuldeep Nayar Sahab was a guiding light for most of the journalist and politicians this country has ever seen. He was a simple-optimistic-fearless writer who still thought about bringing India and Pakistan together despite the cobweb of irreparable differences till his last day.

I was introduced to Kuldeep Nayarji by my mamaji Sh. Harish Jain who was about to launch his Book-BHAGAT SINGH'S JAIL NOTE BOOK in Delhi in June 2016. We had gone to his scenic house in Vasant Vihar where he was as always sitting in his office writing a novel which left me astonished as he was experimenting with a new form in his 90s! I spoke to him at length about what I do and my stint with writing and he heard patiently and even asked me a few questions. My writing span of few years looked so Lilliputian in front of his career which spanned decades and included his stint as Member Rajya Sabha and India's High Commissioner to Great Britain.

Even on that day and till few days back he was writing his column "BETWEEN THE LINES" which was translated in numerous languages and published across the world. On that day, I learnt that he was not just a champion of peace and a freedom fighter for life but also a firm negotiator. My Mamaji was publishing his works translated in Punjabi and Nayar sahab would stick to his guns while closing on fees with him.

Kuldip Nayar

He had seen humble beginnings and had struggled most of his life to stand by his set of values and for peace and freedom.

When we invited him to come for the book launch, He committed that he will be there. How could he say no when the topic was freedom struggle which was closest to his heart and Shaheed Bhagat Singh having been his childhood hero was being relived through his Jail Note Book. He had immense respect for those who were doing work on the Freedom Struggle and bringing out realities of those times. He firmly believed that truth of those times should be shared with today's youth to motivate them to stand by struggles and freedom of voice.

Finally he arrived right on time on the day of the launch to make sure that he is there to give his valuable comments on the research work done by my mamaji. He spoke at length but left early because of his fluctuating health in his "young" 90s. This man was still young at heart and did not ever mince his words.

He loved sharing stories and anecdotes from his childhood spent in Punjab of pre-partition days. His love for Indian sweets and Samosas and sheer hospitality was very well evident in his offering me forcibly to have some at his home along with his wife Bharti and at his book launch which was a Punjabi translation of his autobiography "BEYOND THE LINES", I was attending at Bhai Veer Singh Sahitya Sadan in Delhi. He was a person who rejoiced life till his last day and stuck to pen and ink till his last breath. He will continue to write through the pens of many journalists in India. Rest in peace: KULDIP NAYAR SAHAB.



Scoop-Inside Stories from the Partition to Present

Bus Diplomacy

This chapter taken out from 'SCOOP', one of the best book of Kuldip Nayar. This chapter shares his memories related to the famous Bus Diplomacy of Vajpayee ji.

On 20 February 1999, I was sitting behind PM Atal Bihari Vajpayee on the bus going to Lahore, at the invitation of Pakistan's PM, Nawaz Sharif. Enroute, before reaching the wagah border, Vajpayee beckoned to me and informed me that he had received news about the killing of some 26 Hindus by militants in the Jammu division. He was anguished by the latest killings and wondered whether there was any use in further talks. I tried to reassure him by saying that the militants were so desperate to stall the talks with Nawaz Sharif that they were killing only to provoke the Hindus. He saw my point but was not sure how Indian opinion would react to his visiting Pakistan despite the killings.

A worried Vajpayee entered Pakistan amid festivities on both sides of the border. The welcome ceremony was short and simple. The three service chiefs of Pakistan were present but didn't salute Vajpayee. Vajpayee flew with Nawaz Sharif to Lahore in a helicopter while we travelled on in the same bus.

The drive reminded me of the partition - of the time when I had walked from my hometown, Sialkot city, to Lahore. Now I was in a vehicle covering the same road between Amritsar and Lahore. But this time there were no dead bodies, burnt vehicles or scattered luggage. Men and women, standing in their fields or besides their houses, waved to us vigorously. We waved back. There was hardly any difference between this country side and the one which we had left behind in India.

In Lahore, we were put up in a 5 star hotel. After changing hurriedly, we reached the governor's house where Vajpayee was staying, to accompany him to the banquet at the Qila (Fort). It was a long wait of more than two hours and nobody told us the reason for the delay. Ultimately, Vajpayee, along with his secretary and others, emerged from the building. Only then did we learn that the road to the fort had been, quite literally, taken over by the Jamaat-e-Islami. Its members and supporters had turned back all vehicles and had even stoned some diplomats' cars.

As we drove down the road to the fort we could see piles of bricks stacked on both sides. Shabaz sharif, Chief Minister of Pakistan's Punjab, told me that the Jamaat had promised to protest only for a few minutes but it had played false. I imagined that an agreement had probably been the only way out because the Jamaat had a strong presence in Lahore.

Vajpayee read out his banquet speech in English. It was flat. Apparently, it had been pieced together by some bureaucrats. These were the same bureaucrats who had at one time decided that the leaders of different political parties would accompany Vajpayee to Lahore. When I learned about this, I had prevailed upon Vajpayee's principal secretary, Brajesh mishra, and convinced him that the Prime minister would be more appreciated if he were accompanied by eminent artist, writers and scientists; this way Pakistan would get the message that Vajpayee had the backing of the intelligentsia.

Vajpayee's speech was as much a disaster as a delegation of politicians would have been. Even if there was a message, it

was lost in the involved sentences and familiar clichés. The only relief was provided by the profusely decorated fort and the shaded lights silhouetting the large trees and lighting up the grassy grounds

The following morning, I met Vajpayee and told him that his speech at the civic reception later in the day should be in his own words, drawn both from Urdu and Hindi. He agreed, and his words went down so well that even today people recall his speech with nostalgia. He told the audience that Pakistan didn't need anyone's recognition because it had its own identity and recognition. Earlier, he had written in the visitors' book at MInar-e-Pakistan,(where the Pakistan Resolution was passed) that the integrity and prosperity of India depended upon the integrity and prosperity of Pakistan.

While the two Prime ministers were busy talking, the rest of the delegation was attending a lunch posted by Sahibzada Yakub Khan, ones Pakistan's foreign minister. Both of us sat at the same table. The conversation was very informative. He asked the person sitting next to me to which place he belonged. He replied that he was from the North West Frontier Province. Sahibzada's next question was: How did he see Kashmir? He replied: 'A distant land which doesn't interest me in one way or the other.' A similar response came from two other persons sitting at the table. One of them was from Sind and the other from Baluchistan. Sahibzada then turned towards me and said: 'this was your problem; of the Punjabis on both sides. You should settle it.'

A friend of mine, Mushahid Hussein, former information minister in the Nawaz Sharif cabinet, was Vajpayee's minister-in-waiting. He told me later that the Lahore Declaration which Nawaz Sharif and Vajpayee had signed was the best thing that could happen to the two countries. There was also a road map for the settlement of Kashmir as well as a time frame. He didn't give me any details, although he, a hardliner, was positive about the declaration.

Little did I know at that time that the Kargil operation had almost started. Nawaz Sharif - whom I checked within

Jeddah where he was living after General Parwez Musharraf had banished him after the coup – said that he didn't know anything about Kargil until Vajpayee informed him about the intrusion on the hotline. However, General Parwez Musharraf said in a later interview that 'everybody was on board.'

I suspect Nawaz Sharif had some prior information about the operation, in much the same way that General Ayub Khan knew about the infiltration which Zulfikar ali Bhutto had arranged in 1965, leading to a war between India and Pakistan.

At our meeting in Jeddah, Nawaz Sharif told me that he had paid the price for trying to negotiate peace with India; an issue to which, he said, the military had been opposed. This might well be true. For any kind of settlement on Kashmir, the Pakistanis say without hesitation that the military would have to be involved; they would not agree to any arrangement which meant the transfer of power from it to the civil.

When I met Vajpayee after the coup in Pakistan, he said 'he (Nawaz Sharif) sacrificed himself for us.' Regarding the settlement on Kashmir, Vajpayee said. 'We were almost there.' He was referring to the behind – the – seen talks between former newspaper man RK Mishra and Niaz Naik, the former foreign secretary of Pakistan. I failed to scoop on what the agreement was which made Vajpayee say, 'we were almost there.'

RK Mishra has not opened his mouth. Niaz Naik has said in subsequent press interviews that the settlement still had a lot to cover. So, exactly what direction the talk between Mishra and Niaz took, for Vajpayee to remark 'We were almost there', is not known yet.



Tribute to A Unique Mentor

Mahfuz Anam

It was literally a magical moment when Kuldip Nayar (Kuldip Ji to all who loved and admired him) first stepped into the newsroom of the newly launched The Daily Star. He loved the vibrancy that comes naturally when a bunch of young journalists embark on their dreamy journey to bring out the “best paper” of their life and he responded with all his latent energy that lay subdued ever since he left the newsroom and became one of the most renowned columnists of India.

He was a personal friend of our founder editor-publisher SM Ali (Ali Bhai to us all). So it was only natural that Ali Bhai sought the collaboration of his old friend and veteran journalist and editor while launching his own new venture, of which we all had the honour to be a part. Thus, Kuldip Ji's association with The Daily Star was practically from the very beginning.

I recall his first visit in mid-1992 when we were still in our Motijheel office. We bonded right from the word go. He seemed to thrive in the midst of this group of young, enthusiastic and committed journalists led by unquestionably the most internationally famed Bangladeshi journalist that Ali Bhai was. And we, for our part, were thrilled at the proximity of this famous journalist whose fame we had heard about but may not have been familiar with his writings, and who now

stood with us, shoulder to shoulder, in our endeavour to give Bangladesh a quality newspaper as the country embarked on its new democratic journey.

As if it was his job to push us forward, he moved from one section to another starting with the newsroom, then to the editorial section, and then he met with the feature writers and came back to the newsroom where he stationed himself for days. His one key message to us was “accuracy” in news reporting. He repeated ad nauseam the need for it and said everything depended on it. A newspaper would never have any credibility, which is its lifeblood, without accuracy.

He devoted a lot of his time for us while spending the lunch and dinner hours with his friends, and I was privileged to be a part of the circle as the executive editor at the time. I was astounded by his energy and interest and later understood the reason for it. He had left the newsroom years ago when he retired from the editorship of Statesman and now, finding himself again in the hustle and bustle of what is the heart of any newspaper, he appeared to recall his old days and once again re-lived his newsroom days. And needless to say, we all benefited from it greatly.

Then disaster struck The Daily Star. We lost Ali Bhai in late 1993, within two and a half years of the paper's launching. Like many people, Kuldip Ji thought that this promising new daily faced an uncertain future. Like most people he also didn't know what this writer, and SM Ali's successor, would be able to deliver. And he decided to extend his experienced hand to a totally untried one, stunned by the loss of his editor and mentor and not knowing how to proceed.

Thus began a “Guru-Shishya” relationship between Kuldip Ji and me. On hearing the news of Ali Bhai's passing, he immediately called me, first of many to follow, and said, in a heavy and reassuring tone that was to be forever etched in my mind, “Do not lose heart; I will be at your side for whatever help you need.”

Other than my Board's unanimous and vigorous support for my editorship and my wife's unstinting faith in my ability to lead the newspaper, this phone call meant the world to me.

“Maahfooze [that is how he would pronounce my name], make sure to send me daily copies of your paper by post [internet wasn't available then] and I will send you my feedback. You may find them useful.”

And this he did, without fail, and needless to mention, I found them most educative. The copies would reach him seven to ten days later and he would read each edition and then call me. “Your lead story was not properly edited”, “The lead point was not developed enough”, “Why there was not any follow up of the earlier story”, “This story does not have enough facts” and so on.

Ever the editor, he never failed to praise whenever the occasion came about, knowing that my young team needed positive feedback as much as it needed guidance.

Thus we moved on, knowing that an experienced “gaze”, though from distance, was always upon us, ready to come to our aid whenever needed. More than anything else it gave us a sense of confidence and me a great sense of relief, knowing that we had the best possible guidance to move forward.

Over the years, he came to The Daily Star many times. He would never miss our anniversaries and took personal pride at the rising strength of the paper he felt was his own. Many of my colleagues he became familiar with and commented to me about the relative strength and weakness of their writing and guided me to help them. My senior colleagues did not know that many of the insightful things I told them actually came from him.

In the last few years, he appeared pained at the non-journalistic challenges that The Daily Star faced. Knowing, through his personal experience, the crucial role that independent media plays in a country's economic and democratic journey, especially the latter, he was disturbed at the impediments that were being laid to the progress of the

former. As a most sincere friend of Bangladesh, he would rejoice at its every success and feel sad when reality indicated the opposite. He would often recount the damage that Indira Gandhi's emergency did to his country and how counterproductive media restrictions were for Mrs Gandhi's own future and would repeatedly plead through his columns that Bangladesh must never take that path.

On a personal level, I enjoyed an extraordinary level of affection from him. He took a personal pride in the success of The Daily Star and rejoiced at our ethical moorings and celebrated our refusal to deviate from them. He treated me like his son and called Shaheen, my wife, his "Bahu". It would be impossible for both Shaheen and me not to see him and his wife, Bharati Ji, if we went to Delhi. And if for some reason we failed to, and if they came to know about it, we would never hear the end of it. Once I went for an angiogram and could not let them know. But somehow, they learned about it and called up the doctor to inquire how I was doing, and later gave me an earful for such negligence. It drove Shaheen and me to tears, realising how much they cared for us.

Once noticing that I was irregular in writing my column, Kuldip Ji, in a reprimanding tone, said to me, "Do you know that I have never missed my weekly column in the last 35 years? Once when I had my heart surgery I wrote four submissions in advance."

True to his habit, he never ceased writing till the very end. His last column appeared on 14 August 2018, just a few days before he was taken to a hospital where he breathed his last on August 23 at the age of 95.

Journalism, South Asian relations, Bangladesh, India and Pakistan, in that order, were the topics of our discussion on every occasion we met, either in Delhi or in Dhaka. Courtesy Kuldip Ji I had the honour to meet many Indian politicians and media personalities. To every one of them he would ceaselessly talk about The Daily Star. He was immensely impressed by this paper's Board of Directors and would

proudly say Indian owners should learn from them as to how to give editorial freedom and protect the institution of the editor.

He became very close to some of the directors, especially Latifur Rahman whose personal tragedies affected him deeply, but whose capacity to overcome them and continue to support independent journalism he admired from his heart.

We mourn the passing away of this giant in our field and take solace in the fact that he led a full life. May he rest in peace.

[https://www.thedailystar.net/news/frontpage/tribute-unique-mentor-](https://www.thedailystar.net/news/frontpage/tribute-unique-mentor-1624276?fb_action_ids=1980608638697238&fb_action_types=og.comments)

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Kuldip Nayar





Remembering Kuldeep Nayar, journalist, activist, peacemonger

I was sad to hear about the passing away of veteran journalist and peacemonger Kuldeep Nayar, 95, in Delhi.

His passing in general evoked great sadness — as well as a resolve to keep working for his values — not only in India but the land of his birth, Pakistan.

I had got to know Kuldeep ji over the years through the Pakistan India People's Forum for Peace and Democracy (PIPPFD) that I joined as a young journalist from Lahore when it was launched in 1994-95, as the largest people-to-people organization between the two countries. The last time I met him was at Allahabad train station a few years ago. The lawyer S.M.A. Kazmi and our family friend Zia ul Haq — the comrade, not the general, himself now over 90 were dropping me off and picking him up.

He got the surprise of his life. We didn't have much time to chat as my train was about to leave but I treasure that memory.

Sharing here the two pieces I put together for Aman Ki Asha (hope for peace), the India-Pakistan website I edit. One is pegged on a tribute from Dr Syeda Hameed in Delhi his long-

Kuldip Nayar

time friend and fellow-activist, former member of the Planning Commission of India and founder trustee of the Women's Initiative for Peace in South Asia (WIPSA) and the Centre for Dialogue and Reconciliation.

She aptly termed him the “gentle giant of India Pakistan peace” in her wonderful piece in *The Citizen*. See also her account of the Aman Dost Yatra (peace and friendship march) at the border. In the other piece, I put together other tributes paid to him by Pakistanis.

Here are links to both pieces: Remembering the ‘gentle giant of India Pakistan peace’, and Pakistanis pay tribute to Indian journalist Kuldip Nayar.

<https://beenasarwar.com/2018/08/27/r-i-p-kuldip-nayar-journalist-activist-peacemonger/>



Kuldeep Nayar and India-Pakistan relations

Dr Amit Ranjan

Kuldeep Nayar is one of the most respected journalists in South Asia. He is well known for his authenticity and professionalism. The book, which he calls an autobiography, in actual sense, is a political biography of India. He has disclosed many facts, which he may have known due to being part of the system and a long career in journalism. In this column, I am going to highlight what he has written about the India-Pakistan relationship. This is important because he has been a leading peacenik and being equally hated and loved on both sides of the border for being anti or pro someone or the other.

Talking about partition, Nayar writes that in the 1940s, the poison of hatred between Hindus and Muslims was so deeply ingrained that they were not ready to believe anyone from the other community. The social bonding, which took centuries to grow, started crumbling. On the railway stations, there were separate water pitchers with 'Hindu' and 'Muslim' written in bold letters (page 24).

In his book, Nayar has sketched a different portrait of Mohammad Ali Jinnah that is almost unknown to most, and especially to Indians. Once, when Jinnah was in Lahore, Mian Iftikhar-ud-din, Pakistan's rehabilitation minister, and Mazhar Ali Khan, the editor of The Pakistan Times flew him in a Dakota over the divided Punjab. When he saw streams

of people pouring into Pakistan or fleeing it, he struck his hand on his forehead and said despairingly, "What have I done?" (page 10).

Then, on June 23, 1947, Jinnah requested Lord Mountbatten to "shoot Muslims", if necessary. On the other side, Nehru suggested handing over cities to the military, but Lord Mountbatten's response was wanting. He did not want to annoy either India or Pakistan because his dream was to become common governor general of the two countries (page 53).

Although I have a different position about which I have written in my earlier articles, but for most Indians and Pakistanis, Kashmir is the 'core' issue. Nayar writes that Pakistan did offer the Maharaja of Kashmir a Sikkim-like status, with defence and foreign affairs remaining with Karachi. The Maharaja did not even consider the offer because he had no trust in the Pakistani leadership. Also, the first war between India and Pakistan in 1947-48 on Kashmir, instead of resolving the conflict, paved the way for three more wars and a series of political-cum-military tensions between them. The Kashmir war prompted New Delhi to stop the transfer of Karachi's share of the cash balances of undivided India. The Arbitration Tribunal had given Rs 750 million, but New Delhi had paid only Rs 200 million. Mahatma Gandhi was appalled over the non-payment of the amount due to Karachi. Patel never forgave Gandhi for forcing the issue, nor did the extremist Hindus (page 60). As a result, he was assassinated by a fanatical Hindu.

Nayar has mentioned a few interesting incidents that occurred during the peace talks between India and Pakistan after the wars in 1965 and 1971. Talking about the Tashkent Pact, he writes that in the early morning, Aziz Ahmad, then Pakistan's foreign secretary, rang up Zulfikar Ali Bhutto to inform him about Shastri's death (page 168). This shows that Bhutto was not happy with the peace deal and with his political master, General Ayub Khan. About the Simla Treaty between the two countries after the 1971 war, Nayar writes that P N Haskar, the principal advisor of Mrs Indira

Gandhi, told him that there was an oral agreement according to which Bhutto accepted the ceasefire line as an international border. It meant thereby that Pakistan would retain the territory it held in Kashmir, called 'Azad' Kashmir, and India the rest of the valley, Jammu and Ladakh (page 215). But he did not want to be part of this agreement, and he reportedly argued with Mrs Gandhi that if he were to announce the acceptance of the status quo in Kashmir, he would have to face a military coup (page 15).

About Afghanistan and where it had been in the beginning of the Soviet-backed communist revolution in 1978, Nayyar writes that when Atal Bihari Vajpayee, the then minister of external affairs, visited Kabul he was taken aback at the suggestion of the Afghan Prime Minister Hafizullah Amin, the leader of the Khalq faction of the Communist Party. It was suggested that India and Afghanistan should jointly wage a war against Pakistan and divide the country between them (page 275).

One of the most important stories Nayar carried and is known for was an interview of Dr Abdul Qadeer Khan, where the former disclosed that Pakistan had a bomb. He has talked in detail about how it happened (pgs 304-08).

Nayar has also written about the initiatives and engagement with Pakistan by the governments led by the United Front, National Democratic Alliance and United Progressive Alliance. Moreover, he has also talked about the track-II diplomacy and initiatives taken by civil society of the two countries to establish peace between India and Pakistan. Finally, the book is full of interesting facts disclosed by Kuldip Nayar. It is useful for students of journalism and anyone interested in South Asia.

The reviewer is an assistant professor (guest) at the Delhi University, New Delhi. He can be reached at amitrnanjan.jnu@gmail.com

<https://dailytimes.com.pk/88648/kuldip-nayar-and-india-pakistan-relations/>



Interviews





Kuldeep Nayar: Jinnah didn't flaunt his principles, Gandhi and Bhagat Singh will remain relevant

VISHWADEEPAK

For Nayar, history was a tool to understand past and politics. In this interview to NH, Nayar expressed his views about 3 great personalities of Indian sub-continent - Gandhi, Jinnah and Bhagat Singh

Veteran journalist and writer Kuldeep Nayar was like Sanjay of Mahabharat to the Indian sub-continent, witnessing almost all important events which shaped it over the last seven decades.

Right from witnessing partition of the country, Mahatma Gandhi's assassination, to the first war with Pakistan; he witnessed formation of Bangladesh, Emergency, terrorism in Punjab, the assassination of Indira Gandhi, Rajiv Gandhi and demolition of the of Babri Masjid in 1992.

For Nayar, history was a tool to understand past and politics. In this interview (recorded in August, 2010) with Vishwadeepak of National Herald, Nayar expressed his views about three great pre-independence era personalities of Indian sub-continent - Gandhi, Jinnah and Bhagat Singh.

You were born on August 14, the day when Pakistan was formed and you were born at the place which is now in Pakistan. It's a very interesting coincidence...

Yes, what can you call it except a coincidence. I was born on August 14, 1923 in Sialkot. But it's important to note here that I was born first, Pakistan was formed later.

Your writings are considered to be pro Pakistan?

I am not a Pakistan supporter, but I am not against Pakistan also. I want that there should be peace and friendship between the two countries and people of both the countries should interact more with each other, relationships improve both at the government level and between people of both the countries and pluralistic nature of both the countries remains intact.

It's true that Pakistan was founded on the basis of religion but on August 13, Jinnah had clearly said that every person in the country is free to visit temple, gurudwara and a Masjid. Just a day before Pakistan was born, Jinnah had separated politics from religion.

Jinnah is always remembered in our country as a villain. He has this image of a person embedded in the minds of Indians who was responsible for the Partition. Did you happen to meet him?

Unlike other leaders, Jinnah never bragged about ideals nor was keen on lecturing. I remember once he had come to deliver a speech in the college I studied. Jinnah was wearing a pair of small specs and a green colour suit. But the audience there were very few in number. So one of my friends, Habib, who was a Kashmiri and a member of Muslim League asked us to attend that lecture. Around that time the Hindus had started going with the Congress and Muslims with Muslim League. But it would have been better had he not parted ways with India.

When and where did you first see Mahatma Gandhi? Today, when the entire world needs non-violence more than ever, how do you remember Gandhi?

See, I never met Gandhi face to face. But I saw him in the lawns of Birla House. After partition when I came from Pakistan, I stayed with my aunt in Darya Ganj. I left Pakistan

On September 13 and reached Delhi either on September 15 or 16. And ran straight to Birla House just to catch a glimpse of Mahatma Gandhi. At that time, he was having a stroll in the lawn. I had greeted him from outside the gate. But yes when he was assassinated, I covered the entire incident as a reporter.

After independence, a huge controversy erupted over the national language. It is said that Pt Jawaharlal Nehru was unhappy at English being mentioned as a 'subsidiary' language. And then you also had to provide some explanation on this issue?

This happened during the time I was working with the home minister Govind Vallabh Pant. Nehru was the prime minister. Nehru was upset with the report of parliamentary committee in which Pant ji had written 'subsidiary' before English. Pant ji was the president of that parliamentary committee. Then Pant ji asked me to go to every library of Delhi and consult all the dictionaries I can get hold of. I consulted many dictionaries and then told Pant ji that the word 'subsidiary' and 'additional' are used in almost the same sense. It's not that Nehru had any contempt for Hindi. He wanted that even non-Hindi speaking people should also know Hindi. But the people from North-East and South did not know Hindi at all. Therefore, to avoid any protests on this issue immediately after Independence, he wanted that Hindi should not be implemented till the non-Hindi speaking people accept it as their own language.

How do you remember Nehru as a political leader and builder of the nation? What was his vision about constructing a modern India?

I met Nehru on 2-3 occasions. Nehru's thinking was modern. On the issue of English too this very thinking of his worked. He believed that English is the world's language. I had seen Nehru in Sialkot for the first time. I think it was around 1939. He had come there on an election campaign. I remember that he was wearing the same attire as he used to wear, he was with Sheikh Abdullah but he had not put a rose on his jacket.

You met Jinnah in your college days. You saw Mahatma Gandhi and worked with Nehru but when it came to write a book, you chose Bhagat Singh. Why? Are you in any way influenced by him?

Yes I am impressed with Bhagat Singh's personality. He died, sacrificed his life for the country at the young age of 23. He had very strong revolutionary thoughts. This idea of writing a book on him occurred to me in Lahore in the 80s. I had gone there for some Punjabi convention. I saw that in that hall there was one and only one picture and that was of Bhagat Singh. I asked the organisers why have you put Bhagat Singh's picture here. Here, there should be a picture of Iqbal who saw the dream of Pakistan. They said, only one Punjabi has sacrificed his life for the country and that is Bhagat Singh. I decided at that time that the personality and philosophy of Bhagat Singh must be presented before the country. Although almost everything has been written about him, but it was essential to explain and clarify the difference between a revolutionary and a terrorist on the basis of Historical investigation and facts.

What's Bhagat Singh's relevance in present times? Particularly when he is compared with Mahatma Gandhi. It is said that Gandhi was upset with the increasing popularity of Bhagat Singh. If he wanted he could have saved Bhagat Singh during his agreement with Irwin.

Bhagat Singh is as relevant today as he was earlier. In fact, I will say, that his relevance will increase as time passes. He was young, he was a hero. The youth will always be impressed with his thoughts. The relevance of Gandhi too will increase but the difference between the two is the difference of means and that will remain. Bhagat Singh was not ready to give up the path of violence and Gandhi did not approve of violence at all. He had even asked Irwin to release Bhagat Singh. But neither was Bhagat Singh willing to give up his ways nor did the Britishers want to release him. Gandhi ji could not save him because of his principles and not because he feared Bhagat Singh's popularity.

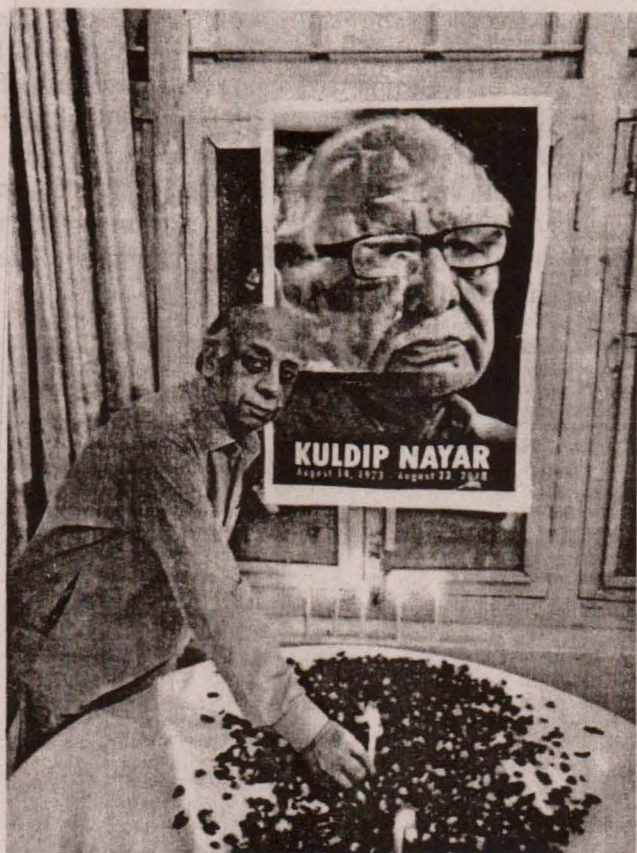
Kuldip Nayar

You have a long experience in Journalism. What do you think of journalism in India? In the last few years the world of journalism has changed rapidly. You had started as a reporter in Urdu?

Yes, it's true. I started as a reporter in Urdu. When I came from Pakistan to India, I started living in Chandni Chowk, Delhi. A man lived in the same compound, and kept coughing constantly all day long. I used to get disturbed by his coughing. When I enquired, I came to know that this gentleman is Maulana Hasrat Mohani. I went to him. He asked me what did I do. I told him I was a reporter. I used to write for 'Wahadat' at that time. Gradually we became friends. He gave me two valuable advices: First- give up writing poetry and second was start writing in English. There is no future of Urdu in the country.

<https://www.nationalheraldindia.com/interview/kuldip-nayar-gandhi-and-bhagat-singh-will-always-remain-relevant>

Kuldip Nayar





The hatred was much less in 1947 than now: Kuldeep Nayar

S KHURRAM RAZA

In an interview to NH in 2017, Kuldeep Nayar had talked about the hatred prevalent in our times but was convinced that democracy in India will survive despots & communal harmony will prevail

Although millions were killed and many more million people migrated leaving home and hearth behind, there was much less bitterness and hatred in 1947 between communities than one sees in India today

Although 93 years old, journalist, author, diplomat, parliamentarian and activist Kuldeep Nayar retains a lively interest in current affairs. While pouring his heart out in this conversation, he strikes an optimistic note. Democracy in India will survive despots, and communal harmony will prevail, he is convinced. Excerpts from the conversation:

Kuldeep ji, you have seen the Partition of the country. What do you remember of those days?

We lived in Sialkot, barely 14 kilometres from Jammu. So, when it became evident that Pakistan would come into being, we decided to cross over to this side. But even when the Radcliff award came, we were still in Sialkot.

In 1947?

Yes. Radcliff drew the border. I once met him in London and asked on what basis he had drawn the border and his reply, now well known, was revealing. "I had nothing, no map, no scale. Mountbatten asked me take a tour and decide," he said. Once he drew the line, someone told him that he had given Lahore to India and that Pakistan had got nothing. So, he re-drew the map and gave Lahore to Pakistan.

It does sound like a bit of a joke?

No, it was madness.

So, you were still in Sialkot in 1947 ?

I had recently completed my Law from Sialkot. My father was a prominent doctor and I planned to stay back at home and practice law. But then, taqseem announce ho gayi.

Riots started soon thereafter?

There were no riots in Sialkot as the Hindu-Muslim population was almost 50-50. We used to live peacefully but when taqseem was announced, then the riots started.

So, you left everything back in Sialkot ?

We had never ever dreamt that we would never return. Although I remember my mother saying while locking the door, "Beta aisa mujhe lagta hai ki hum wapas nahi aa rahe" (son, I don't think we will be able to return). I told her we most certainly would.

Sialkot is at a little distance away from the main road. Therefore when we reached the main road, it was a shock to see the sea of humanity flowing on both sides. "My God ! Thousands of people." The sea of people was moving in both directions.

Were you alone or with your family members ?

I was alone. On August 12 our father called us, his three sons, and asked what we had planned. I declared that I would stay back in Sialkot. But my father agreed with my brothers when they said that I would be thrown out and dispossessed in no time. 'No one would let you stay here', they said.

What did you see while crossing over ?

In Sialkot, there were no riots. Up to Samrewal, there was no one. But there onwards, we did find scattered corpses. I particularly remember when our small group came across a similar group wearily dragging themselves from the opposite direction. We just stopped and stared at each other. We kept looking at each other. "Wo bhi lute pade thhe, hum bhi(they were homeless and so were we)."

It must have been awful, going through a partition in which both Hindus and Muslims suffered ...

My aunt lived in Daryaganj. I would visit the Jama Masjid every day and have kebabs. An old man there once day asked me where I worked. I said I was looking for work. He enquired after my education and said he could provide information about a job. A newspaper, Anjaam, he said was looking for a Hindu. He took me there. The owner gave me a PTI copy to translate into Urdu and having satisfied himself, offered me the job and Rs 100 per month. When I handed over my first salary to my mother, she said it was a handsome salary.

So, that's how you became a journalist?

Hasrat Mohani Sahab, a shayar, used to stay there. When we met, I recited a sher:

Nahi aati to yaad unki, mahino tak nahi aati;

Magar jab yaad aate hain to aksar yaad aate hain.

He asked me, "Udhar se to lagte ho, par kidhar se?"

Sialkot se, I said.

Iqbal is also from there, he said.

Iqbal, Faiz both were from Sialkot. It was Mohani Sahab who told me that Urdu would lose its importance in Hindustan and I should take up English journalism.

What do you recall of the Hindu-Muslim divide that we see? Did you also feel the rising hatred between communities?

Students at the Sialkot Law College would eat together. The kitchens unfortunately were separate and Hindu Kitchen and Muslim Kitchen had come into being but we would eat together, both vegetarians and non-vegetarians.

In the house we lived in, there was a grave in the garden. It was known as the grave of some Muslim Pir (saint) and my mother's instruction was that we should light a lamp there every Friday night. We would all assemble there and partake of sweets.

I never paid much attention to this ritual. But when I was jailed during the Emergency, a Pir Sahab appeared in a dream and told me I would be free next Friday. I was indeed woken up on Friday morning and the Jailor informed that my release order had arrived.

Did you ever anticipate that today's Hindustan would start resembling Pakistan?

Never. We actually believed that there would be a soft border between the two countries and people would come and go as and when they pleased. BJP did not exist and while there was a lot of anti-Pakistan feeling, it wasn't really anti-Muslim. When my father learnt from newspaper reports that the Commissioner (Chief Secretary) at Sialkot, Fida Hussain Sahab was visiting Delhi, he sought an appointment. My father had treated him for several years and when they met, my father said he wanted to live and practice in Sialkot. But Fida Hussain bluntly told my father that Pakistan would not allow any non-Muslim to live there.

How do you see the plight of Muslims in India today?

The 18 and odd crore Muslims living in this country have no say in anything. They have no representative in the government, marginal representation in the public sector and even less in the private sector. They live in slums and stay with other Muslims so that they don't get killed. It is true that there is not as much violence today as during the Partition but Muslims still have no say here.

So, Muslims are being treated as second class citizens?

They have accepted it now. They have accepted that they have to bear the Cross for the creation of Pakistan. The population is divided. In Vasant Vihar, there are just a few Muslims. And they don't feel safe.

Jinnah used to tell Muslims that if they stayed in India, they would be treated as second class citizens. Is it happening today?

He used to say that to appeal to people to come to Pakistan. Otherwise, he used to talk about development, progress and even minority rights.

Jinnah had once come to our Law College in 1946. He was saying the same things like Hindus and Muslims are different 'kaums' and there had to be two nations.

I asked him, after Pakistan's creation, what would be Pakistan's stand if India were to fight a war with a third country? He said, "Our soldiers will fight by your side. The blood will flow together and we will drive out the enemy."

Much later I once narrated this to Lal Bahadur Shastri when I worked with him. He said, "When the Chinese attacked us in 1962, if they had come to fight with us and, if then, they would have asked for Kashmir, saying 'no' would have been very difficult!"

How do you feel about today's India?

Gandhi's, Nehru's or Maulana Azad's idea of India was such that everyone would live together, all religions would be respected, etc. I remember at a prayer meeting someone said, "Bapu, we don't want to hear 'Pakistan' every day." Bapu said then there would be no prayer meeting. For three days, the meetings didn't take place. Then the man apologised and the meetings resumed.

Do you see a ray of hope?

Yes, I do. In India, I believe, neither the Hindus nor the Muslims will ever have absolute control over the land. Democracy will survive in India. Remember, Mrs Gandhi

Kuldip Nayar

had imposed a state of Emergency. But people threw her out of power.

(Kuldip Nayar, veteran journalist, columnist, activist and former Indian High Commissioner to the United Kingdom was also Information Officer to the late Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri)

<https://www.nationalheraldindia.com/interview/the-hatred-was-much-less-in-1947-than-now-kuldip-nayar-2>



Kuldeep Nayar – the Editor Who Refused to Bend During the Emergency

Aviral Virk

Veteran journalist Kuldeep Nayar passed away on 22 August at the age of 95. In the following interview with The Quint – first published on 23 June 2017 – he recounted the events that led to his arrest in June 1975.

Indira and I knew each other very well. One day she cut her hair short and asked me how she looked. I told her she was beautiful earlier, but looked even more beautiful now. Kuldeep Nayar, Editor, Express News Service

Regardless of his close association with Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, Kuldeep Nayar refused to bend or crawl. The adjectives used by LK Advani to describe the press during the Emergency do not apply to Kuldeep Nayar, who at the time was Editor of the Express News Service.

Speaking to The Quint, the veteran journalist travels over 40 years down memory lane to reconstruct the events that led to his arrest, his love for mangoes, and how he coped with fly-infested meals at the Tihar jail.

Here are excerpts from the conversation.

Did you have any inkling that a state of internal Emergency was going to be imposed?

One day before the Emergency, a person from London, a representative of The Spectator came to me and said he was doing a story, that he'd heard that the Constitution would be

suspended, leaders would be apprehended and lots of people would be detained. I said to him, "Look here, we are not a banana republic. You are hearing all sorts of gossip. This country has fought hard for Independence and I've come through this fire."

After the Emergency was imposed, he came to me and said, "Mr Nayar, I don't want you to say anything. But tell me what would happen now?" I told him, "I don't know. It seems I don't know my own country."

What provoked you to take the lead on the journalists' protest?

After the Emergency was imposed, I was told by someone that Mrs Gandhi had been referring to me as well as some others and asking, "Where are those people who've been criticising me boldly, writing headlines against me, where are they? Not a dog has barked."

I was really worked up about this. So I went around the offices of some newspapers like Times of India and my own paper, The Indian Express. I told them, "Tomorrow. At 10 o'clock. The Press Club."

But when I arrived at the Press Club to have a resolution condemning the Emergency passed, I was amazed to see the small hall was full. I announced that I'm sending this resolution to the President, the Prime Minister and the Information Minister. I told them, I've already sent them a signed copy and it's not necessary for them also to sign it. But I was amazed to see 103 journalists had signed the resolution demanding the Emergency be withdrawn.

What was the government's response to your resolution?

The day after the protest at the Press Club, I got a phone call from VC Shukla, who was the Information and Broadcasting Minister at the time. He said, "You come and meet me, and bring that signed resolution with you. I will fix them up."

I went to meet him and he asked, "Where is that love letter?" I told him that it's been kept at a place that even I cannot reach. He said to me, "Why don't you come to this side?" I

Kuldip Nayar

replied, "Is there any side? Aren't we all on the same side, that of India?"

Then he said, "So many people tell me that Kuldip Nayar has been writing consistently against Mrs Gandhi, why don't you arrest him?" I told him to go ahead. "I have never been inside a jail, but maybe I shall add to my experience," I said.

What happened the night you were arrested?

There was a knock on my door at midnight. I thought they'd come to conduct a search, so I said "Look around." But then they clarified that they had come to arrest me.

So, straight away, I went to the fridge, took out two mangoes and ate them. I'm so fond of them and I knew I wouldn't get them for a long time. I finally said goodbye to my family and was taken to the Tughlaq Road police station.

At the police station, an IPS officer touched my feet and said he'd read my book 'Distant Neighbors' and thought of me as his guru. He told me, "Sir, you're entitled to breakfast and I will get you a five-star hotel breakfast". Hotel Ashoka was nearby, so I said, "Let me have it".

While leaving for Tihar, the police van refused to budge. Its battery was down. So the person who had come to arrest me said, "Sir do you mind pushing the van with us?"

So I also pushed the van to jump start it and was taken to Tihar jail. My two big concerns were the food and accommodation. The food we got was dal. It was full of flies. I told them I couldn't eat dal full of flies. They told me there was nothing else.

I was sharing the jail cell with a Jan Sangh member, who said, "You eat the dal and then I'll give you pickle to eat."

A few days went by and I stopped minding the flies. I would just pick them out and eat.

Were you surprised you were arrested despite the fact that you knew Indira Gandhi well?

During the war with China, a people's committee had been formed. Since I was working in the Home Ministry as an information officer, I was part of it. Indira used to preside over the meeting. I came to know her so well that I was on first name basis with her. She used to have long hair. Then one day, she cut her hair short and asked me how she looked.

I told her, "Indira you were beautiful before and now you look even more beautiful." So we had good relations that way. I was, in fact, surprised that she may have known about my arrest. So I was surprised when the police came to arrest me.

What impact did the Emergency have on the free press and journalists?

There were lots of people at the Press Club. We were cracking jokes and there was a lot of solidarity. Now, I'd been in jail for three months. After my release, I tried to pick up the thread from where I'd left off. But nobody was willing to come with me. There was so much fear. The media had caved in.

What was surprising to me was they got away with it. I thought, India has gone through the Independence struggle, we will cherish our democracy and the media is at the forefront. But no. I was surprised to see so much fear about losing one's job or being transferred, etc. No journalist was willing to stick his neck out.

Do you think history repeats itself?

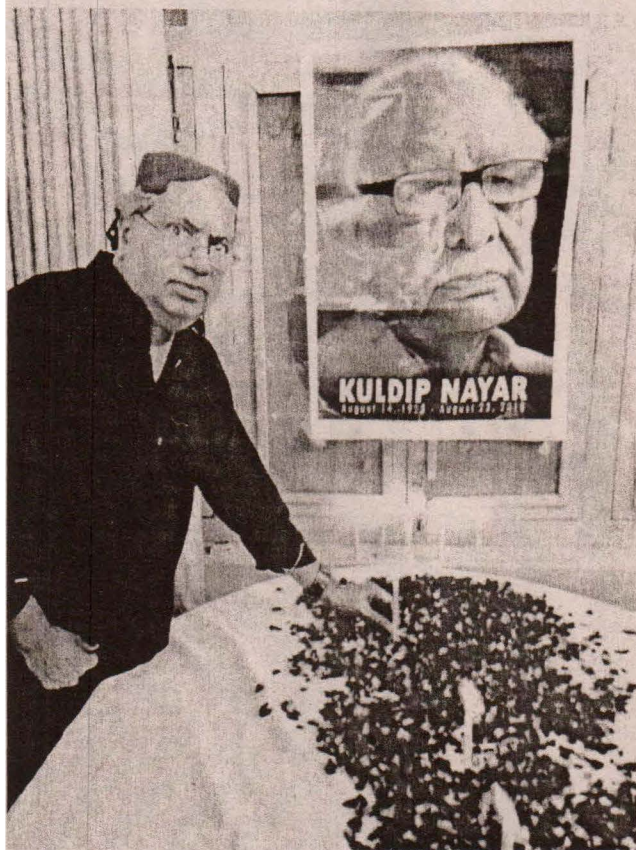
Formally, I don't think we can have another Emergency. That's not possible now. But informally, the conditions can be created. Today, such conditions exist where the judiciary, the press, students should speak out. But there are very few people to speak. They prefer to mind their own business. They are indifferent, or maybe even afraid.

(Video Editor: Kunal Mehra)

<https://www.bloombergquint.com/politics/2018/08/23/1975-emergency-kuldip-nayar-indira-gandhi-press-freedom#gs.NqxJhQI>

Editorials

Kuldip Nayar





'I nearly gave you Lahore': When Kuldip Nayar asked Cyril Radcliffe about deciding Indo-Pak border

An excerpt from 'Scoop', in which the veteran journalist, who died on August 23, wrote about interviewing Cyril Radcliffe, Chairman of the Boundary Commission.

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"I nearly gave you Lahore," Lord Cyril Radcliffe, Chairman of the Boundary Commission, told me. "But then I realised that Pakistan would not have any large city. I had already earmarked Calcutta for India."

Lahore had Hindus and Sikhs in a majority and way up in assets, he said. Yet he had no option because of paucity of big towns in Pakistan. The conversation took place at Radcliffe's flat in London towards the later half of 1971. I had gone there to meet Lord Mountbatten, the last British Governor-General. I wanted to know how the boundary lines of India and Pakistan were drawn. Although the Boundary Commission had four more members – two from India, Mehar Chand Mahajan and Teja Singh, and two from Pakistan, Din Mohammed and Mohammed Munir – they were all serving judges.

Radcliffe was the one who made the decision because the Commission was divided, India's members on one side and those from Pakistan on the other. What yardstick did he

apply? I was keen to know. I found to my horror that Radcliffe had no fixed rules to go by when he drew the boundaries between India and Pakistan. He had gathered sufficient information by the time he came to demarcate the borders.

The two sides were exhaustive in their presentation. He had read tonnes of material as well. The ticklish part of his assignment, as he said, was to partition the last track of Punjab and Bengal on the basis of religion. Therefore, his decision to give Lahore to India and then to reverse it in favour of Pakistan was understandable. He had some kind of balance in view. That Mohammed Ali Jinnah, founder of Pakistan, had recommended Radcliffe's name had nothing to do with the change in the decision to give Lahore to Pakistan.

"Are you satisfied with the way you drew the border lines between India and Pakistan?" I asked.

"I had no alternative; the time at my disposal was so short that I could not do a better job. Given the same period I would do the same thing. However, if I had two to three years, I might have improved on what I did," said Radcliffe.

He flew only once in a Dakota over the parts of northern India before actually demarcating borders. "If aspirations of some people had not been fulfilled," he said, "the fault must be found in political arrangements with which I am not concerned." Radcliffe was wearing a jacket with the necktie, a formal attire of sorts. As he had been a former judge for a long time, it was probably his habit to wear a jacket when he met a foreigner. But there was no formality in his manners. I found him a simple, straight person during my conversation with him. He himself opened the door when I rang the bell at his flat. The room was cluttered with old furniture, something he must have collected over the years. The living appeared austere. He had no servant or maid because he himself went to the kitchenette, which I could see from the sofa in the sitting room, to place a kettle on the burner to prepare tea.

Radcliffe was given very little time to finish his work. He was delayed because the provincial assemblies of Punjab and

Bengal had to vote for division of the two provinces, a legal obligation. Radcliffe was in Shimla when Mountbatten nominated him as the Chairman of a Boundary Commission. He told me that he would have preferred to work in Punjab in July. "It was impossible to undertake the field survey in June because of the heat," he said. But Mountbatten, according to Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, a top Congress leader, told Radcliffe that he could not delay the work even by one day.

Radcliffe was not happy with members on the Boundary Commission, he told me. All that they did was to put across the point of view of the country they represented. Both sides wanted the maximum territory and argued at cross-purposes. One Muslim member hailing from East Bengal, Radcliffe told me, came to him in private and pleaded for Darjeeling's inclusion in Pakistan. "My family goes to Darjeeling every summer and it would be hard on us if the place went to India." Radcliffe had a good word for Meharchand Mahajan, the Indian Boundary Commission member who subsequently became India's Chief Justice. He impressed him with his erudition and legal knowledge. "The Muslims in Pakistan have a grievance that you favoured India," I told Radcliffe.

His reply was: "They should be thankful to me because I went out of the way to give them Lahore which deserved to go to India. Even otherwise, I favoured the Muslims more than the Hindus."

It seemed that the criticism against his award had reached his ears by the time I met him. He was irritated whenever I would mention "the unhappiness" of the Pakistanis. What had hurt him most was the allegation that he had changed his report at Mountbatten's insistence. The allegation of Pakistanis was that Mountbatten put pressure on Radcliffe to give India Ferozepur and Zira tehsils to provide a link with Jammu and Kashmir.

"I was not even aware of Kashmir," Radcliffe said. "I heard about it long after I returned to London." During the conversation, lasting for more than one hour, I told him about sharp differences between India and Pakistan over

Kashmir. He was aware of those. He also knew about the wars the two countries had fought against each other. He felt sorry about what had happened. But he remained firm in his assertion that he gave India Firozepur and Zira because that was how he felt. There was no pressure on him. However, he was pressed for the report.

On July 22, 1947, writing to Radcliffe, Mountbatten said that he had a discussion at Lahore with the Punjab Partition Committee. Referring to the assurance he had given to that Committee that he would write to Radcliffe of the urgency of the earliest possible date for the Punjab Boundary Award, Mountbatten continued. "It was emphasised (in the Punjab Partition Committee) that the risk of disorder would be greatly increased if the award had to be announced at the very last moment before August 15. I know that you fully appreciate this, but I promised that I would mention it again to you, and say that we should all be grateful for every extra day earlier that you could manage to get the award announced. I wonder if there is any chance of getting it out by the 10th?"

Replying the next day, Radcliffe said: "I will certainly bear in mind that importance of the earliest possible date for the award. I do not think that I could manage the 10th. But I think that I can promise the 12th, and I will do the earlier day, if I possibly can."

I did not ask Radcliffe about the letter Mountbatten's Naval Attache G Abell had written to Abott, Secretary to the Punjab Governor since I was not aware of its existence at that time. The letter dated August 8, 1947, said: "I enclose a map showing roughly the boundary which Sir Cyril Radcliffe promised to demarcate in his award and a note describing it. There will not be any great changes from this boundary, but it will have to be accurately defined with reference to village and zilla boundaries in Lahore district".

Jenkins wrote to Mountbatten: "The enclosures were a schedule (I think typed) and a section of a printed map with a line drawn thereon, together showing a boundary which

included in Pakistan a sharp salient in the Ferozepur District. This salient enclosed the whole of Ferozepur and Zira tehsils." Jenkins also stated that: "About August 10, 11, when we were still expecting the award on August 13, at latest, I received a message from Viceroy's House containing the words 'Eliminate Salient'. The change caused some surprise, not because the Ferozepur salient had been regarded as inevitable or even probable, but because it seemed odd that any advance information had been given by the Commission if the award was not substantially complete."

It was strange that Radcliffe who divided India into two independent countries advised "some joint control" when it came to splitting the irrigation network of the Punjab between India and Pakistan.

His award had given the irrigation canals to Pakistan and the rivers feeding them to India, while the controlling headwork was evenly divided. But he hinted at "some joint control". India's then prime minister Jawaharlal Nehru, rejected it as "a political recommendation". Since there was no "joint control", the two countries, after the division, argued endlessly over their respective rights. Pakistan said that the rivers were common to the subcontinent and maintained that it was the sole owner of the waters and the headwork was in its territory. It became such a divisive issue that Rawalpindi suggested that the matter be referred to the International Court of Justice at the Hague. But Nehru opposed the proposal on the ground that it would be "a confession of our continued dependence on others".

Before saying good-bye to Radcliffe I posed to him the same question which I had asked Mountbatten. Did Mohammed Ali Jinnah hesitate when Pakistan was conceded? He said no. Radcliffe's reply was: "It is very unlikely". I also checked with him about Mountbatten's warning to Jinnah that "his moth-eaten Pakistan will not last more than 25 years". Radcliffe said: "You are the first person to have told me this. I never heard it before."

When I alighted the steps of his flat, I wondered how India and Pakistan came to sign the Indus basin treaty.

In 1951, when Pakistan was on the point of referring the dispute to the Security Council, an article by David E Lilienthal, former chairman of the US Tennessee Valley Authority, appearing in an American magazine, saved the situation. He suggested a comprehensive engineering plan under which India and Pakistan could develop the entire Indus basin jointly, “perhaps with the World Bank help”.

It turned out later that Eugene E Block, the then World Bank’s chief, had been consulted before Lilienthal wrote the article. Both India and Pakistan saw that America too had given its blessings to the proposal. The development of the Indus basin was considered acceptable, particularly when the funds had been promised. Since it suggested a way out and was also laced with money, both India and Pakistan accepted the formula. The Indus basin treaty was signed in 1960 between Nehru and General Ayub Khan, Pakistan’s military ruler.

In response to the formal proposal of the World Bank chief (November 1951), a “working team” of engineers was appointed to tackle the problem outside the political arena. India gave a guarantee not to disturb supplies until the end of the negotiations and it kept its word though Pakistan continued to make allegations to the contrary.

For nine years the negotiations between India and Pakistan covered a long, tortuous route, and even in the last stages, both Nehru and Ayub Khan had to intervene to put the talks back on the track when the prejudice and cussedness of officials looked like derailing them.

Nehru had to face criticism in India for accepting 19 per cent of the Indus basin waters and agreeing to continue deliveries till Pakistan built its alternative channels. Indian engineers had prepared a formidable case to prove that both Punjab and Rajasthan would be practically ruined if India were to stay its hands for the ten-year transitional period.

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Morarji Desai, then a member of Nehru's Cabinet, organised opposition from political quarters. Even Govind Ballabh Pant, then the Union Home Minister who was loyal to Nehru, expressed his unhappiness over India's "heavy contribution" to the Indus basin Development Fund. He wanted to get it adjusted against the value of the property that Hindu refugees had left in Pakistan. Nehru brushed aside all objections. He was anxious to build good relations with Rawalpindi and settlement of the water disputes could serve as a foundation upon which he could raise a durable structure of Indo-Pakistan amity. Why didn't it happen? The successive rulers in India and Pakistan were answerable.

Excerpted with permission from Scoop: Inside Stories from the Partition to the Present, Kuldip Nayar, HarperCollins India.

<https://scroll.in/article/891693/i-nearly-gave-you-lahore-when-kuldip-nayar-asked-cyril-radcliffe-about-deciding-indo-pak-border>





Obituary: Kuldeep Nayar

ABDULLAH NIAZI

Aged 95, Kuldeep Nayar passed away as frail old men often do. A chill is followed by pneumonia that attacks the weakened lungs and there is nothing much that doctors can really do. Age takes its toll on the human body, and at 95, Nayar had reached a grand old age.

While his lungs may have been weak as any old geezer's, his mind was still sharper than men and women thrice younger than his age.

At 95, the syndicated columnist's articles were still appearing in a number of Pakistani newspapers. Across the border, his was a voice of reason that even the harshest of critics would at least stop to listen.

In his tributes to Nayar, the Indian president described him as an 'intellectual giant' and a "champion of democracy." Prime Minister (PM) Modi called him 'frank and fearless'.

In his storied life, the man wore many hats and wore them all with distinction. As a human rights activist, diplomat, and parliamentarian he remained dedicated and precise. As a left-wing commentator and public intellectual, he was a figure many across the globe often turned to not necessarily for clarity, but for moral stances.

For all the criticism he received in India for his supposed 'anti-India' stances and his pro-Pakistan leanings, his writings

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and opinions were always directed by a firm sense of right and wrong rather than any agendas that many might want to pin on him.

His commitment to peace was second only to his dedication to taking stands that would be judged favourably by history.

Where he called out India for its atrocities, he was an equally strong voice against Pakistan's continued refusal to repent for the atrocities committed in East Pakistan during the 1971 war.

But for all the roles he played in life, they were perhaps second to his role as a journalist.

Born in Sialkot in 1923, his career took him through the drudgery of press reporting and the hardship of editorship in multiple languages and cities. It was also as a journalist that Nayar first made a name for himself as a man with the requisite grit to back his words. It was during the Indian Emergency in the 70's that he became a vehement opponent of press censorship and a symbol of press freedom not just in India but in the entire region.

In today's brave new world, Nayar's will perhaps be a lasting legacy. And in the age of made up truths and fake news, it is a legacy that he would be proud of.

Kuldip Nayar Quotes

Kuldip Nayar

- Kuldip Nayar was an intellectual giant of our times. Frank and fearless in his views, his work spanned across many decades. His strong stand against the Emergency, public service and commitment to a better India will always be remembered. Saddened by his demise. My condolences."

Narendra Modi

- Sad to hear of the passing of Kuldip Nayar, veteran editor and writer, diplomat and parliamentarian, and a determined champion of democracy during the Emergency. His readers will miss him. Condolences to his family and associates

President Kovind

- With the passing away of Kuldeep Nayyar, an era of journalism for peace is over. He was a committed democrat, a relentless voice for peace & normalcy of relations between Pakistan and India. He has left behind a glorious legacy that all of us should uphold & celebrate. RIP!

Shehbaz Sharif

- He asked me sometime back pls come to India we need to discuss a new peace strategy I promised but Kuldip Nayar Ji gone today forever we participated in many conferences and TV discussions together in last 2 decades we last met in Dhaka in Daily Star office

Hamid Mir

Kuldip Nayar

- The first journalist who interviewed A. Q. Khan is no more. Kuldip Nayar, an outstanding journalist who had always written on peace between Pakistan and India and played his role as a peace lover.

Mazhar Abbas

- RIP Kuldip Nayar, India's first reporter to become editor in an era when top newsroom jobs were reserved for editorialists. A genuine scoop-man, and Ind-Pak peace visionary. You will be missed by journalists and peace activists'

Shekhar Gupta

- Saddened by the death of the veteran Journalist Sh. Kuldip Nayar. His contribution to the cause of free speech is unparalleled. He is credited with breaking some of the most exclusive news stories. Will be best remembered for his struggle against the emergency.'

Arun Jaitley

- Champion of our democratic rights, civil liberties and at the forefront of those battles, Kuldip Nayar served India with distinction. His advocacy of people to people ties with Pakistan was special. His presence in current battles would have been a source of strength. Condolences

Sitaram Yechury

- One of few voices of sanity in India, Kuldip Nayar, who worked tirelessly to promote peace between two neighboring countries has died. With his death India has lost a man who believed in Gandhi Jee's concept of a secular India. He opposed imposition of emergency by Indira Gandhi and stood up for rights of minorities. Ever since 2000, KulipNayar has regularly been leading peace

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activists, lighting candles on 14 and 15 August at Wagah-Attari border. He made a name for himself as a journalist, whose columns were read widely, printed by leading newspapers in both India and Pakistan. He was born in Sialkot and did his BA(Hons) from FC College and LLB from Law College Lahore. NayarSaheb regularly visited Pakistan and was critical of Indian atrocities and opposed Hindu fundamentalism. His death has created a void and he will be missed.

Malik Tariq Ali

Remembering Kuldip Nayar whom I knew first as my phantom big boss in Delhi when I joined as a cub reporter in Indian Express in Cochin in 1973. It was great to be a foot soldier in the vast Express News Service he headed, especially during the Emergency years. When it was over, he gave me an audience in the Delhi head office.

Many years later, a far smaller me learned from this giant to helm Deccan Herald News Service and Statesman News Service in Calcutta -- that spirit of caring for your seen and unseen reporters whose success is your success. He was an old Statesman hand and was nominated a director of DH when I was in DHNS.

My tributes from afar Kuldip sahib. You fought the good fight for reporters and for what you believed in. Rest good sir. Peace attend thee.

John Thomas

RIP, KULDIP NAYAR.

Kuldip Nayar, one of India's most respected journalists has died at 95. Here's what I said about him in 1999 when introducing at a SAJA and GOPIO event in NYC. [Also published on my Medium account: <https://medium.com/.../kuldip-nayar-one-of-indias-most-respec...>]

April 9, 1999: The Global Organization of People of Indian Origin and SAJA hosted a dinner in honor of Kuldip Nayar, one of India's most respected journalists, in NYC. Outside the restaurant, a group of right-wing Hindu activists set-up a picket line to protest Nayar's appearance and shouted slogans against him, accusing him of being, among other things, a "Pakistani agent." The following is the text I used to introduce him that night. Nayar was in the US to receive a lifetime achievement award from the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University in Illinois.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for joining us on a cold and rainy Friday night. Thank you also for dealing with the gathering outside. It's a badge of honor that they think our event worth protesting in this inclement weather. It's been said that you have not truly arrived until someone protests your work. It is the right of those opposed to our event to protest, and it is our right to have a stimulating evening of good company and good conversation...

Asking me to introduce Kuldip Nayar is like asking a young film director to introduce Cecile B. Demille. I hope I can do the assignment justice.

Few people can be really called a living legend in their line of work. Fewer still in the world of journalism, an industry filled

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with prima donnas and pretenders and intellectual lightweights.

But our speaker tonight is a true living legend, a man who does his profession proud and his country prouder still.

Kuldip Nayar is a man of many parts: an author of 11 — count 'em 11 — books. An academic who has taught at several institutions of higher learning. A member of the Rajya Sabha, India's upper house of Parliament.

Quick story: Back in the summer of 1952, a young reporter applied to American universities for graduate programs in journalism. He was admitted to the place I teach at, Columbia, and to Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism. He got a better scholarship from Medill and went there — Columbia's loss entirely. As you might have guessed, that reporter was Kuldipji. All these years later, he is back in the U.S. to get an lifetime achievement award from Northwestern.

Kuldipji is one of the best educated men I know — an education earned by being a streetwise reporter of many decades and, oh yes, backed up by a variety of official degrees. A bachelors, a law degree, that masters from Northwestern, and an honorary doctorate from Guru Nanak University in Amritsar.

He has worked at almost every major Indian publication and written for several of the best in the West. He's a syndicated columnist whose writings appear in 80 newspapers.

And at a time when most journalists can only aspire to a stint working in London as a foreign correspondent or as a staffer on Fleet Street, Kuldipji became India's high commissioner to the Court of St. James.

Tonight he'll talk about his outlook for peace and prosperity in South Asia, the current state of Indian media and the role of secularism today.

Once again, it's been my pleasure to introduce someone whose work has inspired me and generations of journalists. All right, Mr. Nayar, I am ready for my rewrite.

Kuldip Nayar

<https://medium.com/@sree/kuldip-nayar-one-of-indias-most-respected-journalists-has-died-b0c86ddf52c>

KuldipNayar

Sad to know the demise of Veteran Journalist Sir Kuldip Nayar, He was in his 90s, He will be remembered among the journalists who had staunchly opposed the 'National Emergency' led by Dictatorship era of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi Congress Government in 1970s.

He was jailed during that period by the Government. He was one of the giant who exposed and nailed Dictatorship through his writings, he was the Fearless Journalist who would criticize the ruler as well dare to enter in province of Punjab and interview Jurnailsingh Bhindrawala (a Leader of 'KHALISTAN' Movement Demanding Separate nation for Sikhs) he fearlessly asked him critical questions in the times of emergency.

He was A desperately courageous editors of our time. In 2011, I heard him speak giving a memorial Lecture on Legendary 'Padmabhushan' Late Maulana Abdul Karim Parekh (one of my favorite Islamic Scholar, Social activist and a writer from Nagpur, famous for his book 'Who is the Cow slanderer and who is blamed?') at Rashtrasant Tukdoji Maharaj Nagpur University.

Kuldip Nayar sir shared about his experience in the times when India was under the darkness of Emergency also about his closeness with the Legacy of Monotheist anti caste crusader saint Tukdoji Maharaj and with Late Maulana Abdul Karim parekh.

As a Journalist,

Sir Kuldip Nayar was Critical on today's Narendra Modi led Dictatorship Government too.

Kuldip Nayar

A Life lived well with Dignity. Hope Today's Indian so called Main Stream Media Learn from his Life and writings.

His demise is indeed a great loss to world of Fierce Journalism as well as civil rights movement in India.

Long Live His Legacy which will continue to inspire Today's writers To keep writing fiercely against all sorts of inhuman discrimination.

#Respect

#RestInPeace

— Obed Manwatkar

Sangeeta Saxena

26 August at 23:39

The last two days of festivity with family made me miss a major tragedy which had struck the journalism world of India-the death of the most respected editor of all times-Kuldip Nayar. I was actually blessed to have got his blessings for years right since my college days till last year when he did seem to be getting a little low but was as alert as he was in 1980s when I first got my University Award for Essay Writing from him.

A journey which started with awe and respect made me go back again and again to him for getting his blessings at all stages of my life whether it was asking him to release my book on Defence Journalism or speak to my students in JIMS about bravery in journalism or ethics in the changing world of media or to inaugurate the media festival.

His vociferous fight in black and white against the emergency will always be my motivation to stand up against injustice. Known for his efforts to improve the relationship between India and Pakistan he always felt that his role in getting the younger generation to understand the history of Partition and post-Independent India was the hat he enjoyed wearing the most. He was the strong motivation for a generation of journalists like me who measured great journalism by humans who wrote with elan and fearlessly.

"Sangeeta truth should come out without the fear of air conditioned offices of editors", a statement I will never forget even if I live to be a hundred. Do real life heroes leave a void in one's life as death snatches them ? Yes they do and the passing over of Kuldip Sir, as I used to address him, does leave an emptiness in my life.

<https://www.facebook.com/search/str/kuldip+nayar+as+i+knew/stories-keyword/stories-public>

Ashok Kumar

24 August at 09:45 •

One by one they have gone. The galaxy of veteran editors. Once they ruled the print media. Yesterday Kuldip Nayar died at the ripe age of 95. Khushwant Singh, B.G.Verghese, S.Nihal Singh, Inder Malhotra, Vinod Mehta, Prem Bhatia, Sham Lal, Giri Lal Jain. The present generation may not even have heard their names. But there was a time their editorials were read with reverence not only by the common reader but also by the policy makers in the Government. Their opinions were taken seriously.

Nowadays electronic media and social media has edged out the print media. Life has become so fast that nobody has neither the time nor the will to read newspapers. In our time we were advised to read editorials to improve our English vocabulary and to enhance our knowledge of current affairs. Now we even don't know the name of the editor of the newspaper we subscribe to.

I don't mean to say that we should not change with the time. The present generation is comfortable with electronic and social media; so much the better. But for our generation newspaper reading is an addiction. Our appetite to know in detail is satisfied only after reading the newspaper.

But the most unfortunate aspect is that both the print and the electronic media have been taken over by corporate sector. The editors are no longer independent. Editorial policy is decided by the proprietors. Paid media is a common feature especially during elections.

The concept of freedom of press as envisaged in the Constitution has now taken on new colours. But it is not a good sign for healthy fearless freedom of expression.

<https://www.facebook.com/search/str/kuldip+nayar+as+i+knew/stories-keyword/stories-public>

Dasu Kesava Rao

24 August at 10:29 •

i am saddened to know about Kuldip Nayar's death. Even as a student i had worked for the United News of India of which he was the general manager and editor. This was in 1965-66 when Lal Bahadur Shastri died in Tashkent and Indira Gandhi took over. Not many know that Nayar used to write what came to be known as First of the Month article as it was released on that date.

Nayar became chief of Express News Service ENS after Ramnath Goenka decided to do away with PTI and UNI after Emergency. They were merged to become State-owned Samachar. I was among the junior reporters in Indian Express at Hyderabad when he came on October 25, 1975. Mahesh Vijapurkar and Amarnath Menon were my colleagues.

After a meeting with CM J Vengal Rao, Nayar filed a report. 'can you please vet the copy and pass it on to teleprinter people?' He was addressing me. was he kidding? i was overwhelmed. He the Big Boss and a mere kid. Such was his informality and simplicity. A far far cry from today's media people with bloated ego matched only by the intellectual shallowness. May his soul rest in peace.



کلدیپ نیئر کا پاکستانی پیر

محمد حنیف

انڈیا اور پاکستان کے درمیان امن کی خواہش رکھنے والوں اور اس خواہش کے اظہار کے طور پر واگہہ بارڈر کے دونوں طرف کھڑے ہو کر شمعیں روشن کرنے والوں کو ہمارے کچھ بھائی موم بتی مافیا کہتے ہیں۔ اگر مافیا ہوگی تو ڈان بھی ہو گا اور اس بھولی بھالی مافیا کا اصلی تے وڈا ڈان کلدیپ نیئر تھا۔

وہ 95 برس کی عمر میں فوت ہوئے ہیں۔ جسے پنجابی میں کہتے ہیں کھاہنڈا کر گئے ہیں یا جسے اردو میں کہتے ہیں کہ ایک بھر پور زندگی گزاری۔ دھڑلے کے صحافی اور لکھاری تھے۔ حکومت کے چہیتے بھی رہے اور اسی حکومت نے انھیں جیل میں بھی ڈالا لیکن آخری دنوں تک انھیں اپنی جنم بھومی سیالکوٹ نہیں بھولا۔

ان کی سیالکوٹ سے محبت کا ایک مختصر سا قصہ ہندوستانی لکھاری اور شاعر گلزار نے لکھا ہے۔ وہی گلزار جنھیں جہلم میں اپنا آبائی گاؤں دینہ کبھی نہیں بھولا۔

کلدیپ نیئر اور گلزار ایک کار میں سوار 14 اگست کی شام واگہہ بارڈر کی جانب رواں دواں ہیں۔ مشن وہی کہ واگہہ پہنچ کر موم بتیاں جلائی جائیں، امن کے کچھ گیت گائے جائیں۔ کلدیپ کہتے ہیں کہ یہ سڑک اگر یونہی چلتی جائے اور رستے میں بارڈر چیک پوسٹ نہ آئے تو ہم میرے آبائی گھر پہنچ جائیں گے سیالکوٹ میں۔ اگر مجھے جانے دیں تو میں وہاں سے کیا چرالوں گا۔ کیا اس طرف چوروں کی کمی ہے۔ کیا ہماری طرف چوروں کی کمی ہے۔

پھر وہ گلزار کی تحریک پر سیالکوٹ میں اپنے بچپن کا حال سناتے ہیں۔ سارے رشتہ داروں کے گھر آس پاس تھے۔ بچ میں ایک خالی میدان تھا جس میں پھیل کا ایک قدیم درخت تھا جس کے نیچے ایک پرانی قبر تھی۔

کوئی نہیں جانتا تھا کہ یہ کس کی قبر ہے لیکن میری ماں کو یقین تھا کہ یہ ان کے پیر صاحب کی قبر ہے۔ وہ پتیل کے درخت کے نیچے پوجا پاٹھ کرنے کے بعد قبر پر دیا جلاتیں۔ گھر میں کوئی مسئلہ ہوتا تو پیر صاحب کی قبر پر جا کر روتیں اور انھیں اپنا مسئلہ بتاتیں۔

گھر میں کوئی خوشی، کوئی غم ہو پیر صاحب کو چڑھا دیا ضرور جاتا۔ میرے سکول کے امتحان ہوتے تو اماں کہتیں پہلے پیر صاحب کو ماتھا ٹیکو پھر سکول جاؤ۔ مجھ سے تو پیر صاحب نے کبھی کچھ نہیں کہا لیکن میری والدہ کے خوابوں میں آتے تھے اور ان سے باتیں بھی کرتے تھے۔

گلزار پوچھتے ہیں کہ کیا آپ کی والدہ نے آپ کو بتایا کہ پیر صاحب کی شکل و صورت کیسی ہے۔ کلدیپ مسکراتے ہیں اور کہتے ہیں ساری عمر انویسٹیگیٹر پورٹر رہا ہوں، میں نے بالکل اپنی اماں سے پوچھا اور میری اماں نے جو بتایا وہ بالکل سچ نکلا۔ پیر صاحب بالکل ویسے ہی تھے جیسا میری والدہ نے بتایا تھا۔

گلزار نے ہکا بکا ہو کر پوچھا، آپ نے پیر صاحب کو کہاں دیکھا؟

کلدیپ بتاتے ہیں کہ جب ایمر جنسی لگی تو اندرا گاندھی کی حکومت نے کئی سیاستدانوں اور صحافیوں کو جیل میں ڈال دیا۔ میں نے جیل سے پوچھا، مجھے کس نے بند کیا ہے اس نے کہا میڈم نے لیکن آپ چند ہی دنوں میں چھوٹ جائیں گے۔ دن پر دن گزرتے گئے اور میری تہاڑ جیل سے رہائی کی کوئی صورت نہ تھی۔

پھر ایک دن خواب میں پیر صاحب آئے۔ جیسا والدہ نے بتایا تھا بالکل ویسے ہی تھے۔ لمبی سفید داڑھی، سبز رنگ کا جبہ۔ میں نے پوچھا کہ پیر صاحب میری جیل سے رہائی کب ہوگی؟ انھوں نے کہا اگلی جمعرات کو۔ پھر انھوں نے کہا کہ بیٹا مجھے بہت سردی لگ رہی ہے اپنی چادر مجھے دے دو۔ میری آنکھ کھل گئی اور میں سوچتا رہا کہ پیر صاحب کی بات کا مطلب کیا ہے۔

میں جمعرات کا انتظار کرتا رہا، جمعرات آئی اور گزر گئی۔ میں بہت مایوس ہوا۔ جمعے کی صبح جیلر آیا تو اس نے کہا آپ کی رہائی کا حکم آ گیا ہے۔ پھر اس نے بتایا کہ حکم تو جمعرات کی رات ہی آ گیا تھا لیکن میں نے آپ کو ڈسٹرب کرنا مناسب نہیں سمجھا۔

کلدیپ نیزے گھر آکر پیر صاحب والا خواب اپنی والدہ کو سنایا۔ وہ بہت بے چین ہو گئیں۔ انھوں نے وعدہ لیا کہ تم کسی طریقے سے سیالکوٹ پہنچو اور پیر صاحب کی قبر پر چادر چڑھاؤ کیونکہ مجھے لگتا ہے کہ ان کی روح کو مکتی نہیں ملی۔

کلدیپ نیئر کو پاکستان کا ویزہ والدہ کے انتقال کے بعد ملا۔ وہ دہلی سے ایک چادر لے کر سیالکوٹ پہنچے۔ ان کا محلہ تو موجود تھا لیکن نہ پتیل کا درخت نہ کوئی قبر۔ کچھ دن ادھر ادھر پوچھتے رہے کوئی سراغ نہ ملا۔ پھر ایک دکاندار نے اعتراف کیا کہ جب ہم بنوارے کے بعد یہاں آئے تو ہمارے پاس چھوٹی سی دکان کے سوا کچھ نہیں تھا۔ یہاں پر ایک قبر تھی اس پر ہم نے گھر بنا لیا اور تب سے یہیں رہ رہے ہیں۔

کلدیپ نیئر واپس دہلی گئے اور وہی چادر نظام الدین اولیا کی درگاہ پر چڑھا کر پیر صاحب کی مکتی کے لیے دعا کی۔ دعا کی جاسکتی ہے کہ کلدیپ نیئر صاحب کی روح کو مکتی ملے اور اب ان کی آتما بغیر کسی ویزے کے جب چاہے سیالکوٹ آ سکے۔



کلدیپ نیئر صاحب

جاوید چوہدری

میرا کلدیپ نیئر صاحب سے ایک ملاقات اور تین ٹیلی فون کالز کا تعلق تھا اور آپ اگر کسی شخصیت کو سمجھنا چاہیں تو یہ تعلق بھی کم نہیں ہوتا، کلدیپ صاحب سیالکوٹ کے ٹرنک بازار میں پیدا ہوئے، والد ڈاکٹر اور والدہ ہائوس وائف تھیں، یہ لوگ پنجابی سپیکنگ تھے، کلدیپ صاحب نے لاہور کے لاء کالج سے ایل ایل بی کیا۔

یہ سیالکوٹ میں پرنٹنگس کرنا چاہتے تھے لیکن پھر ہندوستان تقسیم ہو گیا اور خاندان بھرا بھرا گیا گھر چھوڑ کر دہلی منتقل ہونے پر مجبور ہو گیا، والدہ تقسیم کو عارضی سمجھتی تھیں، ان کا خیال تھا ہنگامے ختم ہونے کے بعد یہ لوگ گھر واپس آجائیں گے، وہ اپنی قیمتی شال تک صندوق میں رکھ کر بھارت گئی تھیں، وہ سمجھتی تھیں یہ شال سفر کے دوران گندی ہو جائے گی، کلدیپ صاحب نے تقسیم کے وقت انسانیت کا خوفناک روپ دیکھا۔

ملک کے دونوں حصوں میں نشیمن بے گور و کفن پڑی تھیں، یہ لوگ لاشیں اور خون دیکھتے دیکھتے ہندوستان پہنچے اور پھر کبھی واپس نہ آ سکے لیکن سیالکوٹ اور لاہور ہمیشہ ہمیشہ کے لیے کلدیپ نیئر کی زندگی کا حصہ بن گئے، یہ ان سے کبھی باہر نہ آ سکے، یہ ہندوستان پہنچ کر وکیل کے بجائے صحافی بن گئے، دہلی کے اردو روزنامہ انجام سے کیئر یئر شروع کیا اور پھر واپس مڑ کر نہیں دیکھا۔ یہ یونائیٹڈ نیوزمانڈیا اور دی اسٹیشن مین جیسے اخبارات کے ایڈیٹر بھی رہے اور آخری سانس تک کالم بھی لکھتے رہے۔

یہ کالم ہندوستان کے 80 اخبارات میں 14 مختلف زبانوں میں شائع ہوتا تھا، یہ گورنمنٹ سرورٹ بھی رہے، بھارتی وزیر اعظم لال بہادر شاستری کے ساتھ بھی کام کیا، اندرا گاندھی کے ساتھ بھی رہے، برطانیہ میں ہائی کمشنر بھی رہے اور یہ چھ سال راجیہ سبھا کے ممبر بھی رہے، پوری زندگی پاکستان اور بھارت کے درمیان تعلقات ٹھیک کرنے کی کوشش کرتے رہے لیکن ناکام ہوئے، آخر میں وہ بھارت اور پاکستان دونوں کے شدت پسندوں پر لعنت بھیجتے تھے۔

کلدیپ صاحب کے ساتھ میرا تعلق 1998ء میں قائم ہوا اور سیالکوٹ کے ایک نامعلوم درویش اس تعلق کی وجہ بنے، یہ لوگ جب سیالکوٹ کے ٹرنک بازار میں رہتے تھے تو ان کے گھر میں کسی نامعلوم درویش کی قبر تھی، والدہ نے اس قبر کو ”اون“ کر لیا تھا، وہ قبر پر جھاڑو بھی دیتی تھیں، چادر بھی چڑھاتی تھیں اور پھول بھی رکھتی تھیں، خاندان کے تمام بچے اس قبر کے ساتھ کھیل کر جوان ہوئے تھے، یہ لوگ قبر کے درویش کو اپنا پیر مانتے تھے اور اکثر اوقات چھوٹی بڑی منتیں مانگتے رہتے تھے۔

خاندان 1947ء میں سیالکوٹ سے دہلی شفٹ ہو گیا لیکن پیر صاحب پوری زندگی ان کے ساتھ رہے، اندرا گاندھی نے 1975ء میں ایمر جنسی لگائی تو کلدیپ صاحب دی اسٹیشن مین انڈیا کے ایڈیٹر تھے، یہ بھی گرفتار ہوئے اور تہاڑ جیل میں بند کر دیے گئے، جیل کے حالات بہت مخدوش تھے، یہ مشکل ترین دنوں سے گزر رہے تھے، ایک رات ایک نورانی بزرگ خواب میں آئے، ان کے ماتھے پر پوسادیا اور فرمایا، کلدیپ آپ فکر نہ کرو آپ فلاں تاریخ کو رہا ہو جائو گے۔

کلدیپ صاحب نے پوچھا ”آپ کون ہیں“ بزرگ نے جواب دیا ”میں تمہارے گھر کی قبر کا رہائشی ہوں“ میں تمہارا پیر ہوں، بزرگ یہ کہہ کر چلے گئے، خواب ٹوٹ گیا، کلدیپ نیز بزرگ کے بتائے دن کا انتظار کرتے رہے لیکن ان کی رہائی کا حکم نہ آیا، وہ دن گزر گیا، یہ اگلی صبح دل برداشتہ سے اٹھے، جیل کا سپرنٹنڈنٹ آیا اور انھیں بتایا کل رات آپ کی رہائی کا پروانہ آگیا تھا لیکن ہم نے سوچا آپ آرام کر رہے ہوں گے چنانچہ آپ کو صبح اطلاع دیں گے، بزرگ کی پیشین گوئی سچ ثابت ہوئی، یہ رہا ہو گئے، نیز صاحب نے باہر نکل کر فیصلہ کیا یہ جب بھی پاکستان جائیں گے۔

یہ سیالکوٹ جا کر پیر صاحب کی قبر پر چادر چڑھائیں گے، یہ 1987ء میں پاکستان آئے، جنرل ضیاء الحق اور ڈاکٹر عبد القدیر سے ملاقات کی اور وہ تہلکہ خیز انٹرویو کیا جس میں ڈاکٹر عبد القدیر نے انکشاف کیا پاکستان جوہری بم بننا چاہے، یہ انٹرویو کے بعد حکومت کی خصوصی اجازت کے ساتھ سیالکوٹ گئے، ٹرنک بازار آئے، اپنا قدیم گھر تلاش کیا اور پیر صاحب کی قبر کھوجنا شروع کی تو پتہ چلا کسی ستم ظریف نے قبر پر دکان بنا دی ہے اور پیر صاحب اب کہیں دکان کے نیچے مدفون ہیں، کلدیپ نیز شدید ڈپریشن میں چلے گئے۔

چادر دکان میں چھوڑی اور یہ کہتے ہوئے سیالکوٹ سے نکل گئے ”میں کن قبضہ گیروں میں آگیا ہوں“۔ مجھے یہ واقعہ ان کے ساتھ موجود سرکاری افسر نے سنایا تھا، میں نے 1998ء میں اس واقعے کی بنیاد پر کالم لکھا، وہ کالم ہندوستان کے کسی اخبار میں ری پروڈیوس ہوا، کلدیپ نیز تک پنچا، وہ پاکستان آرہے تھے، چوہدری اعتراز احسن ان کے میزبان تھے، کلدیپ صاحب نے چوہدری صاحب کو کہا اور چوہدری صاحب نے مجھے کھانے پر بلالیا یوں میری اسلام آباد میں چوہدری اعتراز احسن کے گھر ان سے پہلی اور آخری ملاقات ہوئی۔

وہ بڑی دیر تک میرا ہاتھ پکڑ کر بیٹھے رہے اور اپنے پیر صاحب کا ذکر کرتے رہے، ان کا کہنا تھا ہم لوگ آج بھی مشکل میں مندر یا گوردوارے نہیں جاتے، ہم اپنے پیر صاحب سے رابطہ کرتے ہیں اور حیران کن حد تک ہمارا کام ہو جاتا ہے، ان کا کہنا تھا، میں جوانی میں مرے کالج سیالکوٹ کا طالب علم تھا، میں نے ایف سی کالج لاہور میں اچلائی کیا، میرا نام میرٹ لسٹ میں نہیں آیا، میں نے قبر پر جا کر دعا کی اور اگلے ہی دن میرا داخلہ ہو گیا۔

ہم لوگ پیر صاحب کو اس قدر مانتے تھے کہ ہم سیالکوٹ شہر چھوڑنے سے پہلے بھی ان کی قبر پر گئے، قبر کی صفائی کی، اس کا بوسہ لیا، دعا کی اور ان سے ہندوستان جانے کی اجازت لی، مجھے آج تک یاد ہے قبر پر اس وقت خشک پتوں کا ڈھیر لگا تھا، میری والدہ قبر صاف کرنا چاہتی تھیں لیکن میں نے روک دیا، میں نے ان سے کہا، ہم اگر یہ صاف کر دیں تو بھی چند لمحوں میں نئے پتے اسے دوبارہ ڈھانپ دیں گے، وہ اس کے بعد دیر تک پیر صاحب کے معجزے سناتے رہے، ان کا کہنا تھا ہمارے بچے کبھی اس قبر پر نہیں آئے لیکن یہ اس کے باوجود ان کے مرید ہیں، یہ بھی ان کو یاد کر کے دعائیں مانگتے ہیں۔

میں ان دنوں آج کے مقابلے میں زیادہ احمق ہوتا تھا چنانچہ میں نے بڑی بد تمیزی سے عرض کیا ”آپ اگر پیر صاحب کو اتنا ہی مانتے ہیں تو آپ مسلمان کیوں نہیں ہو جاتے“ مرحوم احمد فراز اور مولانا فضل الرحمن بھی وہاں موجود تھے، مولانا یہ سن کر ہنس پڑے جب کہ احمد فراز نے قہقہہ لگا کر پنجابی میں کہا ”کلدیپ ہمارے نوجوانوں کا بس نہیں چلتا ورنہ یہ تم جیسے لوگوں پر استرے تک استعمال کر جائیں“ کلدیپ صاحب نے بھی قہقہہ لگایا اور میرا ہاتھ دبا کر کہا ”میں تمہیں اپنے پیر صاحب سے پوچھ کر بتاؤں گا“۔

میری کلدیپ نیز صاحب کے ساتھ اس کے بعد تین بار ٹیلی فون پر گفتگو ہوئی، میں نے کسی 14 اگست پر قائد اعظم محمد علی جناح کی حیات کے چند واقعات سنائے تھے، کلدیپ صاحب نے مجھے فون کیا اور دو مزید واقعات سنائے، ان کا کہنا تھا، قائد اعظم 1945ء میں لاء کالج آئے تھے، میں اس وقت دوسرے سال کا طالب علم تھا، میں نے قائد اعظم سے کہا، سر میرا خیال ہے انگریز کے جانے کے بعد ہندوستان کے مسلمان اور ہندو ایک دوسرے کو کاٹ کر کھا جائیں گے، ہم دشمن بن کر آئے سناٹے کھڑے ہو جائیں گے۔

قائد اعظم نے مسکرا کر جواب دیا ”نہیں“ میں سمجھتا ہوں ہم دونوں اچھے ہمسایوں اور اچھے دوستوں کی طرح رہیں گے“ قائد اعظم کا کہنا تھا فرانس اور جرمنی طویل عرصہ تک ایک دوسرے سے لڑتے رہے یہ دوسری جنگ عظیم کے بعد اب دوست بن رہے ہیں ہم بھی دوست بن جائیں گے“ میں نے پوچھا ”سرفرض کیجیے ملک تقسیم ہونے کے بعد اگر کوئی تیسرا ملک ہندوستان پر حملہ کرتا ہے تو پاکستان کا ریکشن کیا ہو گا۔“

قائد اعظم نے جواب دیا ”پاکستانی جوان ہندوستانی فوجیوں کے ساتھ مل کر لڑیں گے“ آپ یہ مت بھولو خون پانی سے گاڑھا ہوتا ہے“ میں خاموش ہو گیا“ میں آج تک خاموش ہوں اور میں اس وقت کا انتظار کر رہا ہوں جب پاکستان اور بھارت فرانس اور جرمنی کی طرح اچھے ہمسائے اور اچھے دوست بنیں گے“ ان کا دوسرا واقعہ قائد اعظم محمد علی جناح کے سیکرٹری کے ایچ خورشید سے متعلق تھا“ ان کا کہنا تھا مجھے کے ایچ خورشید نے بتایا تھا پاک نیوی کا ایک افسر قائد اعظم کے اسٹاف میں شامل تھا۔

افسر کے والدین تقسیم کے دوران ہندوؤں کے ہاتھوں قتل ہو گئے تھے وہ بہت اداس رہتا تھا اس نے ایک دن گورنر جنرل ہائوس میں بڑے روکھے انداز سے قائد اعظم سے پوچھا ”کیا ہندوستان کی تقسیم ایک صحیح قدم تھا“ ہم سب یہ سوال سن کر سنائے میں آگئے اور فاطمہ جناح قائد اعظم کی طرف دیکھنے لگیں“ قائد اعظم نے تھوڑی دیر سوچا اور پھر فرمایا ”میں سردست کچھ نہیں کہہ سکتا“ یہ فیصلہ آنے والی نسلیں کریں گی۔“ پٹھان کوٹ کے واقعے کے بعد میری ان سے بات ہوئی اور میں نے ان سے پوچھا کیا آپ اپنی زندگی میں پاکستان اور بھارت کے تعلقات کو بہتر دیکھتے ہیں“ مجھے فون پر لمبی سانس کی آواز سنائی دی اور وہ بولے ”مولانا ابوالکلام آزاد ایک بار ٹرین پر علی گڑھ سے گزر رہے تھے۔

مسلمان طالب علموں نے انھیں ریلوے اسٹیشن پر پہچان لیا اور ان کے منہ پر تھوک دیا“ آزاد صاحب نے اس وقت فرمایا تھا، نفرت کی بنیاد پر بننے والے ملک اس وقت تک قائم رہتے ہیں جب تک نفرت موجود رہتی ہے“ میں آج تک آزاد صاحب کے لفظوں پر حیران ہوں“ بے شک ہندوستان اور پاکستان نے نفرت سے جنم لیا ہے“ یہ نفرت ان کی بنیاد ہے“ یہ بنیاد اس وقت تک قائم رہے گی جب تک کوئی بڑا حادثہ پیش نہیں آ جاتا“ وہ ر کے اور کہا ”میں 93 سال کا ہو چکا ہوں“ میں آج سمجھتا ہوں دونوں ملکوں کے درمیان موجود نفرت کی دیوار ہیر و شیمیا اور ناگاساکی جیسے کسی بڑے سانحے کا انتظار کر رہی ہے۔“

کلدیپ نیئر 23 اگست کو 95 سال کی عمر میں انتقال کر گئے“ یہ آنجنابی ہو گئے“ میں نے یہ خبر سنی تو مجھے ان کے الفاظ یاد آ گئے اور میرے دل سے دعا نکلی“ اللہ کرے کلدیپ نیئر صاحب کی پیش گوئی سچ ثابت نہ ہو“ قدرت ہمیں کسی بڑے سانحے سے بچائے“ یہ خطہ کوئی بڑی مصیبت افورڈ نہیں کر سکتا۔



کلدیپ نیئر: ہندوپاک کے درمیان بہتر رشتوں کا نقیب چلا گیا

افتخار گیلانی

کسی پنڈت نے پیشین گوئی کی تھی کہ اگست کا مہینہ ملک کیلئے بھاری ہو گا۔ لگتا ہے کہ یہ پیشین گوئی حرف بہ حرف سچ ثابت ہو رہی ہے۔ نہ صرف جنوبی صوبہ کیرالہ میں سیلاب سے تباہی ہوئی ہے، بلکہ سرکردہ افراد کی اموات کا گویا ایک سلسلہ سا شروع ہو گیا۔ ابھی تامل ناڈو کے سابق وزیر اعلیٰ کروناندھی کی موت کا سوگ جاری تھا کہ مغربی بنگال سے خبر آئی کہ بائیں بازو کے لیڈر اور سابق اسپیکر سومناٹھ چٹرجی چل بے۔ ابھی ان کی تعزیت کا سلسلہ جاری تھا کہ سابق وزیر اعظم اٹل بھاری واجپائی انتقال کر گئے اور ساتھ ہی ممبئی کانگریس کے مقتدر لیڈر اور سابق مرکزی وزیر گورو داس کامت کی موت کی خبر آگئی۔

اسی دوران سرکردہ صحافی اور کالم نویس کلدیپ نیئر نے دہلی کے ایک نجی اسپتال میں آخری سانس لی۔ وہ ہندوستان اور پاکستان کے درمیان بہتر رشتوں کے نقیب نیز سیالکوٹ، لاہور اور دہلی کے درمیان رابطہ کی آخری کڑی تھے۔ اس معاملے میں وہ اپنے آپ کو ”لاعلاج امید پرست“ بتاتے تھے۔ چونکہ کالج و اسکول کے زمانے میں جن صحافیوں کی تحریروں کو پڑھنے کا موقع ملتا تھا، ان میں کلدیپ نیئر، خوشنونت سنگھ، اردون شوری اور ایم جے اکبر میرے پسندیدہ لکھاری تھے۔ اسکی وجہ ان کی طرز تحریر کے ساتھ ساتھ ان کا انٹیلیجنٹ رومیہ بھی تھا۔

میرے دہلی آنے تک ایم جے اکبر چلانگ لگا کر اسٹینبلشمنٹ کی صف میں شامل ہو کر کانگریس کے ٹکٹ پر انتخابات میں قسمت آزمائی کر چکے تھے۔ آج کل مودی حکومت میں وزیر مملکت برائے امور خارجہ ہیں۔ اردن شوری نے انڈین ایکسپریس کے ایڈیٹر کی حیثیت سے تفتیشی صحافت کا ایک معیار فراہم کیا تھا، جس کو اس اخبار نے ابھی تک قائم و دائم رکھا ہے۔ میری جزییشن اور موجودہ ابھرتے ہوئے صحافیوں میں ایک واضح فرق ہے کہ ہمارے رول ماڈل اسٹینبلشمنٹ کو ہر دم احتساب کی سولی پر لٹکانے والے صحافی ہوتے تھے۔ جبکہ آج کی جزییشن حکومت کے قریبی یا گودی صحافیوں کو پذیرائی بخشی ہے۔ وزیر اعظم یا کسی بھی مقتدر سیاستدان کا قرب اب کامیابی کی ضمانت اور رول ماڈل کی تشریح ہے۔

خیر چونکہ کلدیپ نیئر کی تحریریں باقاعدگی کے ساتھ مطالعہ میں رہتی تھیں، دہلی آنے کے بعد میں ان کی تلاش میں نکل پڑا۔ معلوم ہوا کہ وہ ایرپورٹ کے پاس وسنت وہار علاقہ میں رہتے ہیں۔ ایک دن پوچھتے پوچھتے بغیر اپائنٹمنٹ ان کا دروازہ کھٹکھٹایا۔ ان کے ملازم نے پوچھا کہ کیا ملاقات کا وقت طے ہوا ہے، تو پہلی بار معلوم ہوا کہ سر کردہ افراد سے ملنے کیلئے وقت لینا پڑتا ہے۔ پسینہ سے شرابور میری حالت دیکھ کر ادیر سن کر کہ میں کشمیر سے وارد ہوا ہوں، اس نے اندر اطلاع بھیجی اور چند ساعتوں کے بعد مجھے ڈرائنگ روم میں بٹھایا۔

نیئر صاحب کافی محبت سے ملے اور اپنی صحافت کے ابتدائی دنوں کو یاد کر کے میری حوصلہ افزائی کی۔ بس انہوں نے تاکید کی کہ آنے سے قبل فون پر وقت ضرور لے لیا کروں۔ اتوار کی دوپہر ان کے یہاں اچھی خاصی محفل جمی تھی۔ ان کا حلقہ احباب بھی خاصا وسیع تھا۔ پرانے لاہور کے ساتھی، دہلی کا پنجابی حلقہ، ایڈیٹرز، موجودہ وزیر خزانہ اردن جیٹلی سمیت سیاستدان، وکلاء اور صنعت کاروں کا ایک جم غفیر ہوتا تھا۔ اس محفل میں دہلی کے پاور گلیاروں کی گپ شپ، سیاست کی پس پردہ کہانیاں اور کئی سر کردہ افراد کی نجی زندگیوں پر سیر حاصل معلومات ہو جاتی تھی۔

ایک کامیاب اور مایہ ناز صحافی ہونے کے باوجود آج کل کے اینکروں اور ایڈیٹروں کے برعکس ان میں تکبر کا شائبہ تک نہیں تھا۔ اپنا کالم لکھنے سے قبل وہ اس موضوع کو کور کرنے والے رپورٹر سے معلومات حاصل کرنے کیلئے ضرور رابطہ کرتے تھے۔ ان کا آخری کالم پچھلے ہفتے آسام میں شہریت کے قضیہ سے متعلق تھا۔ اسپتال میں بھرتی ہونے سے قبل انہوں نے فون پر پوچھا کہ وہ ہماری اس رپورٹر سے بات کرنا چاہتے ہیں جو اس موضوع کو کور کر رہی تھی۔ ہم نے اس رپورٹر کو جو خود بھی آسام کی بی بی ہے، اس قضیہ کو کور کرنے کیلئے گوبائی بھیجا ہوا تھا۔ وہ خود کو عقل کل سمجھنے والوں میں نہیں تھے۔

کلدیپ نیز 14 اگست 1923 کو سیالکوٹ میں پیدا ہوئے اور اس مناسبت سے اپنی نسبت علامہ اقبال سے جوڑتے تھے۔ دونوں کے آبائی مکانات کے درمیان کچھ ہی دوری تھی۔ اپنے بچپن میں ان سے ملاقات کا تذکرہ اکثر و بیشتر کیا کرتے تھے:

میں چند ساتھیوں کے ساتھ اسکول سے بھاگ کر علامہ اقبال سے ملنے کے شوق میں ان کی حویلی کے پاس آیا۔ وہ برآمدے میں کام کر رہے کچھ ملازمین کو ڈانٹ رہے تھے۔ ہم لوگ ان کی تیز آواز سن کر خوف سے جھاڑی میں چھپ کر انہیں دیکھتے رہے۔ ان دنوں علامہ اقبال اپنے وطن سیالکوٹ کبھی کبھی آتے تھے اور پھر انکی حویلی دوسرے بڑے لیڈروں کی آماجگاہ بن جاتی تھی۔

نیز کے والد ڈاکٹر گر بخش سنگھ سیالکوٹ کے مشہور سرجن تھے۔ انکے تمام بھائیوں نے ڈاکٹری کی پڑھائی مکمل کی تھی۔ مگر کلدیپ نیز کو وکالت سے شغف تھا۔ اس لیے لاہور منتقل ہوئے اور یہاں راجندر پتھر جو کہ بعد میں دہلی ہائی کورٹ کے چیف جسٹس بنے، سے ملاقات ہوئی۔ دوستی اتنی بڑھی کہ دونوں نے ایک دوسرے کی بہن سے شادی کر لی۔ تقسیم کے وقت جب فسادات پھوٹ پڑے، سیالکوٹ ابھی اسکی لپیٹ میں نہیں آیا تھا مگر ہر دم خدشہ لاحق تھا اور لٹے پٹے ریشمی جیوں کے قافلے آرہے تھے۔

ان کے والد کے ایک رفیق آرمی آفیسر چیپ میں سلمان لیکر دہلی جا رہے تھے۔ ایک رات اس نے ان کے والد سے کہا کہ ان کی چیپ میں ایک شخص کی گنجائش ہے وہ ان کے کسی بیٹے کو دہلی چھوڑنے کی پیشکش کر رہے تھے۔ والد نے بڑے بیٹے کو جانے کیلئے کہا، مگر اس نے منع کیا۔ کوئی خاندان کو اکیلے چھوڑ کر جانے کیلئے تیار نہیں تھا۔ ان کے والد نے قرعہ نکالا، جس میں کلدیپ کا نام نکلا۔ اگلے روز صبح سویرے چیپ میں سوار ہوتے ہوئے کسی کو یقین نہیں تھا کہ دوبارہ منہ دیکھنا نصیب ہوگا۔ راستے میں انسانوں کے وحشی پن، قتل و غارت گری کا براہ راست مشاہدہ کرتے ہوئے رات کے اندھیرے میں دہلی کے فصیل بند شہر کے دہلی دروازہ کے پاس دریائے گنگ کے مقام پر فوجی افسر نے ان کو اتارا۔

فٹ پاتھ پر کھڑے ہو کر پرانے شہر میں نہ جان نہ پہچان، جائیں تو جائیں کہاں، یہ سوچتے ہوئے سڑک کی دوسری طرف کیونٹ پارٹی آف انڈیا کے دفتر کے بورڈ پر نظر پڑی۔ سیالکوٹ اور لاہور میں بائیں بازو کی سیاست سے ان کا رابطہ رہا تھا۔ دفتر میں کیونٹ پارٹی کی دہلی شاخ کے جنرل سیکرٹری ایم مقیم الدین براہمن تھے۔ نیز نے ان سے درخواست کی کہ ان کو کسی وکیل کے جو نیز کے بطور ملازم مت دلا کر ان کے روزگار کا کچھ بندوبست کریں۔ مگر مقیم الدین نے ان سے کہا کہ دہلی میں وکالت میں ان کا جتنا مشکل ہے، تاہم ایک اردو اخبار انجام کو سب ایڈیٹر درکار ہے وہ ان کو تعارفی خط دیکر ان کے خرچے کا بندوبست کر سکتے ہیں۔

ایک طرح سے کلڈیپ نیئر کی صحافت کا آغاز انجام سے ہوا۔ ڈیڑھ سال وہاں کام کرنے کے بعد پرانی دہلی میں ہی ایک دوسرے اخبار وحدت کی ادارت میں چلے گئے۔ اسی دوران آفس سے متصل ایک کنبیا نما کمرے میں وہ ایک بزرگ شخص کو کھانتے ہوئے دیکھ کر دق ہوتے تھے اور غصہ بھی ہوتے تھے کہ یہ شخص اپنا علاج کیوں نہیں کرتا ہے۔ اس کنبیاں کتاہوں کا انبار بھی لگا ہوا تھا۔ معلوم ہوا کہ دمہ کے مریض یہ بزرگ کوئی اور نہیں بلکہ مولانا حسرت موہانی ہیں۔ وہ آئین ساز اسمبلی کے رکن بھی تھے۔ آنا جانا شروع ہوا۔

ایک دن مولانا نے کہا کہ اردو صحافت کا مستقبل ہندوستان میں مخدوش ہے۔ مشورہ دیا کہ انگریزی میں قسمت آزمائی کرو اور فی الحال ولایت جا کر صحافت کی پڑھائی کرو۔ خاندان والے دہلی آچکے تھے، مگر وہ سیالکوٹ کے ٹھاٹ بھاٹ کہاں، باز آباد کاری کے دشوار کن مرحلے سے گزر رہے تھے۔ مولانا نے امریکہ جانے کیلئے نہ صرف ان کو خرچہ دیا بلکہ نار تھ ویسٹرن یونیورسٹی میں ایڈمیشن کیلئے اسکالرشپ حاصل کروانے میں بھی مدد کی۔ جرنلزم میں ماسٹرس کی ڈگری لیکر جب نیئر لوٹے تو مولانا انتقال ہو چکا تھا۔ انگریزی اور ولایت کا ٹھپہ لگتے ہی ان کو ہاتھوڑا، اتھ لیا گیا۔ پہلے پلاننگ کمیشن بعد میں وہ وزیر ریلوے لال بہادر شاستری کے پریس آفیسر مقرر ہوئے۔

جب شاستری وزیر اعظم بنے تو ان کو بھی وزارت اعظمی آفس ساتھ لیکر گئے۔ 1961 میں پریس ٹرسٹ آف انڈیا کے مقابل ایک نئی نیوز ایجنسی یونائیٹڈ نیوز آف انڈیا یعنی یو این آئی کا قیام عمل میں آیا تو اسکے بانی چیف ایڈیٹر و جنرل منیجر مقرر ہوئے۔ بعد میں اس وقت کے صف اول کے انگریزی اخبار اسٹیشن مین کے دہلی ایڈیشن کے ریڈیٹنٹ ایڈیٹر اور پھر لمبے عرصے تک انڈین ایکسپریس کے چیف ایڈیٹر رہے۔ 1975 میں جب وزیر اعظم اندرا گاندھی نے ملک میں ایمر جنسی نافذ کی تو پریس کلب آف انڈیا میں سینہ تان کر مقابلہ کرنے کیلئے کھڑے ہو گئے اور جیل چلے گئے۔

سیالکوٹ کی یادیں ابھی ذہن سے محو نہیں ہوئی تھیں۔ اکثر محفلوں میں تہاڑ جیل میں گزرے دنوں کو یاد کرتے ہوئے کہتے تھے کہ رہائی سے ہفتہ بھر قبل خواب میں سیالکوٹ کا گھر اور ایک نورانی صورت نظر آتی تھی۔ وہ میرا ہاتھ پکڑنے کی کوشش کرتے تھے اور اسی کشش میں جیل میں گنتی کیلئے آواز لگتی تھی۔ چند روز بعد رہائی کا پروانہ آگیا۔ گھر پر جب یہ واقعہ سنایا، تو والدہ نے کہا کہ سیالکوٹ میں ان کے گھر کے کچھوڑے میں ایک پیر صاحب کی قبر تھی وہ اسکی صفائی ستھرائی کا خیال رکھتی تھی۔ اور کچھ اسی طرح کا خواب وہ بھی کئی روز سے دیکھ رہی ہیں۔ اب وہ وہاں جانے کیلئے مصر تھیں۔ مگر 1980 میں ان کا انتقال ہو گیا۔“

چند ماہ بعد دونوں حکومتوں کی رضامندی سے کلڈیپ نیئر کو پاکستان جانے کی راہداری ملی۔ لاہور سے ٹرین میں سیالکوٹ کے تین گھنٹے کے سفر میں یادیں اس سے دو گنی رفتار سے گزرتی ہو رہی تھیں۔ ریلوے اسٹیشن

سے باہر آتے ہی، مانوس فضا، لاریوں اور تانگوں کی قطاریں، وہی سڑکیں نظر آرہی تھیں۔ اس واقعہ کو یاد کرتے ہوئے وہ کہتے تھے؛ کہ

ہوش کس کو تھا، میں پیدل ہی آگے بڑھتا گیا۔ چوک پر ایک حکیم اور لالہ کی دکان ہوتی تھی۔ 1947 سے قبل جب لاہور سے آتا تھا تو گھر پہنچنے کی جلدی میں ان کی دکان سے کتر کر چلتا تھا۔ دیکھتے ہی وہ آواز لگاتے تھے۔ ادی کلدیپالاہور کی گپ شپ سنا۔ ملک کی سیاست، گاندھی، جناح و نہرو کی مصروفیات وغیرہ کی پوری تفصیلات سننے کے بعد ہی وہ آگے بڑھنے دیتے تھے۔

مگر آج کسی طرف سے کوئی آواز نہیں آرہی تھی۔ بازار سے گذرتے ہوئے ایک ایک چہرے کو پہچانے کی کوشش کر رہا تھا کہ کوئی پوچھے کہ کلدیپ کب آئے ہو۔ جگہ تو مانوس تھی مگر چہرے نا مانوس تھے۔ نیز کا کہنا تھا کہ پہلی بار ادراک ہوا کہ وطن مٹی، گارے، پتھر اور سینٹ سے بنے کسی ڈھانچے کا نام نہیں، بلکہ زندہ روحوں اور وجودوں سے ملک بنتا ہے۔ آبائی مکان کے پاس پہنچے تو اندر مرا ہوا چکا تھا۔ وہ دیوار سے زار و قطار لپٹ کر رو رہے تھے، کہ کمینوں کو کچھ کھٹ پٹ کی آوازیں آئی، اور ان کو پکڑ کر پوچھ گچھ کرنے لگے۔ مگر جب ان کو معلوم ہوا کہ یہ کلدیپ نیز ہیں، تو عزت و احترام کے ساتھ اندر لے گئے پورا محلہ جمع ہو گیا تھا۔ نیز نے کہا وہ مکان کے کچھواڑے پیر صاحب کی قبر کی زیارت کرنا چاہتے ہیں۔ کمینوں کو پتہ بھی نہیں تھا کہ وہاں کوئی مزار ہے۔

کشمیر کے بارے میں ان کا اپنا ایک نظریہ تھا، جس سے میرا ان کا ہمیشہ اختلاف رہتا تھا۔ انسانی حقوق کے معاملے میں وہ حکومت کو آڑے ہاتھوں تو لیتے تھے، مگر اس کی بنیادی وجہ کو صرف نظر کرتے تھے۔ جنوری 1993 میں جموں کشمیر لبریشن فرنٹ کے صدر یسین ملک کا دوران حراست دہلی کے آل انڈیا انسٹی ٹیوٹ آف میڈیکل سائنس میں دل کا بائی پاس آپریشن ہوا۔ آپریشن کے فوراً بعد ہی انہوں نے اسپتال کے انتہائی نگہداشت وارڈ میں ہی کشمیر میں اتر ہوتی ہوئی صورت حال کے خلاف بھوک ہڑتال شروع کر دی۔

ان کا مطالبہ تھا کہ حکومت ہندوستان عالمی تنظیم انٹرنیشنل کو کشمیر میں انسانی حقوق کی صورت حال کی جانچ کرنے کی اجازت دے۔ ان کی حالت روز بہ روز بگڑ رہی تھی۔ ہندوستانی انٹیلی جنس ایجنسیوں نے کلدیپ نیز کو تیار کیا کہ وہ ملک صاحب کو سمجھائیں کہ انٹرنیشنل کو کشمیر جانے کی اجازت کی ضد چھوڑ دیں، اس کے عوض میں ہندوستانی انسانی حقوق کے کارکنوں کو کشمیر میں زیادتیوں کی تحقیق کی اجازت دی جاسکتی ہے۔ مجھے یاد ہے کہ گاندھی پریس فاؤنڈیشن کے ایک کمرے میں پیپلز یونین فار سول لیبرٹیز، اسٹیزنز فار ڈیموکریسی اور پیپلز رائٹس آرگنائزیشن جیسی حقوق انسانی کی تنظیموں کو مدعو کیا گیا تھا۔

نیز کا کہنا تھا کہ ایک مشترکہ وفد کو کشمیر جا کر حالات کا جائزہ لینا چاہئے۔ میں نے اور مرحوم ایڈوکیٹ سالار محمد خان اور پروفیسر اروند گھوش نے اسکی شدت کے ساتھ مخالفت کی۔ ہمارا خیال تھا کہ اسوقت ہندوستان بری طرح عالمی دباؤ کا شکار تھا اور تھوڑی اور کوشش سے ایمنسٹی کو کشمیر جانے کی اجازت مل سکتی ہے اور نہ بھی ملے تو اقوام متحدہ کے انسانی حقوق کے ادارے میں اسکی سرزنش کی گنجائش ہے۔ یاد رہے کہ اسوقت ہندوستانی معیشت کی حالت خستہ تھی۔ سرکاری خزانے میں سونا تک مغربی ممالک میں گروی رکھا جا چکا تھا۔ اس کا بہترین دوست سویت یونین ٹوٹ کر بکھر چکا تھا۔ اور آخر خفیہ ایجنسیوں کو انسانی حقوق سے کیا لینا دینا کہ وہ ہماری پذیرائی کرنے کیلئے تیار ہیں۔ خیر ہم نے اس وفد سے اپنے آپ کو علیحدہ کر دیا۔

جسٹس سچر اور کلڈیپ نیز لینین ملک سے ملنے اسپتال پہنچے اور ان کو یقین دلایا کہ ان کی رپورٹ ایمنسٹی کی رپورٹ کی ہی طرح غیر جانبدار، معروضی اور معتبر ہوگی اور جو سب پلا کر ان کی بھوک ہڑتال ختم کروائی۔ یہ وفد آخر کار مئی 1993 کو کشمیر میں وارد ہوا۔ اس وفد نے کشمیر میں انٹرویو گیشن سینٹروں میں ایڈیٹوں اور حرستی اموات پر ایک مفصل رپورٹ جاری کی۔ اسی وقت سرینگر میں جموں و کشمیر پولیس نے اپنے ایک ساتھی ریاض احمد، جو ایک فٹبالر بھی تھا، کی موت کے خلاف اسٹراٹک کی تھی۔

ریاض، جموں سے سرینگر آ رہا تھا، کہ فوج نے تلاشی کی ایک کارروائی کے دوران اسکو مار دیا۔ رپورٹ کے مطابق پولیس کا شاختی کارڈ بھی اسکو بچا نہیں پایا۔ تقریباً 1500 پولیس اہلکاروں اور افسران نے اقوام متحدہ کے دفتر تک مارچ کر کے، پولیس کنٹرول روم پر قبضہ کیا تھا۔ گفت و شنید کے بعد بالآخر فوج نے کنٹرول روم کو اپنی تحویل میں لیکر کئی پولیس اہلکاروں کو حراست میں لیا۔ جب اہلکاروں سے ہتھیار رکھوائے جا رہے تھے تو بی ایس ایف نے فائرنگ کر کے تین اہلکاروں کو ہلاک کر کے معاملہ اور پیچیدہ کر دیا۔

جب اس رپورٹ کو پاکستان کے وزراء خارجہ صدیق خان کانبو، عبدالستار، فاروق لغاری اور آصف احمد علی نے بین الاقوامی فورمز پر خوب اچھالا، تو کلڈیپ نیز معنی خیز نظروں سے ہمیں بتانے کی کوشش کر رہے تھے کہ شاید ایمنسٹی کی رپورٹ بھی اس قدر قابل اعتبار نہیں ہوتی، جتنی ہندوستان کے اندر انسانی حقوق کے مقتدر کارکنان کی ہے۔ اس کے سال بھر بعد اس رپورٹ کی وجہ سے جینیوا میں انسانی حقوق کمیشن میں ہندوستان کی ایسی درگت بنی کہ اگر ایران اس نازک مرحلے میں عین وقت پر ساتھ نہیں چھوڑتا تو سلامتی کاؤنسل کی طرف سے ہندوستان پر اقتصادی پابندیاں عائد ہو گئی ہوتی۔

ہندوستانی وزیر اعظم نرسیمہاؤ نے اس مشکل سے نکالنے کیلئے نہ صرف اپوزیشن لیڈر اٹل بھاری واجپائی کو جینیوا وفد کا سربراہ بنا کر بھیجا، بلکہ اس سے قبل، بستر مرگ پر پڑے اپنے وزیر خارجہ دنیش سنگھ کو انتہائی خفیہ مشن پر طہران روانہ کیا۔ کلڈیپ نیز کی صحافت کا آغاز 'انجام' اخبار سے تو ہوا تھا، مگر اب ایک عرصہ سے

سٹنڈیکٹڈ جرنلزم (Syndicated Journalism) کے ذریعہ 14 زبانوں میں انکا 'بین السطور' کالم دنیا کے ایک سو سے زائد اخبارات میں شائع ہو رہا تھا۔ وہ راجیہ سبھا کے ممبر بھی رہے۔

وی پی سنگھ حکومت کے زمانے میں برطانیہ میں ہندوستان کے ہائی کمشنر بھی رہے اور اس دوران اپنے ذوق کے مطابق برصغیر کی آزادی سے متعلق مواد کو لندن میں خوب کھنگالا۔ انہوں نے وہاں سے ایک بار اپنے ایک دوست اے یو آصف کو ایک خط کے جواب میں تحریر کیا کہ ”میں تمہارے اس ریمارک سے جھوم اٹھا کہ تم چاہتے ہو کہ میں جلد لکھنے لکھانے کی طرف واپس آ جاؤں۔ انشاء اللہ، میں ایسا ہی کروں گا۔“ اور پھر وہ ہائی کمشنری کو الوداع کہہ کر واپس آ گئے اور صحافت کو پھر سے فیض یاب کرنے لگے اور تاحیات کیا۔

انہوں نے تقریباً 15 کتابیں بھی لکھیں جن میں ’انڈیادی کرٹیکل ایسز‘ اور ’ڈسٹینٹ نیبرز‘۔ برصغیر کی کہانی (Distant Neighbours – A tale of the subcontinent) قابل ذکر ہیں۔ ایمر جنسی پر بھی انکی کتاب ’دی جمنٹ‘ بہت مشہور ہوئی۔ علاوہ ازیں چند برسوں قبل اپنی زخیم آپ بیتی ’بی آئنڈ دی لائنز‘ (Beyond the lines) بھی لکھی۔ یہ حقیقت ہے کہ گلڈیپ نیئر کے رخصت ہونے سے صحافت اور علمی دنیا یتیم ہو گئی ہے۔ وہ سیکولر اور جمہوری اقدار کے امین تھے اور دہلی میں خاص طور پر اردو سے متعلق محفلوں کی جان ہوتے تھے۔



کلدیپ نیر: پیسے اور شہرت کے بجائے ضمیر کی آواز سننے والے صحافی

سہیل حلیم

معروف صحافی اور مصنف کلدیپ نیر بدھ کی رات انتقال کر گئے۔ وہ ممتاز صحافی، ایڈیٹر اور مصنف تو تھے ہی لیکن انھیں پریس کی آزادی، انسانی حقوق کے تحفظ اور ہند پاک دوستی کے لیے ان کی انتھک جدوجہد کے لیے بھی یاد رکھا جائے گا۔ وہ 95 برس کے تھے۔ ان کے جسد خاکی کو جرات کی دوپہر دلی میں نذر آتش کر دیا گیا۔

کلدیپ نیر کا جنم سیالکوٹ میں ہوا تھا اور انھوں نے لاہور سے قانون کی ڈگری حاصل کی تھی۔ لیکن اس کے بعد ملک تقسیم ہو گیا اور وہ انڈیا آ گئے۔

سن 2012 میں انھوں نے اپنی خود نوشت شائع کی تھی جس میں انھوں نے تقسیم کے زخموں کے بارے میں تفصیل سے لکھا تھا۔ یہ زخم بظاہر ان کی شخصیت کا حصہ رہے اور شاید اسی وجہ سے وہ ہندوستان اور پاکستان کے درمیان امن اور دوستی کے فروغ کے لیے کی جانے والی کوششوں سے ہمیشہ وابستہ رہے۔

وہ ایک مدت کے لیے پارلیمان کے ایوان بالا کے رکن رہے اور 1990 میں، جب وی پی سنگھ ملک کے وزیر اعظم تھے، انہیں برطانیہ میں انڈیا کا ہائی کمشنر مقرر کیا گیا۔

کلدیپ نیر نے اپنا لبا صحافتی سفر ایک اردو اخبار 'انجام' سے شروع کیا تھا اور اس کے بعد ملک کے کئی سرکردہ اخباروں اور خبر رساں ایجنسی یو این آئی سے وابستہ رہے۔ ان کا کالم "بٹوین دی لائنز" بہت مقبول تھا۔

لیکن شاید انھیں سب سے زیادہ پریس کی آزادی کے لیے ان کی جدوجہد کے لیے یاد رکھا جائے گا۔

وزیراعظم اندرا گاندھی نے جب 1975 میں ملک میں ایمر جنسی نافذ کی اور پریس کو سینسرشپ کے انتہائی سخت دور سے گزرتا پڑا تو اس کے خلاف آواز بلند کرنے والوں میں کلدیپ نیر بھی سب سے آگے تھے جس کی وجہ سے انھیں جیل جانا پڑا۔

نیوز ویب سائٹ 'دی کوئٹ' کے ساتھ ایک انٹرویو کے دوران انھوں نے کہا تھا کہ 'اندرا گاندھی اور میں ایک دوسرے کو اچھی طرح جانتے تھے۔ ایک دن انھوں نے اپنے بال بہت چھوٹے کرادیے اور مجھ سے پوچھا کہ وہ کیسی لگ رہی ہیں۔ میں نے کہا کہ آپ پہلے ہی بہت خوبصورت تھیں، اب اور زیادہ خوبصورت لگ رہی ہیں۔'

مشہور مورخ رام چندر گوہا نے ایک تعزیتی پیغام میں لکھا ہے کہ کلدیپ نیر اس نسل کے صحافی تھے جو پیسے اور شہرت کے پیچھے بھاگنے کے بجائے اپنے ضمیر کی آواز سننے کو زیادہ ترجیح دیتے تھے۔ مذہبی ہم آہنگی کے لیے ان کی کوششوں، ان کی ایمانداری اور ایمر جنسی کے دوران ان کی جرات کو یاد رکھا جائے گا۔'

کلدیپ نیر نے اپنے ایک کالم میں ایمر جنسی کا ذکر کرتے ہوئے لکھا تھا کہ 'اندرا گاندھی نے جمہوریت کی روشنی بجھا کر ہمیں پولیس راج کے اندھیرے میں دھکیل دیا تھا۔۔۔' لیکن ساتھ ہی الیکٹر انک اور پرنٹ میڈیا پر 'سافٹ ہندوتوا' کے اثر کا ذکر کرتے ہوئے انھوں نے لکھا تھا کہ 'مجھے نہیں لگتا کہ اب پریس کو کنٹرول کرنے کے لیے حکومت کو کوئی غیر آئینی اقدامات کرنے کی ضرورت ہوگی۔۔۔ میڈیا خود اتنا حکومت نواز ہو گیا ہے کہ اسے کنٹرول کرنے کے لیے حکومت کو کچھ بھی کرنے کی ضرورت نہیں ہے۔'

وہ ہر سال انڈیا اور پاکستان کے یوم آزادی کے موقع پر شہری اور انسانی حقوق کے لیے کام کرنے والے دوسرے لوگوں کے ساتھ واہگہ اتاری بارڈر جاتے جہاں امن کے پیغام کے طور پر موم بتیاں روشن کی جاتیں اور ایک 'کینڈل لائٹ' ریلی نکالی جاتی۔

اب اس ریلی میں شامل شمعوں میں سے ایک کی لو ہمیشہ کے لیے بجھ گئی ہے۔



آہ! کلدیپ نیئر

محمد شرافت علی

ممتاز صحافی جناب کلدیپ نیئر نہیں رہے۔ تقریباً 95 برس کی عمر میں موصوف نے آخری سانس لی۔ کلدیپ نیئر مابعد آزادی اردو صحافت کو بہ طور کالم نویس صحت مند فکری غذا فراہم کرانے کے حوالہ سے اپنی مثال آپ کہلا سکتے ہیں، جنہوں نے فرقہ پرستی کے خلاف اپنے جذبوں کے اظہار میں کبھی بھی کوتاہی نہیں برتی۔ سیکولر خیالات کی ترویج محترم کلدیپ نیئر کا صحافتی طرہ امتیاز رہا، جنہوں نے آزادی کے بعد ہندو قوم پرستی کے خط میں مبتلا عناصر سے مرعوب ہوئے بغیر اردو صحافت سے اپنے دیرینہ رشتہ کو قائم رکھا۔ یہ وہ عہد تھا جب فرقہ پرست عناصر کی جانب سے دہلی کے ان میڈیا مراکز کو بطور خاص نشانہ بنایا جا رہا تھا جو 'مسلم فرقہ' کے ترجمان کہلاتے تھے۔ دہلی میں واقع ڈان اخبار کے دفتر پر حملہ کے بعد دہلی کا 'جنگ' مذہبی جنونیوں سے جنگ لڑنے کا متحمل نہیں رہا اور 'گوشہ عافیت' کی تلاش میں اس نے پاکستان ہجرت کر لی۔ اس صورتحال میں 'انجام' اور اس عہد کے دیگر اردو اخبارات نے بھی ہندوستان سے فرار کو مقدم جانا۔ 'لسانی' تہذیبی دہشت گردی کے اس ماحول میں صدیوں پرانی ہندوستانی تہذیب سے لوگوں کو جوڑنے اور بچانے کا ہام کے فلسفہ کو عام کرنے کی کوشش جن صحافیوں نے کی ان میں یقیناً کلدیپ نیئر سرفہرست قرار پانے کے مستحق ہیں۔

دلچسپ یہ بھی ہے کہ آزادی کے فوراً بعد شروع ہونے والی 'لسانی دہشت گردی' اور 'تہذیبی انہدام پسندی' کے دوران دہلی کی اردو صحافت کا شیرازہ جب منتشر ہوا اور یہ حیثیت مجموعی آزاد ہندوستان میں اردو صحافت

کیلئے عرصہ حیات تنگ کرنے کی مخصوص طبقہ کی جانب سے دانستہ و شعوری کوشش کی گئی تو اس دور میں کلڈیپ نیز نے اردو صحافت کے نشاۃ ثانیہ کے عمل میں نہ صرف یہ کہ حصہ لیا بلکہ اُردو سے ان کا رشتہ زندگی کے آخری ایام تک جڑا رہا۔

یوں تو آزادی کے بعد اردو زبان کے ساتھ ملک گیر سطح پر اکثریتی طبقے نے بے مروتی دکھائی لیکن اردو صحافت کا معاملہ تھوڑا مختلف رہا۔ دو قومی نظریے کی بنیاد پر پاکستان کا قیام کیا ہوا، برصغیر کی سب سے بڑی مہاجرت کا ایسا سلسلہ شروع ہو گیا جس کی نظیر دنیا میں کہیں اور دیکھنے کو نہیں ملتی۔ ہندوستان سے ایک بڑی مسلم آبادی نے اس بدگمانی میں ہجرت کیلئے رخت سفر باندھنا شروع کر دیا کہ ان کا دین و ایمان ’کفرستان‘ میں سلامت نہیں رہ سکتا۔ یہی صورتحال سرحد کی دوسری جانب برسوں سے آباد ہندوؤں اور کسی حد تک سکھوں میں بھی دیکھی گئی۔ انہوں نے یہ محسوس کرتے ہوئے کہ ’مملکت خدا داد‘ میں ان کا جینا دو بھر ہے، ’جائے امان‘ کی تلاش میں ہندوستان آنے کا فیصلہ کر لیا۔ شرنا رتھیوں کی صورت میں ہندوستان آنے والی انسانی آبادی کو یوں تو ہندوستانیوں نے آگے بڑھ کر گلے لگایا اور انہیں وہ سکریم بھی بخشی گئی جو عام ہندوستانیوں میں مہمان نوازی کا جزو لازم تصور کیا جاتا تھا لیکن اس کے ٹھیک برعکس دہلی میں ’ڈان‘ کے دفتر کو ہندو جنونیوں کے ذریعہ خاکستر کئے جانے کے بعد ’جنگ‘ اور دیگر صحافتی اداروں کو تحفظ فراہم کرائے جانے کی کوئی ایسی مثال ہمیں نہیں ملتی جس سے یہ تاثر قائم ہو کہ اردو صحافت کے شیرازہ کو منتشر ہونے سے بچانے کے لیے حکومت کی جانب سے کوئی کوشش کی گئی ہو اور ان کے درمیان قیام پاکستان کے بعد پیدا ہونے والی بے اعتمادی و کشمکش کی صورتحال کے خاتمہ کی کوئی سیمیل نکالی گئی ہو۔

اردو صحافت پر 1947 کے المیہ کا کیا اثر ہوا اور اس کے مزاج و منہاج اور رویے میں کیسی نمایاں تبدیلی واقع ہوئی؟ اس کا تجزیہ اس سے بہتر اور کون کر سکتا ہے جس نے خود اس عہد میں صحافت کی وادی میں قدم رکھا ہو اور وہاں کے نشیب و فراز کو بالکل قریب سے دیکھا، سمجھا، جھیلایا برتا ہوا۔ ذیل میں ممتاز و معروف صحافی کلڈیپ نیر کے اس مضمون کا ایک طویل اقتباس پیش کرنا غیر مناسب نہ ہوگا، جس میں انہوں نے دہلی سے نقل مکانی کرنے والے اس دور کے ممتاز اخبار ’انجام‘ کے دفتر کا نقشہ کھینچتے ہوئے صحافتی رویوں کی تبدیلی کا جائزہ کچھ یوں لیا ہے:

I began my journalistic career with a job in an Urdu paper, Anjam. I shall start from there because that may in some way tell the story of Muslim and the press. This was around October 1947 after the subcontinent's partition.

The Anjam office was located in the Ballimaran area of Delhi, a muslim locality where a pall of tragedy hung in the atmosphere. Smells and sounds were no relief and the maze of lanes and bylanes overlooked by the curtained windows were not even enigmatic. It was a spectacle that submerged personal tragedies and human sufferings but did not evoke hope.

The Muslims felt cheated because partition only aggravated their problems. Fear was writ large on their faces. They were confused and rudderless. They wanted to turn over a new leaf. But the Muslim-press essentially meaning Urdu papers owned by Muslims- was of little help; it had done a volte-face overnight, without giving any explanation or advice on why it had supported the demand for Pakistan and that they should do in the future. The Hindus were unforgiving and so was the dominant opinion of the general press, which wanted the Muslims to go Pakistan, the country they had demanded and created.

Probably the attitude of my Muslim colleagues towards me in the Anjam office reflected the feelings of the community and the Muslim press in those days. They treated me as if I were a privileged citizen and they second-class lot. Their dependence on the generosity of the majority community was tragic; they behaved like somebody with a hat perpetually in hand. The Indian Muslim press criticized the beatings, killings and forcible evictions of Indian refugee Muslims by the previously domiciled inhabitants of Pakistan. And with it the Muslim press also regretted the promise of Muslim League during the division- demand to make them 'free'. Regrettably they were now a hopeless minority in India. (Muslims and Media Images: News

(versus Views. Edited by Ather Farooqui

کلڈیپ نیر کا محولہ بالہ اقتباس مابعد آزادی تیزی کے ساتھ تبدیل ہوتی ہوئی صحافتی قدروں پر بھرپور انداز سے روشنی ڈالتا ہے جس نے نقل مکانی اور ہجرت کے کرناک مناظر کی تصویر کشی ہی نہیں کی بلکہ قرطاس ابیض کو بد قسمتی سے زرد صحافت میں بدل ڈالنے میں بھی کہیں کوئی عار محسوس نہیں کی۔ اس طرح یہ علمی پیشہ سماجی پستی کا ایسا اظہار یہ بنا کہ قارئین تک خبروں کی ترسیل کا پورا نظام مذہبی جنون کے ماتحت آگیا جس کی بنا پر ہندوؤں اور مسلمانوں کی ملکیت والے اخبارات مذہب پسندی کے خط میں ایسے مبتلا ہوئے کہ اردو صحافت نے اپنی حیثیت کھودی اور خود کلڈیپ نیر جیسے سلجھے ہوئے صحافی بھی اس کائنات کو خیر باد کہنے کے لیے جو از دھو نڈنے پر مجبور ہو گئے۔ نتیجے کے طور پر انہوں نے انگریزی کی راہ لے لی جس کا اظہار انہوں نے کچھ ان الفاظ میں کیا ہے:

Moulana Hasrat Mohani, a great Urdu poet, was still on the scene, living in a house near the Anjam office. We became friends, or, to put it in another way, he more or less considered me his son. He told me one day that I should quit Urdu journalism because it had no future in India. I followed his advice, which helped highlight two points: the uncertain future of the Urdu press and the assured place of the English press.

Events have proved that Hasrat Mohani was not wrong. The English press has over the years come to dominate the journalistic field and has far more influence than the vernacular press, not to speak of the Urdu press. (Muslims and Media Images: News versus Views. Edited by Ather Farooqui)

اردو صحافت کی اس یتیمی کی سماجیات کیا ہے؟ اس حقیقت کو جاننے کے لیے یہ بھی ناگزیر ہے کہ ہم گہرائی میں جا کر اردو صحافت کو سماج کے رشتوں سے اور اردو کے صحافتی سماج کو اردو صحافت کے وسیلے سے سمجھنے کی کوشش کریں۔ جب تک سماجیاتی پس منظر کو سمجھا نہیں جائے گا اور اس تناظر میں عصری مسائل سے آگہی کی کوشش نہیں کی جائے گی، قدروں کے تغیر و تبدل کا درست طریقے سے جائزہ نہیں لیا جائے گا، اخبارات کے قارئین کے ذوق سلیم اور تقاضوں کو پرکھا نہیں جائے گا اور صحافت کی لیکچت تبدیل ہو جانے والی شکل و شباہت کے اسباب کا صحیح تعین ممکن نہیں ہو سکے گا اور پھر یہ نتیجہ بھی اخذ کرنا مشکل ہو گا کہ دہلی میں اپنے ججے جمائے صحافتی کاروبار کو ختم کرتے ہوئے انجم کار پہلے 'جنگ' یہاں سے کیوں چلا گیا اور پھر 'انجام' اپنے انجام کی پروا کیے بغیر رخت سفر باندھنے پر کیوں مجبور ہوا؟

آزادی کے فوراً بعد ملک بھر میں رونما ہونے والے فرقہ وارانہ فسادات کے طویل سلسلے کا آغاز فکری رویوں کی اس تبدیلی کا بڑا سبب بنا جس نے مذہبی جنون میں مبتلا ہو کر ایک بھائی کو دوسرے بھائی کا خون بہانے کی ترغیب ہی نہیں دی بلکہ اس عہد میں انسان دوستی اور اخوت و بھائی چارگی جیسے الفاظ کو حقیقی معنویت سے محروم بھی کیا گیا۔ فرقہ واریت کی اس آندھی سے دہلی محفوظ و مامون نہیں رہ سکی۔ ایک طوفان برپا ہوا جس نے دہلی میں بھائی چارے کی بنیاد کو ہلا کر رکھ دیا۔ مذہبی خلیج نے لکیریں ایسی کھینچ دیں کہ صحافت سے وابستہ طبقہ اشرفیہ بھی ذہنی اعتبار سے دو متوازی قبیلوں میں تقسیم ہو گیا اور صحافتی سرپرستی کا یہ منہاج مرعیضانہ افکار و خیالات کی ترویج و اشاعت کا سبب بن کر رہ گیا۔

مہاجرت کے اس عمل کے اختتام کے بعد کا آزاد ہندوستان 'غلام ہندوستان' کے مقابلے فکری اور نظریاتی اعتبار سے یکسر مختلف اور متضاد بن گیا۔ صدیوں پرانی تہذیبی و ثقافتی ہم آہنگی پر اس نے گہرا منفی اثر ڈالا بلکہ سچ تو یہ بھی ہے کہ صلیب کل، رواداری اور باہمی میل ملاپ کے پیغامات کی ترویج و اشاعت کے بجائے بغض و عناد کو ہوا دینے، نفرت انگیز خبروں کو نمایاں طور پر نذر قارئین کرنے کا سلسلہ چل پڑا جس کے نتیجے میں منتشر اردو صحافت کی احیا کا نیا سفر نئی فکر اور نئی سوچ سے عبارت قرار پایا۔ دو مخصوص اور متوازی لہروں سے اردو صحافت کا سر و کار بڑھا۔ اس عہد کے اخبارات کو پیش نظر رکھ کر یہ تاثر قائم کرنا بھی غلط نہ ہو گا کہ مذہبی وابستگی صحافتی تقاضوں پر کلیتاً غالب آگئی۔

ایک طرف اردو ذرائع ابلاغ پر مسلم لیگ کی بخشی ہوئی ذہنیت کا اثر آزادی کے بعد کے ابتدائی چار پانچ برسوں کے دوران دیکھا گیا تو دوسری جانب پاکستان سے بے گھر ہو کر دہلی کو اقامت گاہ بنانے والی اردو صحافیوں کی بڑی جمعیت مختلف اردو اخبارات کی وساطت سے تارکین وطن کی فکری و ذہنی آسودگی کا سامان مہیا کرتی رہی۔ مخصوص میلانات اور محدود و مقید نظریے کی حمایت و مخالفت سے عبارت اردو صحافت کا یہ منظر نامہ سنجیدہ و متین قارئین کیلئے اردو صحافت سے بعد کا سبب بھی بننا رہا پھر بھی اردو صحافت کی ذہنی کشتی کی ناخدا کی کافر یضہ انجام دینے والے مذکورہ بالا دونوں گروہوں نے فرقہ وارانہ خطوط پر مذہبی وابستگی کا خوب ڈھول پیٹا۔ اہم اور قابل توجہ نکتہ یہ ہے کہ جناب کلدیپ نیئر نے آزادی کے بعد سے اپنی زندگی کے آخری ایام تک اعتدال، توازن اور میانہ روی کے ساتھ صحافتی سرگرمیوں میں بڑھ چڑھ کر حصہ لیا اور اردو صحافت کو صحتمند فکری غذا کی فراہمی کی کوشش کی۔ یہ کوشش کہاں تک کامیاب رہی اور کس حد تک انہوں نے اردو صحافت کو تندرستی و توانائی بخشی؟ آج نہیں تو کل مورخ موصوف کی خدمات کا اعتراف کئے بغیر نہیں رہ سکتا کیونکہ سچ تو یہ بھی ہے کہ کلدیپ نیئر کی تحریریں اردو صحافت کو اعتبار بخشنے کے حوالہ سے قابل قدر کہلانے کی مستحق ہیں۔



کلدیپ نیئر - ایک زندگی کافی نہیں

شاکر حسین شاکر

کلدیپ کو ہم سے جدا ہوئے بہت دن ہو گئے۔ روزنامہ ایکسپریس کا ادارتی صفحہ ان کے کالم کے بغیر اب سونا دکھائی دیتا ہے۔ وہ اگرچہ بھارت کی شہریت رکھتے تھے لیکن اُن کا دل پاکستان کے ساتھ دھڑکتا تھا۔ جس کا ثبوت یہ ہے کہ گزشتہ دنوں اُن کی پوتی مندرانائر نے اپنے دادا کی وصیت کے مطابق اُن کی راکھ لاہور میں دریائے راوی کے سپرد کی۔ اس موقع پر مندرانائر نے کہا کہ میرے دادا ابو کی رہائش دلی میں ضرور تھی لیکن وہ روحانی طور پر لاہور کے باسی تھے۔ اسی وجہ سے انہوں نے مجھے یہ وصیت کی تھی کہ اُن کی راکھ کا کچھ حصہ دریائے راوی میں بھی بہایا جائے جس سے یہ ثابت ہوتا ہے کہ اُن کا دل پاکستان کے ساتھ دھڑکتا رہا۔ اس موقع پر ایک صحافی نے مندرانائر سے پوچھا ہمارے اخبارات میں کلدیپ کا نام کہیں پر نیئر اور کہیں نائر شائع ہوتا رہا ہے۔ حتیٰ کہ ایکسپریس میں جو اُن کا کالم شائع ہوتا تھا اس میں نائر لکھا جاتا تھا جس پر مندرانائر نے کہا کہ اُن کا نام نائر نہیں نیئر ہے جیسے ہمارے ہاں نیئر تاباں لکھا جاتا ہے۔ نائر جنوبی ہند میں بولتے ہیں۔ اکثر ملیالی، پنجابی نیئر ہوتے ہیں۔ جیسے اوپی نیئر۔ اس کے علاوہ بھارت میں بہت سے لوگ نائر ہوں گے اسی لیے شاید کلدیپ کو بھی یہی سمجھا جاتا ہے۔

ایک بھارتی اُردو اخبار میں یہ بھی شائع ہوا کہ ایک ہندو کے نام کے ساتھ نیئر تاباں والا ”نیئر“ خلاف قیاس سمجھا جاتا ہے۔ حالانکہ وہ جس زمانے کے تھے تب فراق گورکھپوری اور محروم چند ہی نہیں کئی ہندو فارسی کے صاحب دیوان شاعر بھی تھے۔

یہ ساری گفتگو ہم نے اس لیے کی کہ جب سے ہم کلدیپ نیئر کی تحریریں پڑھ رہے تھے تب سے اُن کے نام کے متعلق اسی قسم کی غلط فہمی کا شکار تھے لیکن اب اُن کی پوتی نے نام کے حوالے سے ایک اہم غلطی کی نشاندہی کر دی ہے اس لیے ہمارا خیال ہے کہ اُن کا نام کلدیپ نیئر ہی لکھا جانا چاہیے۔ یوں تو اُن کے حوالے

سے بہت کچھ لکھا گیا اور لکھا جائے گا لیکن ان کی مقبولیت کی وجہ یہ ہے کہ وہ ہمیشہ یہ کہتے تھے کہ ہندوستان کی تقسیم کوئی تدریسی موضوع نہیں ہے بلکہ یہ ایک ایسا معاملہ ہے جس پر غیر جانبداری سے بات کرنی چاہیے۔ سیالکوٹ جو کلدیپ کا جنم بھومی ہے وہاں ان کے والد مشہور طبی ماہر تھے اور مسلمانوں میں اتنے مقبول تھے کہ وہ چاچا کے نام سے معروف تھے۔ وہ اپنی خودنوشت ”ایک زندگی کا فیصلہ“ میں لکھتے ہیں:

”اگر آزادی کے چند سال بعد پاکستان میں اقتدار پر فوج قابض نہ ہوتی تو دونوں ممالک کے تعلقات میں بہتری آسکتی تھی۔ ملک میں فوج نے تین مرتبہ اقتدار پر قبضہ کیا جس وجہ سے دونوں ممالک کے تعلقات میں بہتری نہ آسکی۔ نئی دہلی اور اسلام آباد دونوں کو یہ احساس کرنا ہو گا کہ امن قائم کرنے کے لیے اور کوئی متبادل نہیں۔“

کشمیر کے بارے میں ان کی رائے بڑی دو ٹوک ہوتی تھی وہ یہ کہا کرتے تھے کہ ”کشمیر کا مسئلہ نہ حل ہونے والا مسئلہ نہیں ہے۔ اسے باہمی تعاون اور فہم و فراست کے ساتھ حل کیا جاسکتا ہے۔ ایسے معاہدے کے لیے چند تجاویز، جن سے موجودہ سرحدوں میں کوئی تبدیلی نہ ہو، انہیں دونوں اطراف کی حکومتوں کی حمایت حاصل ہے۔ پاکستان کو جو بات ذہن نشین کر لینی چاہیے وہ یہ ہے کہ ہندوستان کبھی بھی مذہبی بنیادوں پر ایک اور تقسیم پر رضامند نہیں ہو گا۔ میرا خیال ہے کہ ریاست جموں و کشمیر آئین سے باہر بھی خود مختاری حاصل کر سکتی ہے لیکن ہندوستانی وفاق سے باہر نہیں۔“

بینظیر بھٹو اور نواز شریف نے جب لندن میں میثاق جمہوریت پر دستخط کیے تو اس وقت کلدیپ نیز کا مؤقف بہت اہم تھا وہ کہتے تھے کہ اس میثاق کا پورے برصغیر پر اطلاق کیا جاسکتا ہے۔ اس میں جمہوریت کو تباہ اور کمزور کرنے والے آمرانہ یا فوجی رہنماؤں کے بغیر جمہوریت پر زور دیا گیا تھا۔ اور عین اس وقت اس میں فلاحی ریاست کا وعدہ بھی کیا گیا تھا۔ مجھے یہ بھی اُمید ہے کہ ایک دن یورپ جیسا معاشی اتحاد فروغ پائے گا جس میں لوگ بغیر ویزے کے آجاسکیں گے جس کی بدولت پورے جنوبی ایشیا میں سفر کرنے اور تجارت کرنے کے مواقع میسر ہوں گے۔

مجموعی طور پر ان کی شخصیت نظریات اور رائے کو دیکھا جائے تو وہ کبھی بھی پاکستان کے خلاف نہیں سوچتے تھے۔ وہ یہ کہا کرتے تھے کہ جب میں اپنا سیالکوٹ چھوڑ کر ہندوستان داخل ہوا تو میں نے کبھی یہ محسوس نہیں کیا کہ میں ایک دشمن ملک کو خیر باد کہہ کر آیا ہوں۔ پاکستان ایک ایسا ملک ہے جس میں میرے لائق دوست بستے ہیں۔ ان کے وہاں رہنے کا مطلب یہ ہے کہ میرا کچھ حصہ پاکستان میں بھی رہائش پذیر ہے۔ انہوں نے مرتے دم تک پاکستان کے بے شمار دورے کیے اور وہ اکثر 14 اگست اور 15 اگست کی رات کو پاک بھارت سرحد واہگہ جاتے رہے، امن و دوستی کی شمعیں روشن کرتے رہے۔ یہ کام انہوں نے

1992ء میں دس سے بارہ لوگوں کے ساتھ شروع کیا اور اب ہر سال اُن کے ساتھ ہزاروں لوگوں کا اضافہ ہوتا گیا۔ اُن کا یہی خواب تھا کہ بھارت اور پاکستان کی دوستی امن و محبت کا پیغام لے کر آگے بڑھے۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ ایک مرتبہ جب وہ کراچی میں بھارتی پارلیمانی وفد کی قیادت کر رہے تھے تو انہوں نے خطاب کرتے ہوئے کہا پاکستان اور بھارت کے لوگوں کا خون ایک ہے اور ہم پاکستان سے محبت کرنا نہیں چھوڑیں گے تو تقریب میں موجود لوگوں کی آنکھوں میں آنسو آگئے کہ انہوں نے یہ بات دل سے کہی۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ جب انہوں نے اپنے اہل خانہ کو وصیت کی کہ میری راکھ دریائے راوی میں بھی بہادی جائے تو انہوں نے یہ ثابت کیا کہ امن کے متلاشی لوگوں کے خون کا رنگ ایک ہوتا ہے اور امن کی تلاش کے لیے ایک زندگی کافی نہیں ہوتی۔ اس کے لیے بہت سی زندگیوں کو انتظار کرنا پڑتا ہے۔ پاک بھارت تعلقات میں امن کا پودا کلدیپ اپنی زندگی میں لگا گئے اور اب اس پودے کی آبیاری کرنے کے لیے ان کی پوتی دریائے راوی کو اپنے دادا کی راکھ دے کر یہ بتا رہی ہے کہ محبت کرنے والوں کے خون کا رنگ ایک ہوتا ہے۔

(بشکریہ: روزنامہ ایکسپریس)



چھاتہ بردار سیاست اور کلدیپ نیئر کی راکھ

وجاہت مسعود

5 اکتوبر 2018 کی سہ پہر برصغیر پاک و ہند میں امن کے استعارے کلدیپ نیئر کی راکھ لاہور میں دریائے راوی کے سپرد کر دی گئی۔ درد مندوں کی ایک مختصر سی ٹولی واہگہ بارڈر سے راوی کے کنارے پہنچی۔ آئی اے رحمان کو کون نہیں جانتا، فاروق طارق اور تنویر جہاں پیادے کا دستہ ہیں مگر عمر عزیز کے ابتدائی برسوں میں جہاں جھنڈا گاڑا تھا وہاں سے قدم پیچھے نہیں ہٹایا۔ ازما بجز حکایت مہر و وفا پیرس۔ سیاست دانوں میں صرف اعتراز احسن نظر آئے۔ مسلم لیگ ن اور اے این پی کے کوئی صاحب دکھائی نہ دیئے۔ کلدیپ نیئر کی پوتی مندرانیئر نے وہ برتن اٹھا رکھا تھا جس میں کلدیپ نیئر کی راکھ تھی۔ ان کی آخری خواہش تھی کہ ان کی راکھ لاہور میں دریائے راوی کی لہروں کے سپرد کی جائے۔ راوی کے پاٹ میں جہاں لہروں میں روانی کا گمان گزرا، لاہور کی یہ امانت لاہور کو سونپ دی گئی۔ کلدیپ نیئر اگست 1923 میں سیالکوٹ میں پیدا ہوئے تھے۔ لیکن نوجوانی لاہور میں گزاری۔ بیہیم ایف سی کالج کے گیان استھان سے تعلیم پائی۔ اسی شہر میں قانون پڑھا۔ تقسیم کے ہنگام لاہور سے نکلنا پڑا لیکن لاہور کلدیپ نیئر کے دل سے نہیں نکلا۔ ثبوت یہ کہ ایک صدی کے سفر کے بعد کلدیپ کے پھول لاہور لائے گئے۔ دائرہ مکمل ہوا۔ بڑے انسانوں کا نشان یہ ہے کہ سانس کا دائرہ مکمل کرتے ہیں تو انسانیت گویا کچھ قدم اوپر کی طرف اٹھ جاتی ہے۔ یہ جو مسلم لیگ (نواز) اور عوامی نیشنل پارٹی کے احباب کی عدم حاضری کا ذکر کیا گیا، اسے شکوہ نہیں سمجھنا چاہئے۔ اس میں سیاسی تسلسل کی ایک رمز پنہاں ہے۔ آئیے اس پر بات کرتے ہیں۔

بھارت اور پاکستان کی تقسیم کے پس پشت ایک طویل تاریخ کار فرما تھی۔ ایک معاشی پس منظر تھا۔ ایک تمدنی تناظر تھا۔ غیر ملکی حکمرانوں کی چیرہ دستیائیں تھیں۔ انہوں کی کوتاہیاں تھیں۔ مختصر یہ کہ متحدہ ہندوستان کی سیاسی قیادت ہندوستان کی سب سے بڑی اقلیت کے آئینی اور معاشی تحفظات دور کرنے میں ناکام رہی۔ سیاست سمجھوتہ کرنے کا ہنر ہے۔ سمجھوتہ نہ کیا جائے تو سنگت ٹوٹ جاتی ہے۔ یہ سب ہوا لیکن کلکتہ سے راولپنڈی تک اور بہار سے لاہور تک فسادات کے شعلے تو تقسیم کے منصوبے کا حصہ نہیں تھے۔ لاکھوں انسانوں کے لہو کی ارزانی تو مسودے میں شامل نہیں تھی۔ بھرے پڑے گھر چھوڑ کر اجنبی زمینوں کا سفر تو قائد اعظم اور گاندھی جی نے منظور نہیں کیا تھا۔ پاکستان کے بانی قائد نے تو امریکہ اور کینیڈا جیسے تعلقات کی خواہش کی تھی۔ بے وطنی کا گھاؤ اور نسل در نسل دشمنی کی روایت تو ہمارے رہنماؤں کا وژن نہیں تھی۔ پاکستان کے حصے میں آنے والے بچپن کروڑ روپے نہ دیئے جانے پر گاندھی جی نے مرن بھرت رکھا تھا جس کے رد عمل میں تیس جنوری 1948 کو ایک انتہا پسند ہندو کی گولی انہیں چاٹ گئی۔

جنوری 1948 ہی کا پہلا ہفتہ تھا جب کراچی میں فرقہ وارانہ فسادات پھوٹ پڑے۔ پاکستان کے گورنر جنرل محمد علی جناح نے ریڈیو پر پیغام نشر کیا تھا کہ 'اپنے ہندو ہمسایوں کو بچاؤ'۔ کراچی کے فسادات کی کچھ تفصیل اس وقت کے سیکریٹری دفاع اسکندر مرزا کے سینے میں دفن تھی جسے انہوں نے اے ایچ اصغہانی صاحب کے سامنے اپنی یادداشتوں میں بیان کر دیا۔ اس حکایت کا کچھ حصہ جنرل (ر) گل حسن نے اپنی خود نوشت میں بیان کیا ہے۔ کبھی موقع ملے تو اس پر نظر ڈالئے گا۔ ایک حاصل کلام جملہ درویش کو یاد ہے۔ قائد اعظم نے اپنے نوجوان اے ڈی سی گل حسن سے کہا کہ 'پاکستان کے لوگ تکلیف میں ہوں تو ان کی مدد کرنی چاہئے'۔ قائد اعظم نے ہندو یا مسلم کا امتیاز نہیں کیا، انہیں 'پاکستان کے لوگ' کہا۔ ہندوستان اور پاکستان کے معمار اس تعصب سے خالی تھے جو اب سرحد کے دونوں طرف بہت بڑا روزگار بن چکا ہے۔ بھارت میں نفرت کے اس مسلک کی مزاحمت کرنے والوں میں کلدیپ تیر کا نام بہت بلند ہے۔ وہ کبیر پنٹھی روایت کا تسلسل تھے۔ سرحد کے اس طرف پاکستان میں بھی ایسے ناموں کی فہرست موجود ہے جو پاکستان اور بھارت میں امن دوستی اور تعاون کو ڈیڑھ ارب انسانوں کے لئے اچھے مستقبل کی امید سمجھے ہیں۔ جمہوریت، شہری آزادیوں اور رواداری کا پرچم اٹھانے والے یہ عاشقان خوش طینت ہی صوفیا کی میراث ہیں۔ جوم کے اشتعال اور اکثریت کی رعونت کے سامنے ڈٹ کر کھڑے ہونے والے امیر خسر و کا دہا ہیں۔ برصغیر میں امن کی بات کرنے والے میرا بانی کا بھجن ہیں۔ پاکستان اور بھارت میں امن قائم کئے بغیر جنوبی ایشیا میں جمہوریت کی تصویر ادھوری ہے۔ امن کی بجائے دشمنی کی بین بجانے والوں ہی نے اس خطے میں جمہوریت کی جڑیں کاٹی ہیں۔

2018 اپنی آخری سہ ماہی میں داخل ہو چکا۔ یہ سال خوشگوار نہیں رہا۔ فروری میں عاصمہ جہانگیر رخصت ہوئیں۔ امن کی ایک طاقتور آواز مدیحہ گوہر خاموش ہو گئیں۔ اپریل میں جسٹس راجندر پچر سورگباشی ہوئے۔ اسی برس پاکستان میں شفاف انتخابات ہوئے۔ چند مہینے بعد بھارت میں بھی شفاف انتخابات ہوں گے اگرچہ بیانیہ غیر شفاف ہو گا۔ بیانیہ کی الجھن سلجھانے والے کلدیپ نیز اس برس 24 اگست کو رخصت ہو گئے۔ ان سے ایک ہفتہ پہلے اٹل بھاری واجپائی کا دیہانت ہوا۔ اٹل بھاری فروری 1999 میں لاہور آئے تو مختصر قیام کے آخری اجتماع میں اپنی بات اس جملے سے شروع کی کہ ”کل آئے تھے، آج جا رہے ہیں۔“ بات آدمی مگر اثر دو نا۔ شیکسپیر نے کہا تھا، Ripeness is all.

انسانوں کے آنے اور جانے میں معنی تب پیدا ہوتا ہے جب نیکی اور محبت کا خواب زندہ رہے۔ نفرت پھیلانے والے تو چھاتہ بردار لوگ ہیں۔ رات کی تاریکی میں تباہی کا پیغام لے کر زمین پر اترتے ہیں۔ نہ عقب میں رسد ہوتی ہے اور نہ آگے کا راستہ بھائی دیتا ہے۔ دنیا کا کوئی مذہب اور کوئی تہذیب نا انصافی کا درس نہیں دیتے۔ نفرت جزیروں میں بنی ہوئی لاطعلقی کا نام ہے۔ محبت وہ دریا ہے جو تسلسل سے بہتا ہوا پہاڑوں اور میدانوں کو سیراب کرتا ہے۔ رخصت ہونے والوں کا احترام کرتا ہے۔ آنے والوں کی آنکھ میں خوشی کا خواب بوتا ہے۔ ڈاکٹر ذاکر حسین سے آئی اے رحمان تک اور سروجنی نائیڈو سے لے کر نرملا دیش پانڈے تک امن، دوستی اور مکالمے کا ایک ہی دریا بہتا ہے۔ نفرت کے تالاب سوکھ جاتے ہیں۔ تفرقے کے شعلے بجھ جاتے ہیں کیونکہ ان کا مٹی سے تعلق نہیں ہوتا۔ مٹی سفر کرتی ہے، دلی سے امرتسر کے راستے لاہور تک آتی ہے۔ ماضی کو آج سے اور آج کو آنے والے کل سے جوڑتی ہے۔ بائبل مقدس میں اس مٹی کو زمین کا نمک کہا گیا ہے۔ مٹی قدم کر بندی یار۔



کلدیپ نیئر کا اردو صحافت سے عشق کا راز

7 ستمبر 1947 کو دہلی کے دریا گنج میں لوہے کے مشہور کرسنگ اور برج جسے چند برسوں قبل ہٹا دیا گیا ہے، کے پاس ایک فوجی گاڑی کی رکتی ہے اور اس میں سے ایک 24 سالہ پنجابی نوجوان اپنے کل سرمایہ ایک تھیلے کے ساتھ گاڑی سے باہر آتے ہیں اور پھر گاڑی انہیں چھوڑ کر آگے بڑھ جاتی ہے۔ سڑک کے کنارے کھڑے ہو کر یہ نوجوان سوچتا ہے کہ اب کہاں جائیں، سیالکوٹ میں بے گھر ہونے کے بعد جان بچانے کیلئے کسی کی مہربانی سے آنے کو تو یہاں آگئے مگر یہاں کوئی شناسا نہیں ہے، پورا شہر اجنبی ہے۔ پھر اچانک انکی نظر وہیں سڑک کنارے ایک عمارت پر پڑتی ہے جس پر لکھا تھا کمیونسٹ پارٹی آف انڈیا (سی پی آئی)۔ یہ نوجوان کمیونسٹ تحریک سے کچھ واقف تھے۔ ان کے قدم اس طرف بڑھے۔

یہ اس پارٹی کی دہلی شاخ کا آفس تھا جہاں اس کے سکریٹری 27 سالہ ایم فاروقی (مقیم الدین فاروقی) اندر کمرے میں بیٹھے ہوئے تھے۔ پھر اجازت لیکر یہ نوجوان آفس کے اندر جاتے ہیں اور ایم فاروقی سے اپنی پوری داستان سن کر مدد مانگتے ہیں۔ ایم فاروقی کہتے ہیں کہ گرچہ آپ وکالت کی ڈگری رکھتے ہیں مگر یہاں اجنبی ہونے کے سبب آپ کا یہاں فی الحال پریکٹس کرنا ممکن نہیں ہے۔ لہذا کچھ اور کیجئے روزی روٹی کی خاطر۔ پھر ایم فاروقی کو کچھ یاد آتا ہے اور کہتے ہیں کہ کل میرے پاس پرانی دہلی کے گلی قاسم جان میں احاطہ کالے صاحب سے اردو روزنامہ 'انجام' کے مالک اور ایڈیٹر آئے تھے، انہیں اردو، فارسی اور انگریزی جاننے والے ایک سب ایڈیٹر کی ضرورت ہے۔ آپ وہیں چلے جائیے، میں انہیں خط لکھ دیتا ہوں۔ اس پر یہ نوجوان کہنے لگے کہ میں نے تو وکالت پڑھی ہے، مجھے صحافت نہیں آتی ہے۔ اس نوجوان کی بے بسی کو دیکھ کر ایم فاروقی

اسکی ہمت بڑھاتے ہوئے کہتے ہیں کہ آپ کو اردو اور فارسی کے علاوہ انگریزی آتی ہی ہے، آپ اخباری کام کو بحسن و خوبی نبھالیں گے۔ یہ وہی ایم فاروقی تھے جو اس سے قبل 1941 میں آل انڈیا اسٹوڈنٹس فیڈریشن کے جنرل سکریٹری اور بعد میں سی پی آئی کی نیشنل ایگزیکٹو اور نیشنل سکریٹریٹ کے رکن بھی بنے اور 1997 میں ان کا انتقال ہو گیا۔ یہ اس نوجوان کے ہندوستان میں آنے کے بعد پہلے محسن ہوئے۔

اس طرح یہ نوجوان 'انجام' سے صحافت کا آغاز کرتے ہیں اور ان کا اس پرو فیشن میں دل لگ جاتا ہے۔ پھر کسکی وجہ سے یہ ایک ڈیڑھ برس بعد 'وحدت' اخبار میں چلے جاتے ہیں۔ اسی دوران مولانا حسرت موہانی کے مشورہ پر یہ انگریزی جرنلزم میں ایم ایس اے کرنے کی غرض سے انہی کے تعاون سے امریکہ چلے جاتے ہیں اور وہاں سے لوٹ کر پینڈت گوہنہ بلہ پنت اور لال بہادر شاستری کے پریس انفارمیشن افسر کے طور پر خدمات انجام دیتے ہیں۔ بعد ازاں یو این آئی، دی اسٹیشن اور انڈین ایکسپریس کی سربراہی کرتے ہیں اور پھر اپنی فنی سٹڈی کیئر سروس کے ذریعے کالم 'بین السطور' آخری دم تک لکھتے ہیں۔

یہ نوجوان کوئی اور نہیں کلدیپ نیز تھے جن کا 23 اگست کو انتقال ہوا ہے۔ ان کے اردو صحافت سے عشق کا راز یہی ہے کہ اس کے ذریعے یہ انگریزی اور مین اسٹریم صحافت میں آئے، وہ اس حقیقت کو کبھی نہیں بھولے اور اپنا کالم اردو اخبارات میں بھی چھپواتے رہے، خواہ انہیں اس کا محتانہ ملے یا نہ ملے۔ اپنی مصروفیت کے سبب انگریزی میں لکھے کالم کو اردو میں ترجمہ کرواتے تھے، اس کا دیگر ایک درجن زبانوں میں ترجمہ ہوا کرتا تھا۔ ایک بار جب راقم الحروف نے ان سے کہا کہ آپ کے کالم کا اردو ترجمہ اچھا نہیں ہوتا ہے، کس سے کرواتے ہیں۔ اس پر انہوں نے فرمایا کہ اسکا انہیں اندازہ ہے اور وہ اس جانب مترجم کی توجہ مبذول کرواتے بھی رہتے ہیں مگر مسئلہ یہ ہے کہ اردو مترجم بے روزگار ہے، اس سے ترجمہ نہ کرانے پر وہ معاشی تنگی میں پڑ جائے گا۔ ایک لمبے عرصے سے اس مترجم سے یہ کام لیتے رہے۔ اس تعلق سے ان کے ذہن میں دو باتیں تھیں۔ ایک یہ کہ ان کا کالم اردو میں ہر حال میں آئے کیونکہ اردو صحافت کا ان پر زبردست احسان تھا جبکہ دوسری بات اس نوجوان مترجم کی مدد کرنا تھا۔

اردو صحافت سے عشق کا حال یہ تھا کہ اس سے متعلق ہر چھوٹے بڑے پروگرام میں یہ شرکت کرنے جاتے تھے۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ اردو اخبارات و رسائل اور اردو صحافیوں کے درمیان کلدیپ نیز ایک محبوب نام تھا۔ اندر کمار گجرال نے بحیثیت وزیر اطلاعات و نشریات جو رپورٹ تیار کی تھی اور جو گجرال رپورٹ کہلائی، اس میں انکا عملی تعاون شامل تھا۔ نیز اردو ایڈیٹر ز کانفرنس میں بھی ان کی شرکت رہتی تھی۔ اردو اور اردو صحافت سے متعلق ہر ادارے سے یہ تعلق رکھتے تھے۔

کلڈیپ نیئر کا اردو صحافت سے تعلق فطری شکل اختیار کر گیا تھا۔ یہی وجہ تھی کہ دہلی سے شائع ہو رہے اردو روزنامہ ’ہندوستان ایکسپریس‘ کے سینئر صحافی ظفر انور نے اردو اکیڈمی دہلی اور این سی پی یو ایل کے تعاون سے چھپی ”دہلی کے 50 اردو صحافی“ کتاب میں کلڈیپ نیئر کو بطور اردو صحافی سرفہرست رکھا اور اس میں ان کی تحریری دعاء تصاویر کے ساتھ شائع کی جسے خوب پسند کیا گیا۔

’چوتھی دنیا‘ سے بھی ان کا خوب لگاؤ تھا۔ ان کے اس سے لگاؤ کی وجہ اردو صحافت کے علاوہ یہ بھی تھی کہ ان میں اور ’چوتھی دنیا‘ میں اصولی، معروضی اور انویسٹی گیٹیو پہلو قدرے مشترک تھے۔ کلڈیپ نیئر مزاجاً انویسٹی گیٹیو صحافی تھے اور چوتھی دنیا بھی اسی صحافت کیلئے جانا جاتا ہے۔ ’چوتھی دنیا‘ کے چیف ایڈیٹر سنٹوش بھارتیہ جی سے یہ بہت محبت کرتے تھے اور ان کی اور کل مرار کا جی کی دعوت پر اجتماعی افطار میں ضرور آتے تھے۔ اردو صحافیوں میں یہ سہ روزہ دعوت کے چیف ایڈیٹر مرحوم محمد مسلم سے بھی بہت قریب تھے اور کلڈیپ نیئر کا مسلم مرحوم کے یہاں آنا جانا بھی ہوتا تھا۔

اردو صحافیوں سے ان کا یہ تعلق مخصوص نہیں بلکہ عمومی تھا۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ نئی نسل کے اردو صحافی بھی ان کے یہاں آیا جایا کرتے تھے۔ اتنے بڑے صحافی کا دروازہ سب کیلئے کھلا ہوا تھا۔ سچ تو یہ ہے کہ کلڈیپ نیئر کے چلے جانے سے اردو صحافت ایک سرپرست سے محروم ہو گئی ہے۔

سوال یہ ہے کہ کلڈیپ نیئر کے رخصت ہو جانے کے بعد کیا انکی سنڈیکیٹ سروس بند ہو جائے گی؟ جب کلڈیپ نیئر برطانیہ ہائی کمشنر کے طور پر گئے تھے تب بھی یہ مسئلہ اٹھا تھا۔ تب اس سروس کو برقرار رکھا گیا تھا اور پھر برطانیہ سے واپسی پر کلڈیپ نیئر نے اسے پھر سے سنبھال لیا تھا۔ لہذا کوشش کرنی چاہئے کہ 28 برس قبل کی مانند اس سروس کو مختلف کالم نویسوں کی تحریروں کے ذریعے زندہ رکھا جائے تاکہ کلڈیپ نیئر نے جن اصول و اقدار کو آگے بڑھایا وہ سلسلہ بند نہیں ہو اور جاری رہے۔



کلدیپ نیئر، کچھ یادیں کچھ ملاقاتیں

ارشاد محمو

کلدیپ نیئر غالباً وہ واحد شخصیت تھے، جنہیں پاکستانیوں کی بڑی تعداد ایک معتبر اور درد مند بھارتی شہری تصور کرتی تھی۔ وہ اکثر پاکستان آتے اور شوق سے آتے۔ سیالکوٹ جو ان کی جنم بھومی تھا اور لاہور جہاں انہوں نے تعلیم پائی، سے ان کا رشتہ کبھی نہ ٹوٹا۔ تقسیم ہند نے انہیں بھی بری طرح متاثر کیا۔ سارا خاندان اُجر گیا۔ نقل مکانی کرنا پڑی۔ دہلی میں ایک نئی زندگی کا آغاز کوئی سہل کام نہ تھا، لیکن انہوں نے ذاتی دکھوں کو فراموش کر کے خطے میں امن اور محبت کی فضا پیدا کرنے کے لیے زندگی بھر جدوجہد کی۔ حکومت اور انتہا پسندوں کی طرف سے انہیں ”پاکستان کالینٹ“ کہا گیا، لیکن وہ استقامت سے اپنے مشن پر ڈٹے رہے۔

اسلام آباد میں ایک مرتبہ ان کے ساتھ طویل نشست ہوئی جہاں ان کی زندگی اور نظریات کے حوالے سے کافی دیر تک گفتگو رہی۔ اگرچہ کلدیپ نیئر آج ہمارے درمیان نہیں، لیکن ان کی یادیں اور خیالات ابھی تک ذہن میں گونج رہے ہیں۔ ان کے ساتھ ہونے والی ایک گفتگو کا کچھ حصہ قارئین کے ساتھ شیئر کر رہا ہوں، کیوں کہ یہ بہت غیر روایتی باتیں ہیں جو بہت کم پڑھنے یا سننے کو ملتی ہیں۔

وہ اسلام آباد کلب میں ٹھہرے ہوئے تھے۔ طویل قامت کلدیپ نیئر اکثر سادے کپڑوں میں ملبوس اور ہر طرح کے کردار سے بالاتر رہتے۔ میں نے پوچھا کہ آپ کی پوری صحافتی اور سیاسی زندگی پر پاک بھارت دوستانہ تعلقات کے قیام کی خواہش کا غلبہ کیوں رہا ہے؟ وہ کچھ دیر تک خاموش ہو گئے جیسے کہ ماضی کی یادوں میں کھو گئے ہوں۔ کہنے لگے کہ یہاں میں پیدا ہوا، یہاں ہی کھیل کود کر جوان ہوا۔ لاہور سے تعلیم حاصل

کی۔ اس شہر سے مجھے جنون کی حد تک لگاؤ ہے۔ اپنے آپ کو لاہور اور سیالکوٹ سے جدا نہیں کر پایا۔ گھر میں بیوی بچوں کے ساتھ ان شہروں اور یہاں کے دوستوں کا ذکر آج بھی چلتا رہتا ہے۔ لاہوریوں سے میں نے ٹوٹ کر محبت کرنا سیکھی ہے۔ تقسیم ہوئی، تو دہلی چلا گیا مگر پاکستانی دوستوں سے رابطہ برقرار رہا۔ میرا خیال ہے کہ دونوں ملک آزاد ہو گئے۔ ہمارے ملک جدا جدا ہیں۔ اب لڑنے جھگڑنے کی بجائے عوام کی محرومیوں کا ازالہ کیا جانا چاہیے۔ اسی پس منظر میں پاک بھارت اچھے تعلقات میری زندگی کا ایک مشن بن گئے۔

میں نے ایک اور سوال داغ دیا۔ عرض کیا کہ اکثر بھارتی دانشور آپ کی طرح کے افراد کو سادہ لوح تصور کرتے ہیں، جن کو سڑ ٹھیک ایشوز کا ادراک نہیں۔ کل دیپ صاحب مسکرائے اور کہنے لگے، بھائی! یہی نہیں، مجھے پاکستانی لائیٹ کہا گیا۔ گھر کے سامنے مظاہرے ہوئے۔ اخبارات نے لکھا کہ کل دیپ نیئر پر غداری کا مقدمہ چلانا چاہیے۔ ایک دفعہ کا ذکر ہے بھارت میں کئی بم پھٹے، راجیہ سبھا میں وزیر داخلہ ایل کے ایڈوانی نے پاکستان پر الزام لگایا کہ وہ بم دھماکوں میں ملوث ہے۔ میں نے پوائنٹ آف آرڈر پر کھڑے ہو کر کہا کہ دہلی میں ٹائر بھی پھٹتا ہے، تو آئی ایس آئی پر الزام لگ جاتا ہے۔ پاکستان میں معمولی سا بھی کوئی حادثہ ہو جائے، تو الزام بھارت پر عائد کر دیا جاتا ہے۔ ہمیں اس فضا سے نکلنا ہو گا۔ ہاؤس کے آدھے ارکان کھڑے ہو گئے اور ”غدار غدار“ کے نعرے لگانے لگے۔ اکثر نے حکومت سے مطالبہ کیا کہ وہ مجھے گرفتار کرے، کیوں کہ میں پاکستان کا لیجنٹ ہوں۔

ان کی آواز میں دکھ اور چہرے پر کرب کا منظر دیکھ کر میں نے موضوع بدلنے کی خاطر پوچھا، لارڈ ماؤنٹ بیٹن نے تقسیم کا اعلان کیا، تو آپ سیالکوٹ میں تھے۔ خطے کی تقسیم اب نوشتہ دیوار تھی۔ آپ نے اس لمحے کیا سوچا؟ دھیمی سی آواز میں کہا، میاں! کیوں پرانے زخم کھلے ہو۔ کہنے لگے، تقسیم ہند کی اطلاع ایک بم شیل سے کم نہ تھی۔ اچانک عدم تحفظ اور بے یقینی کا احساس پیدا ہو گیا۔ دونوں ملکوں کے درمیان سرحدوں کا تعین ہونا باقی تھا۔ بالخصوص پنجاب، بنگال اور آسام میں آبادی کا تناسب لگ بھگ یکساں تھا۔ ہندوؤں اور مسلمانوں دونوں میں بہت اضطراب تھا کہ سرحد کہاں بنے گی؟ اگرچہ تقسیم کا مرحلہ سر پر آن پہنچا تھا، مگر کوئی یقین کرنے کو تیار نہ تھا کہ اسے اپنے گھر بار، دوست احباب اور شہر ہمیشہ کے لیے چھوڑ کر چلے جانا ہے۔

میں نے سوچا کہ تاریخ پر نظر رکھنے والا دانشور نہیں بلکہ آج ایک ایسا شخص ہاتھ اٹھ گیا ہے جس نے خود تاریخ بننے دیکھی، لہذا کچھ اور سوال بھی پوچھ لیتے ہیں۔ عرض کیا، پاکستانی ماؤنٹ بیٹن کے کردار کو پسند نہیں کرتے، وہ اسے بھارت نواز بلکہ پنڈت جو اہر لال نہرو کا ”لنگوٹیا“ کہتے ہیں۔ بھارتی انہیں کیسے یاد کرتے ہیں؟ کل دیپ نیئر نے ایسا جواب دیا کہ میرے چودہ طبق روشن ہو گئے۔ کہنے لگے، ماؤنٹ بیٹن پر لاکھوں بے گناہ اور معصوم شہریوں کے قتل کا مقدمہ بننا چاہیے۔ بڑی سنجیدگی کے ساتھ میں نے یہ تجویز دی تھی کہ بھارت،

پاکستان اور برطانیہ کے ماہرین پر مشتمل ایک ٹریبیونل قائم کیا جائے جو ماؤنٹ بیٹن کے کردار کا از سر نو جائزہ لے۔ مجھے معلوم ہے اس سے زمینی حقائق نہیں بدلیں گے، مگر 10 لاکھ لوگوں کے قتل کے ذمہ دار کا تعین تو ہو جائے گا۔

کلڈیپ نیئر کی باتیں میرے لیے ایک شاک سے کم نہ تھیں۔ استفسار کیا کہ ماؤنٹ بیٹن کی بھارت کے لیے بہت خدمات ہیں۔ انہیں بھارت کا پہلا گورنر جنرل مقرر کیا گیا؟ کلڈیپ نیئر جوابا کہنے لگے کہ اگر ماؤنٹ بیٹن تقسیم کی اصل تاریخ 3 جون 1948ء کو تبدیل کر کے 10 ماہ پہلے نہ کرتے، تو ہزاروں لوگ موت کے گھاٹ اترنے سے بچ جاتے۔ اکتوبر 1971ء میں لندن میں ماؤنٹ بیٹن سے میں نے پوچھا کہ آخر انہیں تقسیم کی اس قدر جلدی کیوں تھی؟ ان کا کہنا تھا کہ میرے لیے پورے بھارت کو متحد رکھنا مشکل ہو رہا تھا۔ معاملات ہاتھ سے نکل رہے تھے۔ تقسیم سے محض ایک سال پہلے کلکتہ میں قتل عام ہوا۔ ہر طرف فرقہ وارانہ تناؤ پھیل رہا تھا۔ اس لیے میں نے فیصلہ کیا کہ جتنی جلد برطانیہ ہندوستان سے نکل جائے، اس کے حق میں اتنا ہی اچھا ہے۔ کئی ایک دانشوروں نے مجھے بتایا کہ ماؤنٹ بیٹن برطانوی نیوی میں کسی بڑے عہدے کے حصول کی توقع کرتے تھے۔ چنانچہ انہوں نے جلدی میں تقسیم ہند کے امور نمٹانے کی کوشش کی۔

بات تاریخ کی ہو رہی تھی، لہذا کلڈیپ نیئر کے ہر جواب کے ساتھ ایک اور سوال میرے ذہن میں آتا۔ وہ بڑے قتل سے گفتگو کر رہے تھے۔ عرض کیا کہ کہا جاتا ہے برطانوی وائسرائے اور ان کے سٹاف نے فسادات روکنے کی بھرپور کوشش کی۔ تناؤ کو کم سے کم سطح پر لانے کی خاطر انہوں نے تقسیم بھی قبل از وقت کرائی۔ کلڈیپ نیئر جوابا بولے، ماؤنٹ بیٹن نے مولانا ابوالکلام آزاد سے کہا، ہم فسادات کی اجازت نہیں دیں گے، لیکن فسادات شروع ہوئے، تو حکومت کا وجود ہی نظر نہ آیا۔ ماؤنٹ بیٹن کو فسادات اور عام لوگوں کے قتل عام کو روکنے سے زیادہ دلچسپی دونوں ملکوں کا مشترکہ گورنر جنرل بننے کی تھی۔ پنجاب باؤنڈری فورس جو فسادات روکنے کی خاطر منظم کی گئی تھی، مکمل طور پر لا تعلق رہی۔ برطانوی افسروں میں اس وقت واپس وطن جانے اور وہاں ملازمتیں حاصل کرنے کا مقابلہ تھا۔ برطانوی افسروں کو اپنے کمانڈر نے ہدایت کی کہ وہ محض یورپی باشندوں اور مفادات کا تحفظ کریں اور مقامی مسائل میں نہ الجھیں۔

اب ہم نے گفتگو کا رخ حالاتِ حاضرہ کی طرف موڑتے ہوئے پوچھا کہ اکثر امن کے علمبرداروں پر اعتراض کیا جاتا ہے کہ آپ لوگوں نے مقبوضہ جموں و کشمیر میں ہونے والی انسانی حقوق کی خلاف ورزیوں پر آنکھیں بند کر رکھی ہیں۔ آخر اس زبانِ بندی کا سبب کیا ہے؟ کلڈیپ نیئر نے حیرت سے میری طرف دیکھا اور پوچھا کہ آپ کو نہیں معلوم کہ میں خود سری نگر اور دیگر علاقوں میں انسانی حقوق کے علمبرداروں کے وفود لے کر گیا۔ ہم نے ریاستی جبر کو ہدفِ تنقید بنایا۔ پاکستان نے ان رپورٹوں کو دنیا میں بھارت کے خلاف پروپیگنڈے

کے لیے استعمال کیا۔ آہستہ آہستہ حکومت نے انسانی حقوق کے علمبرداروں کو باور کرایا کہ وہ قومی مفاد میں خاموش ہو جائیں اور لوگ خاموش ہوتے گئے۔ جموں و کشمیر کے ایشو پر بھارت میں قومی اتفاق رائے پیدا ہو چکا ہے کہ کوئی مفاہمت نہیں کرنی۔ پنڈتوں کو کشمیر سے نکالا گیا، تو کشمیریوں کی تحریک نے فرقہ وارانہ رنگ اختیار کر لیا۔ بعد ازاں جہادیوں نے بھی تحریک میں شمولیت اختیار کر لی، جس سے اس تحریک کا رخ مکمل طور پر بنیاد پرستی اور دہشت گردی کی جانب مڑ گیا۔ اس دوران بھارت کے اندر بھی دہشت گردی کے واقعات رونما ہوئے، جنہوں نے ذرائع ابلاغ اور سول سوسائٹی کو حکومتی نقطہ نظر کے قریب کر دیا۔ یوں بھارت میں جموں و کشمیر پر آزادانہ بحث و مباحثہ نہ ہو سکا، مگر اس کے باوجود اخبارات نے اکثر تشدد کے واقعات پر تنقید کی اور حکومت کا محاسبہ بھی کیا۔

کلدیپ نیزاگرچہ گفتگو میں گہری دلچسپی لے رہے تھے لیکن انہیں ملنے والوں کا تانا بندا ہوا تھا۔ لہذا میں نے سوچا کہ اب دوسرے لوگوں کے لیے جگہ خالی کرنی چاہیے، مگر پھر بھی کچھ سوال ایسے تھے جو پوچھے بنا چارہ نہ تھا۔ کلدیپ صاحب کو متوجہ کرتے ہوئے پوچھا کہ آپ اکثر پاکستان آتے ہیں، پاکستانیوں کے بھارت کے بارے میں روایتی رویے میں کوئی تبدیلی آپ نے محسوس کی؟ ان کے چہرے پر خوشگوار سی مسکراہٹ پھیل گئی۔ چائے کا کپ اٹھایا اور بولے ہمیں (بھارتیوں کو) پاکستانیوں کے ساتھ رہنے کا ڈھنگ سیکھنا ہو گا۔ پاکستانیوں کی سوچ میں بہت مثبت تبدیلی آئی ہے۔ اکثر پاکستانی اب معاشی مسائل کے حل کو ترجیح دیتے اور بھارت کے ساتھ اچھے تعلقات کے قیام کے آرزو مند ہیں۔

کلدیپ نیزاگرچہ پہلی بار ایوب خان سے تاشقند میں ملے اور ان کے ساتھ 1965ء کی جنگ کے حوالے سے گفتگو کی۔ ان سے پوچھا جنگ کس نے شروع کی؟ انہوں نے تبصرہ کرنے سے معذرت کر لی۔ انہوں نے کہا تم آج شام بھٹو سے ملے جا رہے ہو، اس سے پوچھو یہ اس کی جنگ تھی (It was his war) شام کو بھٹو سے ملا اور انہیں بتایا، ایوب خان نے 1965ء کی جنگ پر یہ تبصرہ کیا، تو انہوں نے اس سے انکار نہیں کیا۔ بھٹو نے کہا میرا خیال تھا کہ پاکستان بھارت کو فوجی میدان میں شکست دے سکتا ہے۔ کیوں کہ ابھی بھارت کی جنگی پوزیشن زیادہ مستحکم نہ تھی۔ بھٹو نے کہا کہ ابھی ہمیں بھارت پر فوجی برتری حاصل ہے۔ کیوں کہ ہمارے پاس مغرب سے خریدی ہوئی جدید اسلحہ ہے۔ یہ وقت تھا کہ ہم بھارت سے بزور قوت تنازعہ کشمیر حل کر لیتے۔ کیوں کہ ہم مذاکرات کی میز پر اسے ملے نہیں کر سکے ہیں۔

کلدیپ نیزاگرچہ جناب مشاہد حسین سید کے گھر اور یاسین ملک کے ہمراہ بھی کچھ ملاقاتیں ہوئیں۔ دہلی میں ایک کانفرنس میں کافی طویل گپ شپ ہوئی۔ شام کو کھانے کی میز پر ہمارے ساتھ پاکستانی ہائی کمشنر جناب شاہد ملک بھی تشریف فرما تھے۔ کلدیپ نیزاگرچہ باقی لوگوں کی طرح کھانا لینے اٹھے، تو شاہد ملک نے ان کی پلیٹ

تھام لی۔ خود ان کے لیے کھانا ڈالا اور میز پر انہیں پیش کیا۔ اس سے پاکستانیوں کے دل میں ان کے احترام کا اندازہ لگایا جاسکتا ہے۔



میرا شہر سیالکوٹ

کلدیپ نیئر

ہر سال یوم آزادی کی تقریبات سے مجھے وہ دن یاد آ جاتے ہیں جو میں نے اپنے آبائی شہر سیالکوٹ میں بسر کیے۔ قانون کی ڈگری حاصل کرنے کے بعد میں ایک وکیل کے طور پر اپنا کیریئر شروع کرنا چاہتا تھا لیکن تقسیم نے میرے سامے منصوبوں کو تہہ وبالا کر دیا اور مجھے اس جگہ کو چھوڑنے پر مجبور ہونا پڑا جہاں پر کہ میں پیدا ہوا اور پروان چڑھا۔ جب بھی میں اس کے بارے میں سوچتا ہوں تو غمزدہ ہو جاتا ہوں۔ سیاہ بادلوں کے کنارے پر جو چمکتی ہوئی لائن نظر آتی ہے وہ یہ کہ ہندوؤں اور مسلمانوں کے ذاتی تعلقات زیادہ تر متاثر نہیں ہوئے۔

میرے والد جو کہ میڈیکل ڈاکٹر تھے انھیں سیالکوٹ چھوڑ کر جانے سے روک دیا گیا۔ لہذا میری ماں اور میرے والد نے ایک دن لوگوں کو بتائے بغیر گھر چھوڑنے کا فیصلہ کر لیا اور ٹرین پر سوار ہو گئے لیکن چند نوجوانوں نے انھیں پہچان لیا اور غنٹیں کیں کہ چھوڑ کر نہ جائیں۔ میرے والد نے کہا کہ وہ تو اپنے بچوں کو دیکھنے جا رہے ہیں جو کہ پہلے ہی دہلی جا چکے ہیں اور وہ جلد واپس آ جائیں گے۔ لیکن نوجوان مصرحتے کہ وہ انھیں نہیں جانے دیں گے بلکہ انھیں کہنے لگے کہ آپ لوگ اسی ٹرین میں اگلے دن بے شک چلے جائیے گا۔

اس کے ساتھ ہی ان نوجوانوں نے بتایا کہ نارودوال کے پل کے قریب اس ٹرین کے تمام مسافروں کو قتل کرنے کا منصوبہ بنا دیا گیا ہے لہذا میرے والدین کو انھوں نے کہا کہ آج کا دن رک جائیں کل بے شک چلے جائیں تاکہ ان کا سفر محفوظ رہے۔ ان نوجوانوں نے نہ صرف میرے والدین کو جو بیمار تھے پیدل پل پار

کرنے میں مدد کی اور سرحد پر انھیں الوداع بھی کیا۔ میں اپنے والدین کے چلے جانے کے بعد چند دن اپنے گھر پر ہی رہا اور پھر واپس کے راستے بھارت منتقل ہوا۔

ایک بریگیڈئیر جس کا کہ انڈین آرمی میں تبادلہ ہو چکا تھا میرے والد کے پاس آیا اور کہا کہ وہ ان کی کس طرح مدد کر سکتا ہے میرے والد نے بریگیڈئیر کو کہا کہ وہ میرے بیٹے کو (یعنی مجھے) باحفاظت سرحد عبور کروادے۔ چنانچہ میں اس کی فوجی جیب کے پیچھے بیٹھ کر روانہ ہو گیا جو کہ گھریلو سامان سے بھری ہوئی تھی۔

ہمارا شہر سیالکوٹ، امر تسر جانے والی مین روڈ سے قدرہٹ کر واقع ہے لیکن میں یہ دیکھ کر بہت خوفزدہ ہو گیا کہ ساری سڑک سیکڑوں لوگوں سے بھری ہوئی تھی۔ کچھ لوگ دوسری طرف سے پاکستان بھی آرہے تھے لیکن جانے والوں کی تعداد زیادہ لگ رہی تھی۔ مجھے لاشوں کی بدبو آرہی تھی۔ لوگ فوجی جیب کے لیے راستہ چھوڑ رہے تھے۔ ایک جگہ پر ایک بوڑھے سکھ نے جس کی داڑھی ہوا میں اڑ رہی تھی ہماری جیب روک کر مت کی کہ اس کے پوتے کو دوسری طرف پہنچا دیا جائے۔

میں نے اسے بتایا کہ میں نے حال ہی میں اپنی تعلیم مکمل کی ہے اور میں چھوٹے بیچ کو پال نہیں سکتا۔ اس نے کہا کہ اس کے پوتے کو ریونیو جی کیمپ میں چھوڑ دیا جائے وہ بعد میں وہاں پہنچ جائے گا لیکن میں نے انکار کر دیا اور اس کا چہرہ آج تک میری آنکھوں میں گھوم رہا ہے اور مجھے اس پر بڑا ترس آرہا ہے۔

سیالکوٹ میں ایک مالدار مسلمان غلام قادر نے اپنا بنگلہ کھول دیا اور میرے والد کو کہا کہ جب تک حالات معمول پر نہیں آتے آپ میرے بنگلے میں قیام کریں یہاں آپ محفوظ رہیں گے۔ اس وقت تک وہ بنگلہ خود ریونیو جی کیمپ بن چکا تھا جہاں ایک سو سے زیادہ لوگ رہنے لگے تھے۔ غلام قادر ان سب لوگوں کے لیے راشن کا بندوبست بھی کر دیا تھا اور ہمارا دودھ دینے والا گوالا بھی باقاعدگی سے صبح شام وہاں آتا تھا۔ جب میں نے سرحد عبور کی تو میرے پاس صرف ایک چھوٹا سا بیگ تھا جس میں کپڑوں کا ایک جوڑا اور 120 روپے کی نقدی تھی جو میری والدہ نے مجھے دیے تھے۔

لیکن اس کے ساتھ میرے پاس بی اے اور نرس اور ایل ایل بی کی ڈگریاں بھی تھیں اور مجھے اعتماد تھا کہ میں جلد اپنا کیریئر بنالو گا البتہ مجھے اپنے والد کے بارے میں بہت فکر تھا کہ وہ اب جالندھر میں نئے سرے سے کس طرح زندگی شروع کر سکیں گے لیکن میرے والد جلد ہی اپنے مریضوں میں بہت مقبول ہو گئے اور مریض جو در جو صبح شام ان کے پاس آنے لگے۔ میں وہاں سے دہلی چلا گیا جہاں میری خالہ دریائے جمن میں رہ رہی تھیں۔ جامع مسجد قریب ہی تھی جہاں پر نان و تنہا non veg کھانا بڑے کم دام میں مل جاتا تھا جو میں

وہاں کھاتا تھا۔ وہاں پر میری ملاقات ایک شخص سے ہوئی جو مجھے اردو کے اخبار ”انجم“ میں لے گیا اور یوں میرا صحافت کا کیریئر شروع ہوا۔

ایک بڑی غلطی

سیالکوٹ میں جنم لینے والے کلدیپ نار نے اپنی سوانح حیات ایک زندگی کافی نہیں میں لکھا ہے کہ ان کے والد کی خواہش تھی کہ وہ سیالکوٹ واپس چلے جائیں چنانچہ انھوں نے پاکستان کے سفیر اور مختلف سرکاری لوگوں سے رابطہ قائم رکھا حتیٰ کہ سیالکوٹ کے ایک سابقہ ڈپٹی کمشنر فدا حسین کسی وفد کے ساتھ بھارت آئے تو ان سے خصوصی ملاقات کی اور استدعا کی کہ انھیں سیالکوٹ میں اپنی جائیداد واپس دی جائے اور ان کو پاکستانی شہریت دی جائے فدا حسین نے بتایا کہ پاکستانی حکومت نے طے کیا ہے کہ بھارت جانے والے کسی غیر مسلم کو واپس نہیں لیا جائے گا اور اس کو پاکستانی شہریت بحال نہیں کی جائے گی ان کی جائیدادیں بھارت سے آنے والے مسلمان مہاجرین کو الاٹ کی جائیں گی۔

کلدیپ نار نے لکھا ہے کہ ان کے والد نے کہا تھا کہ آپ بہت بڑی غلطی کر رہے ہیں یہ فیصلہ دونوں طرف کے انتہا پسندوں کو مضبوط کرے گا اور نفرت کے ایسے بیج بوئے گا جس کا نتیجہ دونوں اطراف کے لوگوں کو بھگتنا پڑے گا۔



آہ! کلدیپ نیر کی خدمات کا اعتراف کئے بغیر نہیں رہا جاسکتا

محمد شرافت علی محمد شرافت علی

کلدیپ نیر نے اردو صحافت کی نشاۃ ثانیہ کے عمل میں نہ صرف یہ کہ حصہ لیا بلکہ اردو سے ان کا رشتہ زندگی کے آخری ایام تک جڑا رہا۔

ممتاز صحافی جناب کلدیپ نیر نہیں رہے۔ تقریباً 95 برس کی عمر میں موصوف نے آخری سانس لی۔ کلدیپ نیر مابعد آزادی اردو صحافت کو بطور کالم نویس صحت مند فکری غذا فراہم کرانے کے حوالہ سے اپنی مثال آپ کہلا سکتے ہیں، جنہوں نے فرقہ پرستی کے خلاف اپنے جذباتوں کے اظہار میں کبھی بھی کوتاہی نہیں برتی۔ سیکولر خیالات کی ترویج کلدیپ نیر کا صحافتی طرہ امتیاز رہا، جنہوں نے آزادی کے بعد ہندو قوم پرستی کے خط میں مبتلا عناصر سے مرعوب ہوئے بغیر اردو صحافت سے اپنے دیرینہ رشتہ کو قائم رکھا۔ یہ وہ عہد تھا جب فرقہ پرست عناصر کی جانب سے دہلی کے ان میڈیا مراکز کو بطور خاص نشانہ بنایا جا رہا تھا جو ’مسلم فرقہ‘ کے ترجمان کہلاتے تھے۔ دہلی میں واقع ’ڈان‘ اخبار کے دفتر پر حملہ کے بعد دہلی کا ’جنگ‘ مذہبی جنونیوں سے جنگ لڑنے کا متحمل نہیں رہا اور ’گوشیہ عافیت‘ کی تلاش میں اس نے پاکستان ہجرت کر لی۔ اس صورتحال میں ’انجام‘ اور اس عہد کے دیگر اردو اخبارات نے بھی ہندوستان سے فرار کو مقدم جانا۔ ’لسانی و تہذیبی دہشت گردی‘ کے اس ماحول میں صدیوں پرانی ہندوستانی تہذیب سے لوگوں کو جوڑنے اور بچانے کا ہندو فلسفہ کو عام کرنے کی کوشش جن صحافیوں نے کی ان میں یقیناً کلدیپ نیر سر فہرست قرار پانے کے مستحق ہیں۔ دلچسپ یہ بھی ہے کہ آزادی کے فوراً بعد شروع ہونے والی ’لسانی دہشت گردی‘ اور ’تہذیبی انہدام

پسندی کے دوران دہلی کی اردو صحافت کا شیرازہ جب منتشر ہوا اور بحیثیت مجموعی آزاد ہندوستان میں اردو صحافت کیلئے عرصہ حیات تنگ کرنے کی مخصوص طبقہ کی جانب سے دانت و دشوری کو شش کی گئی تو اس دور میں کلدیپ نے اردو صحافت کی نشاۃ ثانیہ کے عمل میں نہ صرف یہ کہ حصہ لیا بلکہ اردو سے ان کا رشتہ زندگی کے آخری ایام تک جڑا رہا۔ یوں تو آزادی کے بعد اردو زبان کے ساتھ ملک گیر سطح پر اکثریتی طبقے نے بے مروتی دکھائی لیکن اردو صحافت کا معاملہ تھوڑا مختلف رہا۔ دو قومی نظریے کی بنیاد پر پاکستان کا قیام کیا ہوا، برصغیر کی سب سے بڑی مہاجرت کا ایسا سلسلہ شروع ہو گیا جس کی نظیر دنیا میں کہیں اور دیکھنے کو نہیں ملتی۔ ہندوستان سے ایک بڑی مسلم آبادی نے اس بدگمانی میں ہجرت کیلئے رخت سفر باندھنا شروع کر دیا کہ ان کا دین و ایمان 'کفرستان' میں سلامت نہیں رہ سکتا۔ یہی صورتحال سرحد کی دوسری جانب برسوں سے آباد ہندوؤں اور کسی حد تک سکھوں میں بھی دیکھی گئی۔ انہوں نے یہ محسوس کرتے ہوئے کہ 'مملکت خداداد' میں ان کا چینا دو بھر ہے، 'جائے امان' کی تلاش میں ہندوستان آنے کا فیصلہ کر لیا۔ شرناہ قہیوں کی صورت میں ہندوستان آنے والی انسانی آبادی کو یوں تو ہندوستانیوں نے آگے بڑھ کر گلے لگایا اور انہیں وہ نکریم بھی بخشی گئی جو عام ہندوستانیوں میں مہمان نوازی کا جزو لازم تصور کیا جاتا تھا لیکن اس کے ٹھیک برعکس دہلی میں 'ڈان' کے دفتر کو جنونیوں کے ذریعہ خاکستر کئے جانے کے بعد 'جنگ' اور دیگر صحافی اداروں کو تحفظ فراہم کرانے جانے کی کوئی ایسی مثال ہمیں نہیں ملتی جس سے یہ تاثر قائم ہو کہ اردو صحافت کے شیرازہ کو منتشر ہونے سے بچانے کے لیے حکومت کی جانب سے کوئی کوشش کی گئی ہو اور ان کے درمیان قیام پاکستان کے بعد پیدا ہونے والی بے اعتمادی و کشمکش کی صورتحال کے خاتمہ کی کوئی سبیل نکالی گئی ہو۔ اردو صحافت پر 1947 کے المیہ کا اثر یہ ہوا کہ صحافت بھی مذہبی رنگ میں رنگ گئی اور نتیجہ یہ ہوا کہ یہ علمی پیشہ سماجی پستی کا ایسا اظہار یہ بنا کہ قارئین تک خبروں کی ترسیل کا پورا نظام مذہبی جنون کے ماتحت آگیا جس کی بنا پر ہندوؤں اور مسلمانوں کی ملکیت والے اخبارات مذہب پسندی کے خط میں ایسے مبتلا ہوئے کہ اردو صحافت نے اپنی حیثیت کھودی اور خود کلدیپ نیز جیسے سلجھے ہوئے صحافی اس کائنات کو خیر باد کہنے کے لیے جواز ڈھونڈنے پر مجبور ہو گئے۔ نتیجے کے طور پر انہوں نے انگریزی کی راہ لے لی۔ اردو صحافت کی اس یتیمی کی ساجیات کیا ہے؟ اس حقیقت کو جاننے کے لیے یہ بھی ناگزیر ہے کہ ہم گہرائی میں جا کر اردو صحافت کو سماج کے رشتوں سے اور اردو کے صحافتی سماج کو اردو صحافت کے وسیلے سے سمجھنے کی کوشش کریں۔ جب تک ساجیات ہی پس منظر کو سمجھا نہیں جائے گا اور اس تناظر میں عصری مسائل سے آگہی کی کوشش نہیں کی جائے گی، قدروں کے تغیر و تبدل کا درست طریقے سے جائزہ نہیں لیا جائے گا، اخبارات کے قارئین کے ذوق سلیم اور تقاضوں کو پرکھا نہیں جائے گا اردو صحافت کی یکلفت تبدیل ہو جانے والی شکل و شہادت کے اسباب کا صحیح تعین ممکن نہیں ہو سکے گا اور پھر یہ نتیجہ بھی اخذ کرنا مشکل ہو گا کہ دہلی میں اپنے

جے جمائے صحافتی کاروبار کو ختم کرتے ہوئے انجام کار پہلے 'جنگ' یہاں سے کیوں چلا گیا اور پھر 'انجام' اپنے انجام کی پروا کیے بغیر رخت سفر باندھنے پر کیوں مجبور ہوا؟ آزادی کے فوراً بعد ملک بھر میں رونما ہونے والے فرقہ وارانہ فسادات کے طویل سلسلے کا آغاز فکری رویوں کی اس تبدیلی کا بڑا سبب بنا جس نے مذہبی جنون میں مبتلا ہو کر ایک بھائی کو دوسرے بھائی کا خون بہانے کی ترغیب ہی نہیں دی بلکہ اس عہد میں انسان دوستی اور اخوت و بھائی چارگی جیسے الفاظ کو حقیقی معنویت سے محروم بھی کیا گیا۔ فرقہ واریت کی اس آندھی سے دہلی محفوظ و مامون نہیں رہ سکی۔ ایک طوفان برپا ہوا جس نے دہلی میں بھائی چارے کی بنیاد کو ہلا کر رکھ دیا۔ مذہبی خلیج نے لکیریں ایسی کھینچ دیں کہ صحافت سے وابستہ طبقہ اشرفیہ بھی ذہنی اعتبار سے دو متوازی قبیلوں میں تقسیم ہو گیا اور صحافتی سرپرستی کا یہ منہاج مریشانہ افکار و خیالات کی ترویج و اشاعت کا سبب بن کر رہ گیا۔

مہاجرت کے اس عمل کے اختتام کے بعد کا آزاد ہندوستان 'غلام ہندوستان' کے مقابلے فکری اور نظریاتی اعتبار سے یکسر مختلف اور متضاد بن گیا۔ صدیوں پرانی تہذیبی و ثقافتی ہم آہنگی پر اس نے گہرا منفی اثر ڈالا بلکہ سچ تو یہ بھی ہے کہ صلح کل، رواداری اور باہمی میل ملاپ کے پیغامات کی ترویج و اشاعت کے بجائے بغض و عناد کو ہوا دینے، نفرت انگیز خبروں کو نمایاں طور پر نذر قارئین کرنے کا سلسلہ چل پڑا جس کے نتیجے میں منتشر اردو صحافت کی احیاء کا نیا سفر نئی فکر اور نئی سوچ سے عبارت قرار پایا۔ دو مخصوص اور متوازی لہروں سے اردو صحافت کا سروکار بڑھا۔ اس عہد کے اخبارات کو پیش نظر رکھ کر یہ تاثر قائم کرنا بھی غلط نہ ہو گا کہ مذہبی وابستگی صحافتی تقاضوں پر کلیتہً غالب آگئی۔ ایک طرف اردو ذرائع ابلاغ پر مسلم لیگ کی بخشی ہوئی ذہنیت کا اثر آزادی کے بعد کے ابتدائی چار پانچ برسوں کے دوران دیکھا گیا تو دوسری جانب پاکستان سے بے گھر ہو کر دہلی کو اقامت گاہ بنانے والی اردو صحافیوں کی بڑی جمیعت مختلف اردو اخبارات کی وساطت سے تارکین وطن کی فکری و ذہنی آسودگی کا سامان مہیا کرتی رہی۔ مخصوص میلانات اور محدود و مقید نظریے کی حمایت و مخالفت سے عبارت اردو صحافت کا یہ منظر نامہ سنجیدہ و متین قارئین کیلئے اردو صحافت سے بعد کا سبب بھی بنتا رہا پھر بھی اردو صحافت کی ڈوبتی کشتی کی ناخدا کی کافر فیضہ انجام دینے والے مذکورہ بالا دونوں گروہوں نے فرقہ وارانہ خطوط پر مذہبی وابستگی کا خوب ڈھول پیٹا۔ اہم اور قابل توجہ نکتہ یہ ہے کہ کلیدیپ نیر نے آزادی کے بعد سے اپنی زندگی کے آخری ایام تک اعتدال، توازن اور میانہ روی کے ساتھ صحافتی سرگرمیوں میں بڑھ چڑھ کر حصہ لیا اور اردو صحافت کو صحتمند فکری غذا کی فراہمی کی کوشش کی۔ یہ کوشش کہاں تک کامیاب رہی اور کس حد تک انہوں نے اردو صحافت کو تندرستی و توانائی بخشی؟ آج نہیں توکل مورخ موصوف ان کی خدمات کا اعتراف کئے بغیر نہیں رہ سکتا کیونکہ سچ تو یہ بھی ہے کہ کلیدیپ نیر کی تحریریں اردو صحافت کو

اعتبار بخشنے کے حوالہ سے قابل قدر کہلانے کی مستحق ہیں۔ (مضمون نگار نئی دہلی کے اخبار ہندوستان ایکسپریس کے ایڈیٹر ہیں)



نیر تاب دار تھانہ رہا۔ کلدیپ نیر

فیصل فاروق

حالیہ دنوں کئی ایسی عظیم شخصیتیں ہم سے رخصت ہوئیں جنہوں نے اپنی ادبی اور صحافتی سرگرمیوں کی وجہ سے قارئین کا ایک وسیع حلقہ بنالیا تھا۔ انہی محترم شخصیات میں سے ایک کلدیپ نیر بھی ہیں۔ کلدیپ نیر طویل مدت سے بیمار چل رہے تھے اور ۹۵ سال کی عمر میں اس دار فانی سے کوچ کر گئے۔ آزاد ہندوستان کی صحافت کے اہم ستون کلدیپ نیر نہ صرف عظیم صحافی بلکہ ایک عظیم انسان تھے۔ ان کی خاص بات یہ تھی کہ وہ ہندوستان کے بیچارے سے لے کر زیندہ مودی کے عروج تک کے تاریخ ساز عہد کے چشم دید گواہ تو تھے ہی بلکہ انہوں نے اس عہد کو اپنے قلم سے رقم بھی کیا۔ انہوں نے ہمیشہ حق کی آواز بلند کی اور حکومتوں کی غلط پالیسیوں کے خلاف ہمیشہ آواز اٹھائی۔ اکثر سال کی اپنی صحافتی زندگی میں انہوں نے کافی نام کمایا۔

اعتدال و توازن، حقیقت پسندی، وسیع القبلی اور کشادہ نظری ان کا امتیازی وصف تھا۔ وہ آسان لفظوں میں بڑی خوبصورتی سے اپنی بات کہہ دیتے تھے جو کہ موثر ثابت ہوتی تھی۔ ان کے بے خوف خیالات و نظریات اور ان کا کام کئی دہائیوں پر محیط رہا۔ اگرچہ وہ بنیادی طور پر انگریزی صحافت کے ولد ادہ تھے اور انگریزی صحافت کے معیار کو مثالی قرار دیتے تھے لیکن اردو کے ساتھ ان کا عاشقانہ رشتہ تھا۔ کلدیپ نیر نے اردو کی ترقی اور فروغ کی کوششوں میں بھی اپنا کردار نبھانے کی پوری کوشش کی۔ انہیں مجاہد آزادی مولانا حسرت موہانی کے ساتھ کام کرنے کا شرف بھی حاصل ہوا۔ ایک ایسے وقت میں جب قلم اور آزادی اظہار رائے پر

پابندیاں لگانے کی درپردہ کوششیں ہو رہی ہیں کلدیپ نیر کا جانا جمہوریت کے اس چوتھے ستون کیلئے ایک ایسا نقصان ہے جس کی تلافی کسی طرح ممکن نہیں۔

پریس کی آزادی اور شہریوں کے حقوق کی حفاظت کیلئے ہمیشہ جدوجہد کرنے والے معروف صحافی کلدیپ نیر کی پیدائش ۱۲/ اگست ۱۹۲۳ء کو غیر منقسم ہندوستان کے سیالکوٹ میں ہوئی تھی جو اس وقت پاکستان میں ہے۔ سیالکوٹ کی مٹی نے کئی اہم شخصیات کو پیدا کیا ہے۔ کلدیپ نیر اس بات پر بھی فخر کرتے تھے کہ وہ اس جگہ کے رہنے والے ہیں جس نے اردو کے دو بڑے شاعروں علامہ اقبال اور فیض احمد فیض کو پیدا کیا۔ انہوں نے لاہور سے قانون کی پڑھائی کی تھی اور امریکہ کی نارٹھ ویسٹرن یونیورسٹی سے صحافت کی ڈگری حاصل کی تھی۔ فلسفہ میں پی ایچ ڈی کی۔ وکالت کی ڈگری ہونے کے باوجود کلدیپ نیر نے بطور صحافی اپنے کریئر کی شروعات کی۔ انہوں نے دہلی کے نئی ماراں سے شائع ہونے والے اردو روزنامہ اخبار انجام سے اپنی صحافتی زندگی کا آغاز کیا۔ پھر مولانا حسرت موہانی کے زیر نگرانی وحدت نامی اخبار میں کچھ دن کام کیا اور انہی کے مشورہ سے انگریزی صحافت کو اپنا میدان عمل بنایا اور اُس میں بڑی اہم خدمات انجام دیں۔ مولانا حسرت موہانی آئین ساز اسمبلی کے رکن بھی تھے۔

کلدیپ نیر نے مہاتما گاندھی کے قتل کی پوری خبر موقعہ واردات پر پہنچ کر کور کی تھی۔ نیر نے ایک انٹرویو میں بتایا تھا کہ وہ اپنے کریئر کے شروعاتی دنوں میں اپنے دفتر میں بیٹھے ہوئے تھے کہ اُن کے ٹیلی فون پر نٹر کی گھنٹی بجی اور ایک خبر فلیش ہوئی گاندھی شاٹ ٹوڈے تھے۔ انہوں نے بتایا میں فوراً ہلاؤس بھاگا۔ میرا ایک ساتھی مجھے اپنی موٹر سائیکل پر پچھلی سیٹ پر بٹھا کر وہاں چھوڑ آیا۔ جب میں وہاں پہنچا تو پنڈت نہرو، سردار پٹیل اور مولانا آزاد پہنچ چکے تھے۔ میرے سامنے ہی لارڈ ماؤنٹ بیٹن وہاں پہنچے اور انہوں نے گاندھی کے جسد خاکی کو سیلوٹ کیا۔ مجھے نجی طور پر لگا کہ ملک کے سر پر ہاتھ رکھنے والا ہمارے درمیان سے اٹھ گیا۔

کلدیپ نیر نے پریس انفارمیشن بورڈ (پی آئی بی) حکومت ہند میں کئی سال تک اپنی خدمات انجام دیں۔ انہیں اُس وقت کے وزیر داخلہ گووند ولہ پنت کے ساتھ تعینات کیا گیا تھا۔ کلدیپ نیر کا خیال تھا کہ پنڈت جی بہت بڑے آدمی تھے اور اُن کا انسانی پہلو بہت مضبوط تھا۔ گووند ولہ پنت کے بعد جب لال بہادر شاستری وزیر داخلہ بنے تو انہوں نے سارا اسٹاف بدل ڈالا سوائے اُن کے ڈرائیور اور پریس آفیسر کلدیپ نیر کے۔ کلدیپ نیر کا کہنا تھا کہ شاستری جیسے سادہ لوح انسان نہ تو اُس وقت سیاست میں تھے نہ آج ہیں۔ اس کے علاوہ نیر ہندوستانی خبر رساں ایجنسی یونائیٹڈ نیوز آف انڈیا (یو این آئی)، پاکستان کے مشہور انگریزی زبان کے اخبار دی ڈان، انگریزی زبان میں شائع ہونے والا روزنامہ اخبار دی اسٹیشن مین اور دی انڈین ایکسپریس کے ساتھ طویل مدت تک منسلک رہے۔ وہ پچیس سال تک دی ٹائمز لندن کے نامہ نگار بھی رہے ہیں۔ وہ

دہلی میں دی اسٹیش مین کے مدیر بھی رہے ہیں۔ انگریزی صحافت میں انہیں اس بات کا بھی فائدہ ملا کہ وہ ملک کے تیسرے وزیر اعظم رہ چکے لال بہادر شاستری اور یوپی کے پہلے وزیر اعلیٰ رہ چکے گووند ولہ پنت کی وزارت داخلہ میں انفارمیشن آفیسر کی حیثیت سے کام کر چکے تھے۔ وہ شاستری جی کے بہت قریب رہے۔ اُس وقت یہ پہلی شخصیت تھی جس نے لال بہادر شاستری کے موت کی اطلاع دی۔

دی پی سنگھ کی دورِ حکومت میں کلدیپ نیر کو ۱۹۹۰ء میں گریٹ بریٹین میں ہندوستان کا ہائی کمشنر مقرر کیا گیا تھا جبکہ وہ ۱۹۹۶ء میں ہندوستان کی طرف سے اقوام متحدہ کے رکن بھی رہے۔ اور پھر ۱۹۹۷ء میں انہیں پارلیمنٹ کے ایوان بالا راجیہ سبھا کا رکن نامزد کیا گیا۔ انہوں نے چھ سال تک اس ذمہ داری کو بہ حسن و خوبی نبھایا۔ کلدیپ نیر کو نار تھ ویسٹرن یونیورسٹی کی طرف سے ایلو مینی میٹریٹ ایوارڈ ۱۹۹۹ء میں دیا گیا۔ ۲۰۱۵ء میں انہیں صحافت میں اُن کی گراں قدر خدمات کیلئے لائیو ٹائم اچیومنٹ ایوارڈ سے بھی نوازا گیا۔ صحافت کے شعبہ میں قابلِ قدر خدمات انجام دینے والوں کو نیر سے منسوب "کلدیپ نیر صحافتی ایوارڈ" دیا جاتا ہے۔ کلدیپ نیر ایک سیکولر قلم کار اور جمہوری اقدار کے امین تھے۔ وہ شدت پسند تنظیموں اور خاص طور پر آریس ایس کے خلاف ہمیشہ آواز بلند کرتے رہے اور واچمنی حکومت میں یہاں تک کہا تھا کہ ایک ایسا قانون بنایا جائے کہ آریس ایس کے کارکنان کو حکومت کے اعلیٰ عہدوں سے دور رکھا جائے اور انہیں حکومت کے کام کاج کیلئے نہ اہل قرار دیا جائے۔

راقم کے ایک دوست جو آر ٹی آئی رضا کار ہیں بتاتے ہیں کہ حق معلومات (آر ٹی آئی) کو نافذ کرانے میں ایک اہم رول کلدیپ نیر کا بھی رہا ہے۔ وہ شروعات سے ہی اس کی تمام تحریکوں سے جڑے رہے اور کھتے رہے۔ آر ٹی آئی کے اس ایکٹ پر کلدیپ نیر نے جتنا لکھا، شاید ہی کسی اور نے اتنا لکھا ہو۔ معلومات فراہم کرنے کیلئے ایک قومی سطح کا قانون بنانا ایک مشکل امر ثابت ہوا۔ یہ قانون پورے ہندوستان پر محیط ہے سوائے جموں و کشمیر کے جہاں جموں و کشمیر حق معلومات قانون ۲۰۰۹ء نافذ العمل ہے۔ یہ سبھی دستوری ارباب مجاز کا احاطہ کرتا ہے جن میں حکومت، مقننہ اور عدلیہ شامل ہیں۔ قانون میں یہ بھی مذکور ہے کہ ادارہ جات یا ارباب مجاز جو ملکیت، زیر نگرانی یا قابلِ لحاظ حد تک مالیہ فراہم کردہ حکومت یا نیم سرکاری اداروں کے تحت آتے ہیں، وہ اس قانون کا حصہ بن جاتے ہیں۔

کلدیپ نیر کی اہم کتابوں میں یونین دی لائنس، بیانڈ دی لائنس (سوانح عمری)، ڈسٹنٹ نیبرس: اے ٹیل آف دی سب کانٹیننٹ، ٹیلز آف ٹو سٹیز، وال ایٹ واگھا: انڈیا پاکستان ریلیشنز، انڈیا ہائوس، اسکوپ: انسائڈ اسٹوری فرام دی پارٹیشن نو پریزنٹ، ٹریبیڈی آف پنجاب، ان جیل، رپورٹ آن افغانستان، ایمر جنسی ری ٹولڈ، انڈیا آفٹر نہرو شامل ہیں۔ لیکن بھگت سنگھ کی زندگی پر لکھی گئی کتاب وڈاؤٹ فیزر اور

ایمر جنسی پر لکھی گئی اُن کی کتاب دی جمنٹ: انسائڈ اسٹوری آف دی ایمر جنسی ان انڈیا خاص مشہور ہوئی۔ وڈ آؤٹ فیر نامی اس کتاب میں کلڈیپ نیر نے ہندوستانی نوجوانوں پر بھگت سنگھ کے اثرات اور اُس بے مثال آدمی اور اُس کے ساتھیوں، سکھ دیو اور راج گرو کے کاموں کو دکھایا ہے۔ یہ کتاب شہید اعظم بھگت سنگھ کی زندگی پر مبنی ہے۔ یہ کتاب سب سے پہلے یہ بتاتی ہے کہ ہنس راج دوہرانے بطور سرکاری گواہ بھگت سنگھ کو کیوں دھوکہ دیا۔ اس کتاب نے سکھ یو پر بھی نئی روشنی ڈالی، بعض مورخین کی طرف سے جن کی وفاداری پر سوال اٹھایا گیا ہے۔ اور دی جمنٹ میں کلڈیپ نیر نے ۱۲/ جون ۱۹۷۵ء جس دن الہ آباد ہائی کورٹ نے اندرا گاندھی کو لے کر فیصلہ سنایا تھا سے اپنا بیان شروع کیا ہے۔ یہ ایمر جنسی پر لکھی گئی اہم کتابوں میں سے ایک ہے۔

کلڈیپ نیر ہندوستان کے پہلے سنڈیکیٹ کالم نگاروں میں سے ایک تھے۔ انگریزی میں لکھا ہوا اُن کا ہفتہ وار کالم "بنوین دی لائنس" (بین السطور) اردو اخبارات سمیت ہندوستان کی تمام اہم زبانوں کے تقریباً ۸۰/ اخبارات میں بیک وقت شائع ہوا کرتا تھا۔ مگر اردو اخبارات کو یہ امتیاز حاصل تھا کہ انہیں اُن کا مضمون اردو میں ہی ملتا تھا۔ کیونکہ اُس کا اردو ترجمہ وہ اپنی نگرانی میں کرواتے تھے۔ انہوں نے ہندوستانی سیاست کی سب سے زیادہ معلوماتی تفصیل کی ایک سیریز لکھی۔ اُن میں سے ایک، "بنوین دی لائنس" جو کہ شاید ہندوستان میں سب سے پہلی نان فکشن بہترین فروخت کنندہ کتاب تھی۔ اُن کی تحریروں کے تراجم ہندوستان بھر کے متعدد اخبارات اور رسائل و جرائد میں اہتمام سے شائع تو ہوتے ہی تھے۔ علاوہ ازیں بعض عالمی معاملات میں اُن کے موقف کو الیکٹرانک میڈیا بھی نمایاں انداز میں شائع کیا کرتا تھا۔ کلڈیپ نیر کی اہمیت یہ ہے کہ ان کے بارے میں اُن کی خود نوشت کے دیباچہ نگار نے دعویٰ کیا ہے کہ کلڈیپ نیر کے نام کا ترجمہ "سیکر لرازم" ہے۔

کلڈیپ نیر کی تحریروں پر شدید تنقید اور اعتراضات بھی ہوتے رہے۔ ڈاکٹر منیش کمار اپنے ایک مضمون "یہ کلڈیپ نیر صاحب کو کیا ہو گیا؟" میں لکھتے ہیں کہ "صحافی کے قلم میں طاقت ہوتی ہے اور اگر وہ صحافی کلڈیپ صاحب جیسے قد آور ہوں تو طاقت اور بھی زیادہ بڑھ جاتی ہے۔ اس طاقت کا استعمال عوام کی طرفداری کیلئے ہونا چاہئے نہ کہ سرکاری۔ صحافی کا کام سرکار کے کام کاج کی غلطیوں کو اجاگر کرنا ہوتا ہے، یہ بات کلڈیپ صاحب سے بہتر ہندوستان میں کون جان سکتا ہے؟ وہ جانتے ہیں اور یہ ہم لوگوں نے اُن سے ہی سیکھا ہے کہ ایک صحافی کو سرکار کیلئے میڈیا منیجر کی طرح کام نہیں کرنا چاہئے۔ جس کام کیلئے ملک میں کئی صحافی کافی ہیں اور کئی تو ایسے بھی ہیں، جنہوں نے یہ کام خود ہی اپنے سر پر لے لیا۔ ہمیں یقین ہے کہ ہمارے

کلدیپ صاحب اُن میں سے نہیں ہیں، کیوں کہ زمانہ امتبادل گیا ہے کہ لوگ فوراً یہ الزام لگانے لگیں گے کہ کلدیپ صاحب کانگریس کی پونچھ پڑ کر پھر سے راجہ سبھا جانا چاہتے ہیں۔”

کلدیپ نیر کی پہچان ایک سیاسی مبصر کی تھی۔ کلدیپ نیر کو دی ایٹھس مین کے ایڈیٹر کے طور پر ایمر جنسی کے دوران اندرا گاندھی حکومت کے خلاف اپنے موقف کیلئے جانا جاتا تھا۔ اُس دور میں اپنی تحریروں کے ذریعہ انہوں نے جمہوریت کے حق میں آواز اٹھائی اور امن پسندی کی پرزور وکالت کی۔ کلدیپ نیر اُن لوگوں میں سے تھے جنہوں نے ایمر جنسی کی کھل کر مخالفت کی تھی اور دہشت پسند قانون میا کے تحت جیل بھی گئے تھے۔ حکومت وقت کی طرف سے جب کبھی پریس کی آزادی صلب کرنے کی کوشش ہوئی وہ اُس کے خلاف میدان میں کود پڑے۔ انہوں نے معاصر صحافیوں کے ساتھ صف آراء ہو کر دہلی کے انڈیا گیٹ پر راجو گاندھی حکومت کے ذریعہ لائے گئے متنازعہ ہتک عزت ایکٹ کی پرزور مخالفت بھی کی تھی۔ اسی طرح دو سال قبل جب این ڈی ٹی وی پر موجودہ مودی سرکار نے پابندی لگانے کی کوشش کی تو اُس وقت بھی دہلی پریس کلب میں جو احتجاج ہوا اُس میں کلدیپ نیر ضعیف العمری کے باوجود موجود رہے۔ ایک سیاسی مبصر کے طور پر انہوں نے موجودہ مسائل پر آزادانہ طور پر اپنے خیالات کو لکھا۔ انہوں نے انقلابی خیالات کے سماجی کارکن اناہزارے کی بد عنوانی کے خلاف چلائی گئی تحریک کی حمایت بھی کی تھی۔

۱۹۴۷ء میں جب ملک تقسیم ہوا تو فوج کے ایک بریگیڈیئر نے کلدیپ نیر کے والد کو پیشکش کی کہ وہ ہندوستان جا رہے ہیں اور اُن کیلئے کچھ کرنا چاہتے ہیں۔ اُن کے والد نے کہا کہ وہ اُن کے تین بیٹوں کو اپنے ساتھ ہندوستان لے جائیں۔ بریگیڈیئر نے کہا کہ تین بیٹوں کو لے جانا تو ممکن نہیں ہے، البتہ وہ اُن کے کسی ایک بیٹے کو لے جاسکتے ہیں۔ اُن کے والد نے تین بیٹوں کے نام کی چٹھی اڑائی، قرعہ فال کلدیپ کے نام نکلا۔ چنانچہ کلدیپ نیر اُس بریگیڈیئر کے ساتھ جیب میں بیٹھ کر پہلے لاہور پھر وہاں سے امرتسر پہنچے۔ کلدیپ نیر نے انتقال سے محض سات دن پہلے پندرہ اگست یوم آزادی کو شائع کردہ اپنے مضمون میں بھی اس دل سوز واقعہ کی منظر کشی کی ہے۔

کلدیپ نیر لکھتے ہیں کہ یہ ۱۲ / اگست ۱۹۴۷ء کا واقعہ ہے یعنی ہندوستان کے آزاد ہونے سے محض تین دن پہلے۔ پیشے سے ڈاکٹر میرے والد نے ہم تینوں بھائیوں کو بلا کر پوچھا کہ ہمارا کیا پروگرام ہے۔ میں نے انھیں بتایا کہ میں پاکستان میں رکتنا چاہتا ہوں بالکل اُسی طرح جیسے مسلمان ہندوستان میں ہیں۔ میرے بڑے بھائی نے جو اُس وقت امرتسر میں ڈاکٹری کی تعلیم حاصل کر رہے تھے یہ کہتے ہوئے مداخلت کی کہ مسلمان ہندوؤں سے مغربی پنجاب میں مکانات خالی کر والیں گے اُسی طرح جیسے مشرقی پنجاب میں رہنے والے مسلمانوں سے گھر خالی کر لئے جائیں گے۔ میں نے پوچھا کہ اگر ہندو اس پر راضی نہیں ہوں گے تو ایسا کیونکر

ممکن ہے؟ اُن کا جواب یہ تھا کہ ہمیں زبردستی نکال دیا جائے گا۔ اور واقعی ایسا ہی ہوا۔ ۱۷ اگست کو آزادی کے بعد بعض مسلم صاحبان ہمارے پاس آئے اور انھوں نے گھر چھوڑ دینے کی درخواست کی۔ میں نے اُن میں سے ایک سے پوچھا کہ ہم کہاں جائیں گے؟ انہوں نے جالندھر میں اپنے گھر کی چابیاں دیتے ہوئے کہا کہ ہمیں کچھ کرنا نہیں پڑے گا کیونکہ اُن کا گھر مکمل طور پر ساز و سامان سے آراستہ ہے اور رہائش کیلئے تیار ہے۔ ہم نے یہ پیشکش قبول نہیں کی۔

لیکن اُن کے جانے کے بعد ہم مستقبل کے بارے میں فیصلہ کرنے کیلئے کھانے کی میز کے گرد بیٹھ گئے۔ میں نے گھروالوں کو بتایا کہ میں پاکستان میں ہی رکوں گا اور انھوں نے کہا کہ وہ امرتسر چلے جائیں گے اور انتظار ختم ہونے پر واپس آجائیں گے۔ ہم سب نے اس پر اتفاق کیا کہ حالات کتنے ہی حوصلہ شکن ہوں ہم زیادہ سے زیادہ ایک مہینے میں واپس آسکتے ہیں۔ گھر میں تالہ لگاتے ہوئے میری ماں نے یہ جملہ کہا تھا کہ اُنھیں عجیب سا احساس ہو رہا ہے کہ ہم لوگ واپس نہیں آئیں گے۔ میرے بڑے بھائی نے ماں کی بات سے اتفاق کر لیا۔ میں نے سیاحوں والے نیلے کیٹوس بیگ میں پتلون اور قمیص رکھی اور یہ کہہ کر اُن سے رخصت ہوا کہ ہم دریائے گنج، دہلی میں اپنے ماما کے گھر پر ملیں گے۔ میرے والد نے میرے لئے سفر کو آسان بنا دیا تھا۔ انہوں نے اپنے نرس بریگیڈیئر سے کہہ دیا تھا کہ وہ اُن کے تین بیٹوں کو سرحد پار کرادیں۔ انہوں نے کہا کہ میرے جوتے میں اتنی جگہ نہیں ہے اور میں ایک ہی کولے جا سکوں گا۔ اگلی صبح مجھے اُن کی گاڑی میں ٹھونس دیا گیا۔ میں اپنے آنسوؤں کو چھپانے لگا۔ کچھ یقین نہیں تھا کہ کیا ہم دوبارہ مل پائیں گے؟

سیالکوٹ سے سمبر وال تک کے سفر میں کوئی خاص واقعہ پیش نہیں آیا۔ لیکن وہاں سے دونوں طرف کے انسانوں کے کارواں آدور جا رہے تھے۔ ہندو ہندوستان کی طرف اور مسلمان پاکستانی حصے کی طرف۔ اچانک ہمارے جوتے کو روکا گیا۔ ایک ضعیف سکھ راستے میں کھڑا اپنے پوتے کو ہندوستان لے جانے کی درخواست کر رہا تھا۔ میں نے اُن سے نرمی سے کہا کہ میں ابھی طالب علم ہوں اور اُن کے پوتے کو اپنے ساتھ نہیں لے جاسکتا چاہے اُن کی درخواست کتنی ہی معقول ہو۔ بوڑھے آدمی نے کہا کہ میں اپنے خاندان کے تمام افراد کو کھو چکا ہوں۔ بس یہ پوتا ہی باقی ہے۔ میں چاہتا ہوں یہ تو زندہ رہے۔ مجھے آج بھی اُس کا آنسوؤں سے بھیگا ہوا چہرہ یاد ہے۔ لیکن میں نے سچائی بتادی تھی۔ میں اُس بچے کی پرورش کیسے کرتا جبکہ میرے مستقبل کا ہی کوئی بھروسہ نہ تھا۔ پھر ہم آگے بڑھے۔ سفر کرتے ہوئے ہم دیکھ سکتے تھے کہ سالانہ کس طرح ہر طرف بکھرا پڑا تھا۔ ہاں اُس وقت تک لاشیں اٹھالی گئی تھیں۔ فضا میں تعفن بہت زیادہ تھا۔ یہی وقت تھا جب میں نے دونوں ملکوں کے درمیان اچھے روابط کو فروغ دینے کا خود سے وعدہ کیا۔ واگھا سرحد پر شمع افروزی شروع کرنے کا یہی سبب تھا۔ یہ عمل آج سے ۲۰ سال پہلے شروع ہوا تھا۔ یہ ایک مختصر سی تحریک تھی جس میں

پندرہ بیس افراد شامل ہوئے تھے۔ اب اس طرف سے ایک لاکھ افراد اور محدود تعداد میں ہی سہی پاکستان کے عوام اس مہم میں شامل ہو گئے ہیں۔ عوام کے جوش و خروش کا کوئی ٹکنا نہیں ہے۔ لیکن حکومتیں راہ میں حائل ہیں۔ پورے علاقے میں کریو ہے اور سرحد پر پہنچنے کیلئے اجازت ملنی پڑتی ہے۔

کلدیپ نیر آگے پر امید انداز میں لکھتے ہیں کہ میں نے وزیر داخلہ راج ناتھ سنگھ کو لکھا ہے کہ حکام، بارڈر سیکوریٹی فورس اور سینٹرل ریزرو پولیس فورس دونوں کو ہدایت دیں کہ ہمیں شمع افروزی کیلئے زیر و پوائنٹ تک پہنچنے کی اجازت دیں جہاں پر لوہے کے پھاٹکوں پر سے دونوں طرف کی نقل و حرکت پر نظر رکھی جاتی ہے۔ یہ مشق چند افراد تک محدود ہے۔ کاش کہ سرحد کو نرم بنا کر صورت حال کو پرسکون بنایا جاسکے اور دونوں ملکوں کے درمیان عداوت دور ہو۔ میں اس بس میں موجود تھا جو وزیر اعظم اٹل بھاری واجپئی لاہور لے کر گئے تھے۔ دونوں طرف سے اس کا خیر مقدم ہوا تھا اور میں نے سوچا کہ یہ سفر ہندوستان اور پاکستان کے درمیان باقاعدہ دو طرفہ تجارت اور بین عوام کے درمیان رابطوں کو بحال کرے گا، لیکن ایک دوسرے کے ملک میں آمد و رفت سے روکنے والے خاردار تار اور ویزا کی سخت پابندیاں دیکھ کر مجھے مایوسی ہوتی ہے۔ ماضی میں دانشوروں، موسیقاروں اور فنکاروں کی باہمی ملاقات ہوئی تھی اور ان کے مشترکہ پروگرام بھی ہوتے تھے لیکن اب یہ بھی موقوف ہے کیونکہ حکومتیں ویزا جاری کرنے میں سختی برت رہی ہے۔

ہندوستان اور پاکستان کے تعلق سے کلدیپ نیر آگے لکھتے ہیں کہ نونمب وزیر اعظم عمران خان نے ایک انٹرویو میں کہا ہے کہ وہ تجارت اور کاروبار کو یقینی بنائیں گے۔ مجھے فکر صرف یہ ہے کہ فوج سے ان کی قربت شاید اپنا وعدہ پورا کرنے کی انھیں اجازت نہ دے۔ لیکن ہو سکتا ہے کہ فوج سے قربت کے زاویے کو بڑھا چڑھا کر پیش کیا جا رہا ہو۔ وہ بھی امن قائم ہوتے دیکھنا چاہے گی کیونکہ جنگ میں تو اسی کے افراد لڑتے اور اس کے عواقب بھگتتے ہیں۔ نئی دہلی کو ایک کوشش کرنی چاہئے۔ لیکن اس نے پاکستان کے دہشت گردوں کی پشت پناہی بند کرنے اور ممبئی دھماکوں کے قصورواروں کو سزا دینے سے پہلے اسلام آباد سے مذاکرات نہ کرنے کا سخت موقف اختیار کر رکھا ہے۔ دونوں ملکوں کے درمیان پر خلوص روابط کیلئے ہندوستان کے مطالبے کے پیش نظر نئے وزیر اعظم عمران خان کو اقدام کرنا چاہئے۔

کلدیپ نیر ممتاز صحافی، دانشور، سماجی کارکن، مدیر، مصنف اور کالم نگار تو تھے ہی لیکن انہیں پریس کی آزادی، انسانی حقوق کے تحفظ اور ہندو پاک دوستی کیلئے ان کی انتھک جدوجہد کیلئے بھی یاد رکھا جائے گا۔ مشہور مورخ رام چندر گوہا نے ایک تعزیتی پیغام میں لکھا ہے کہ ”کلدیپ نیر اس نسل کے صحافی تھے جو پیسے اور شہرت کے پیچھے بھاگنے کے بجائے اپنے ضمیر کی آواز سننے کو زیادہ ترجیح دیتے تھے۔ مذہبی ہم آہنگی کیلئے ان کی کوششوں، ان کی ایمانداری اور ایمر جنسی کے دوران ان کی جرأت کو یاد رکھا جائے گا۔“ کلدیپ نیر

جدید ہندوستان میں کئی تاریخی اور اہم واقعات کے گواہ تھے۔ انہوں نے ایماندار صحافت کے معیار کو بلند رکھا اور اُس سے کبھی سمجھوتہ نہیں کیا۔ وہ صحیح معنوں میں ہندوستان اور پاکستان کے درمیان امن کے داعی تھے۔ ماضی میں میڈیا کا ردِ لبّی بڑا ہی تابناک اور روشن تھا البتہ دورِ حاضر میں اِس کی روشنی بتدریج مدھم ہوتی جا رہی ہے۔ کلدیپ نیر کو سچا خراج عقیدت یہی ہو گا کہ غلط کو صحیح اور جھوٹ کو سچ ثابت کرنے میں مصروف دورِ حاضر کا میڈیا ضمیر کی آواز کو مشعل بنا کر اُن کے مشن کو آگے بڑھائے۔



کلدیپ نائر، امن پسند آپ کو یاد کرتے ہیں

کشور ناہید

اس دفعہ 14 اگست کو واہگہ بارڈر کے دونوں طرف موم بتیاں جلاتے ہوئے امن کے نعرے لگانے والے موجود نہیں تھے۔ دونوں طرف کے سپاہی ہزار منع کرتے، مگر دیوانے تھے کہ پہنچ جاتے، آزادی اور امن کے نعرے لگاتے، تقریریں کرتے، ان کو دیکھا دیکھی ادھر سارا امر تشریح ہو جاتا اور ادھر لاہور کے نوجوان، بوڑھے اور خواتین جھنڈے اٹھائے ہوئے موجود ہوتے تھے۔

پر اس سال کیا ہوا۔ اس دفعہ امن لانے والوں کے سربراہ کلدیپ نائر، اسپتال میں تھے، ادھر پاکستان میں عاصمہ جہانگیر زندگی سے روٹھ گئی تھیں اور اب کلدیپ نائر جو پچاس سال سے ہندوستان، پاکستان میں امن، دوستی اور سرحدوں کو آنے جانے کے لئے نرم کرنے کی بات کرتے تھے، وہ بھی چلے گئے۔

رحمان صاحب بھی بہت بزرگ ہو گئے ہیں اور مجھ جیسے بوڑھے اسلام آباد میں تھے، مگر ہم تو ہر سال اسلام آباد سے واہگہ بارڈر پہنچا کرتے تھے۔ یہ کیوں ہوا کہ ہمارے لیڈر مر گئے تو ہم خود کو بے آسرا سمجھنے لگے۔

قائد اعظم کے مرنے کے بعد بھی تو آپادھاپانی شروع ہو گئی تھی جو اب تک جاری تھی۔ امن اور آزادی کے نام پر بعض لوگ جنگی تیاریاں کرتے رہتے تھے۔ ٹریک ٹوڈ پلو میسی کے رکن بن کر معلوم نہیں، کس کے خرچے پر، ہندوستان، پاکستان میں نہیں، بنگاک میں جاکر میٹنگیں کرنے لگتے تھے۔

جب کبھی وہ لوگ عاصمہ کو بھی بلاتے تھے، مگر یہ میٹنگز نیپال یا سری لنکا میں ہوتی تھیں۔ وہاں بہت سے وعدے وعید کرنے اور مجھ سے نظمیں سننے کے بعد مائونٹ ایلورسٹ کے پیچھے سے سورج نکلنے ہوئے دیکھنے کے لئے صبح چار بجے روانہ ہوتے، ہوٹل پہنچ کر سورج کی ابھرتی کرنوں کو آنکھوں میں چبھتا ہوا دیکھ کر، نیچے اتر کر ناشتہ کرتے تھے۔

باتیں اور وعدے اگلے ایجنڈے کے لئے چھوڑ کر ہم روانہ ہو جایا کرتے تھے۔ کلدیپ جی اور عاصمہ یاد دلائیں عمران کو! یہ مشعل آپ پکڑیں گے۔

کلدیپ ناز کے کالم سنڈیکٹ ہوتے تھے۔ یعنی دنیا بھر کے اخبارات میں اردو اور انگریزی میں شائع ہوا کرتے تھے۔ ناانسانی کے اقدامات چاہے انڈیا کر تا یا پاکستان یا پھر امریکہ، اس کے خلاف بر ملا لکھتے تھے۔

پانچ، سات سال ہوئے، ان کے گھمنوں میں تکلیف ہوئی، پھر بھی امن کے لئے ہر سال پاکستان کا دورہ کیا۔ گزشتہ سال سے انڈیا میں جتنی نفرتیں پھیلائی گئیں، ان پر لکھا، پاکستان کے شدت پسندوں کے خلاف بھی لکھا۔

مگر اب بقول علامہ اقبال، پاکستان نے پہلے امن کا سندیہ، انڈیا اور افغانستان کو دیا ہے، عمران خان، 14 اگست کے بعد وزیر اعظم بنے ہیں ورنہ ہم ان سے درخواست کرتے کہ وہ بھی جوانوں کو داہگہ سرحد پر بھیجیں اور ادھر انڈیا میں، امن کے لئے مسلسل اٹھنے والی چند آوازوں میں سے ایک آواز ہے منی شکر آزر کی۔

وہ پاکستان، ہندوستان میں امن کے لئے مسلسل کوششیں کرتے رہے ہیں۔ البتہ جب میں پاکستان میں پاک۔ انڈیا دوستی کے رہنماؤں کی جانب دیکھتی ہوں تو اکثر مجھ سے بھی زیادہ بزرگ ہو گئے ہیں۔

ہمارے درمیان مدیحہ گوہر تھی وہ بھی ڈرامے کے ذریعے انڈیا، پاکستان دوستی اور ثقافتی تبادلوں کی بے پناہ کوشش کرتی تھی۔ انڈیا میں تین بوس اور ریلوے پاک۔ انڈیا دوستی پر کام کرتے رہے مگر انڈین حکومت ان کو کام کرنے نہیں دے رہی۔

وہ تو سدھو کے پاکستان آنے پر آگ بگولہ ہو رہے ہیں۔ پاکستان کے اندر امن کے لئے پلیٹ فارم پیدا اور مستحکم کرنے کے لئے اسی تیزی سے عمران خان کو کام کرنا ہے جس تیزی سے کرکٹ کی انتظامیہ کو بدلنے کے لئے کیا ہے۔

پی ٹی آئی میں بہت نوجوان، خواتین و حضرات ہیں۔ بچوں اور طلباء کے تبادلوں اور مقصدی ڈائلاگ کا اہتمام ہو۔ یوں نہ ہو کہ شہریار صاحب دہلی رکیں اس لئے کہ بیگم کو کچھ ساڑھیاں خریدنی تھیں۔

ضرورت تجارت بڑھنی چاہئے، مگر ایسا نہ ہو کہ جیسے پہلے خواتین بڑے سوٹ کیس میں تین اور خالی سوٹ کیس رکھ کر لے جاتی تھیں۔ واہبی پر 20 ہزار روپے زائد سامان کے دے کر، اپنی بوتیک کا اشتہار دیتی تھیں اور اگلے وہ سارے پیسے وصول ہو جاتے تھے جو زائد سامان کے لیے دیئے تھے۔

دونوں ممالک کے درمیان اس وقت بھی اسمگلنگ کے ذریعے اربوں روپے کی تجارت ہو رہی ہے۔ ہلدی رام، لکھنؤ کے کرتے بہت مہنگے مل رہے ہیں، ہم دونوں ممالک، ایک ایک کر کے، اپنے پانچ چھ بارڈر کھول دیں، بھی شمالی اور جنوبی کوریاء کے بڑھے گلے مل رہے ہیں۔

میں بھی کامنا اور رشی سے ملنا چاہتی ہوں۔ میں پورے انڈیا کی موجودہ ثقافت پر کتاب لکھ کر، پاکستانیوں کو متعارف کرانا چاہتی ہوں۔ شعیب سلطان صاحب نے آندھرا کے علاقے میں جا کر بہت بنیادی کام کیا ہے۔

راہول گاندھی نے کانگریس کی جانب سے ان کی رہنمائی میں لوگوں کی غربت دور کی ہے، لوک بھلا صاحب نے نگر نگر گھوم کر پاکستان اور ہندوستان کی کہانیاں ہندی میں ترجمہ کی ہیں۔

انتظار صاحب کو پرم چند ایوارڈ دیا گیا تھا، جس کے تحت انہوں نے دو سفر نامے لکھے۔ حکومت بدلی تو پرم چند ایوارڈ کے لئے انڈین حکومت نے پاکستانیوں کو بلانا ہی بند کر دیا۔

فلموں میں ہمارے کچھ نوجوانوں نے اتنے اچھے کردار ادا کئے، دنیا بھر میں تعریف ہوئی مگر وہ ذہنیت جو واجپائی جی میں نہیں تھی، ایڈوانٹی میں نہیں تھی، وہ سپولیوں کی طرح باہر نکلی اور انڈیا کا وہ ثقافتی اثاثہ جو بدھ مت سے لے کر، اشوک اور مغلوں کے زمانے میں جاری رہا، اس کو یکایک ایسا غارت کیا، معلوم نہیں یہ نفرتوں کے دھبے کتنی برساتوں کے بعد دھلیں گے کہ عمران خان کی شخصی قبولیت شاید معجزہ دکھا دے کہ ہم جنگ کی باتیں کرنا بھول جائیں۔ لوگوں کو یاد کر ایں کہ 65ء کی ہو کہ 71ء کی، جنگ نے دونوں ملکوں کو ذہنی طور پر نقصان پہنچایا۔

عمران خان صاحب! سنیں تو سہی، ہمارے ملک میں انڈیا کا میڈیا نہیں دیکھا جاسکتا اور یہی حال انڈیا کا ہے، آج سے چند سال پہلے ہمارے اخباروں کے نمائندے انڈیا میں اور ان کے نمائندہ پاکستان میں ہوتے تھے۔

ہم وہ لوگ ہیں جنہوں نے پاکستان کے ہر شہر میں بسم اللہ خاں کی شہنائی دو زانو بیٹھ کر سنی ہے۔ انڈیا میں حیدر آباد دکن سے لے کر کتنی جگہوں پر محبت میں ہمارے پیارے صادقین نے اپنے پیسے خرچ کر کے، میورل بنائے ہیں۔ حسین صاحب کی تصویروں کی نمائش ہوئی۔ ساری سینکڑن ہاتھوں ہاتھ لی گئیں۔

کون سا مہینہ تھا کہ جب انڈیا کے ادیب پاکستان اور پاکستان کے ادیب انڈیا میں بلائے جاتے تھے۔ ہم نے مشترکہ موسیقی کی محفلیں بھی کی ہیں۔ بہت ذمہ داری ہے عمران خان صاحب آپ کی۔ یہ بگڑی ہوئی ذہنیت آپ ہی تبدیل کر سکتے ہیں۔

اللہ قیامت میں آپ سے انسانی خدمت کا پوچھے گا۔ میرے بچوں کو پینے کا صاف پانی دیں، پانی جو آپ کے بیٹے پیتے ہیں۔ وہ ہماری پیاس بجھائے گا۔



ایک عہد، دو صحافی اور معاہدہ تاشقند کاراز

سہیل ڈرائیج

آج اس عہد کے دو بڑے صحافیوں کا تذکرہ مقصود ہے محمود شام، پاکستانی صحافت کا بہت بڑا نام ہیں جبکہ کلدیپ نائر اس خطے کی صحافت کا بہت بڑا نام تھے۔ محمود شام جی ان دنوں دھڑا دھڑکتا لکھ رہے ہیں کتابیں کیا ہیں ایک جہان معنی ہے ”لاؤ کا نہ سے پکینگ تک“ میں ذوالفقار علی بھٹو کے سیاسی سفر کی داستان رقم ہے شام جی بھٹو کے ہم سفر ہوتے تھے، بھٹو کی سویکار نو سے کیا باتیں ہوئیں اور ماورے تنگ سے کیا؟ یہ پہلی دفعہ اس کتاب میں پڑھنے کو ملا۔ ”اپ سیٹ 2008“ لکھی تو جنرل مشرف اور شریف خاندان کے درمیان معاہدے کی اصل دستاویزات شائع کر کے سب کو حیران کر دیا۔ اپنے سفر حج کی تہہ در تہہ کہانی ”رحمن کے مہمان“ شائع کی ہے تو اس میں نہ صرف اپنے دلی جذبات کو سموایا ہے بلکہ حج کی تاریخ اور آج تک حج کے جتنے بھی سفر نامے لکھے گئے ہیں ان کا خلاصہ بھی پیش کر دیا ہے۔

شام جی کے قلم کی جولانیاں مسلسل 40 سالوں سے عروج پر ہیں۔ ادب، شاعری، سیاست اور اب مذہب، غرضیکہ کوئی ایسا موضوع نہیں جس پر ان کی دسترس نہ ہو۔ شام جی شاعر ہونے کے باوجود محبوب کی کمر کو غائب نہیں کرتے اور نہ ہی اس کی آنکھ کو غزال بناتے ہیں وہ حقیقت پسندی کے قائل ہیں افراط و تفریط کی بجائے الفاظ کو ناپ تول کر استعمال کرتے ہیں۔ وہ اس عہد کی صحافیانہ شان ہیں ان کی ہر تحریر میں کچھ نہ کچھ سبق، ماضی کا تجربہ اور مستقبل کا لائحہ عمل موجود ہوتا ہے۔ صحافیوں کو ان کے تجربے سے اور عوام کو ان

کے کہے سے سیکھنا چاہیے شام جی زندگی کے ابتدائی دنوں میں جھنگ میں رہے، لاہور کے علمی اور ادب ماحول میں پڑھے۔

دوسری طرف گزشتہ دن وفات پانے والے کلدیپ نائر بھی لاہور کے ایف سی کالج میں پڑھے۔ کلدیپ نائر سیالکوٹ میں پیدا ہوئے جہاں ان کے والد ڈاکٹر تھے نائر اپنے سیالکوٹ والے گھر کی یادیں زندگی بھر نہ بھلا سکے۔ ٹرنک بازار سیالکوٹ کا ”بھولا“ کلدیپ نائر اپنے گھر سے ملحقہ ایک مرحوم مسلمان پیر کی برکات اور مہربانیوں کا ہمیشہ قائل رہا بقول ان کے ہر مشکل وقت میں یہ پیر میری مدد کرتے رہے۔

کلدیپ نائر کی کتاب BEYOND THE LINES برصغیر کی خفیہ تاریخ کو کھول کر رکھ دیتی ہے کلدیپ نائر نے تاشقند معاہدہ، شملہ معاہدہ، ہندوستان کی تقسیم، نہرو اور لیڈی ماؤنٹ بیٹن کا تعلق۔ شاستری کی تاشقند میں موت سمیت ہر سربستہ راز کو یوں آشکار کیا جیسے کسی عظیم صحافی کا حق ہوتا ہے۔ نہرو اور لیڈی ماؤنٹ بیٹن کے تعلقات کے متعلق ان کی کھوج یہ کہتی ہے اپنے دوست لارڈ ماؤنٹ بیٹن کو دھوکہ نہیں دے سکتے تھے۔ یہ انکشاف بھی کیا گیا کہ نہرو اور لیڈی ماؤنٹ بیٹن ہر روز ایک دوسرے کو خط لکھا کرتے تھے جو انڈیا کی فلاح کے ذریعے ارسال کیے جاتے تھے۔ خط میں ایک دن کی تاخیر ہو جاتی تو نہرو باقاعدہ ڈانٹ ڈپٹ کرتے۔

معاہدہ تاشقند کے حوالے سے بھٹو جس خفیہ معاہدے یا شق کی بات کرتے تھے وہ کلدیپ نائر نے بھارتی فارن آفس کی فائلوں سے نکال کر اپنی کتاب میں شائع کر دی۔ یہ دراصل صدر ایوب خان کے ہاتھ سے لکھے ہوئے یہ الفاظ تھے ”بغیر طاقت کے استعمال کے“ جو کہ پہلے سے ٹائپ شدہ معاہدے میں بھارتی وزیر اعظم لال بہادر شاستری کے کہنے پر شامل کیے گئے تھے۔ کلدیپ نائر نے انکشاف کیا کہ جب شاستری نے اپنی بیوی کو تاشقند سے دہلی فون کیا تو اس نے معاہدے پر دستخط کرنے کے حوالے سے منفی رد عمل کا اظہار کیا اور شاستری جی کو یہ بھی بتا دیا کہ بھارت میں لوگ بہت ناراض ہیں بس اسی دباؤ سے شاستری کا ہارٹ فیل ہو گیا اور وہ تاشقند میں ہی وفات پا گئے۔ کلدیپ نائر نے اپنی کتاب میں اس بات کا اشارہ بھی دیا گیا کہ شاستری کو روسی خفیہ ایجنسی نے زہر دیا تاکہ روس نواز اندرا گاندھی کو بھارت میں برسر اقتدار لایا جائے۔

مشرقی پاکستان کی علیحدگی کے حوالے سے کلدیپ نائر نے انکشاف کیا کہ بچئی خان اور شیخ مجیب میں یہ طے ہو گیا تھا کہ مغربی پاکستان اسمبلی اور مشرقی پاکستان اسمبلی کی بنیاد پر دو کمیٹیاں بنائی جائیں جو الگ الگ آئینی مسودے تیار کریں ذوالفقار علی بھٹو اسے پاکستان کی تقسیم سمجھتے ہوئے، ماننے پر تیار نہ ہوئے۔

اسی طرح کلدیپ نائر نے شملہ معاہدہ کے حوالے سے بھی یہ راز ظاہر کیا کہ آخری وقت ذوالفقار علی بھٹو نے اپنے قلم سے مسودے میں اضافہ کیا مسودے میں تحریر تھا کہ دونوں ملکوں کی افواج 16 دسمبر 1971 کی پوزیشن پر لائن آف کنٹرول پر چلی جائیں گی بھٹو صاحب نے قلم سے اضافہ کیا ”بغیر اس موقف کو تبدیل کیے جو دونوں ملکوں کا پہلے سے طے شدہ موقف ہے“ ظاہر ہے اس کا مطلب یہ تھا کہ پاکستان کو مقبوضہ کشمیر پر اپنا موقف رکھنے کا حق شملہ معاہدے کے بعد بھی حاصل رہے گا۔

کلدیپ نائر نے جنرل ضیاء کے طیارے کے حادثے کے حوالے سے اپنی کتاب میں خیال ظاہر کیا ہے کہ اس طیارے کی تباہی میں امریکہ کا ہاتھ تھا اور یہ بھی لکھا ہے کہ طیارے کی تباہی کے فوراً بعد ایک پاکستانی افسر بھارتی حدود میں داخل ہوا اور پھر امریکہ پر واز کر گیا۔ وہ افسر کون تھا اس کا کلدیپ نائر بھی پتہ نہیں چلا سکے۔

اپنے صحافیانہ تجسس کی وجہ سے کلدیپ نائر نے بہت سے سریتہ راز خفیہ فائلوں سے نکال کر لوگوں کے سامنے رکھ دیے ایک روز مجھے بھارت سے کلدیپ نائر کی کال موصول ہوئی انہوں نے مجھے کہا کہ نواز شریف پر آپ کی کتاب غدار کون؟ کا ہندی ترجمہ بھارت میں شائع ہونا چاہیے اور پھر ساتھ ہی فون ایک پبلشر کے ہاتھ میں تمہارے۔

چند ہی دنوں میں اس کتاب کا ہندی ایڈیشن تیار ہو کر بھارت میں پھیل گیا دہلی میں کتاب کی تقریب رونمائی میں مجھے بھی مدعو کیا گیا مگر میرے چچا ارشد محمود وڈائج مرحوم نے مجھے وہاں جانے سے منع کر دیا اور یوں کلدیپ نائر کی صدارت میں میری عدم موجودگی کے باوجود بھرپور تقریب رونمائی ہوئی۔

بعد میں کلدیپ نائر پاکستان آئے تو ان سے ملاقات ہوئی ان کا ایک تاریخی انٹرویو بھی کیا۔ آخری بار وہ لاہور آئے تو ان کی کتاب BEYOND THE LINES کی تقریب رونمائی کا لاہور اور گوجرانوالہ میں اہتمام کیا گیا کلدیپ نائر نے مجھے خاص طور پر کہہ کر بلایا اور جب میں نے کتاب کے چیدہ چیدہ تاریخی واقعات اور ان کی صحافتی فتوحات کا ذکر کیا تو بہت ہی خوش ہوئے۔ تقریب کے بعد بہت دیر تک گپ شپ کرتے رہے اور کہا کہ جس طرح آپ نے میری کتاب کو کھنگالا ہے ایسا شاید ہی کسی اور نے کیا ہو۔ کلدیپ نائر اب ہم میں نہیں رہے لیکن وہ اس خطے میں صحافت کی شان تھے۔ جنہوں نے بڑے بڑے راز قارئین کے سامنے فاش کر دیے برصغیر میں ایسا اور کون صحافی ہے؟



الوداع۔۔۔۔۔کلدیپ نیر

حافظ حسین عبد اللہ

”ہمارا میڈیا ابھی مکمل طور پر آزاد نہیں“ یہ پہلا فقرہ تھا جو بے حد معروف صحافی کلدیپ نیر کی زبان سے سنا۔

عرصہ طویل سے میں اقوام متحدہ کی جانب سے ایشیاء بحر الکاہلی خطے (APAC) میں ”یوتھ میپنگ پراجیکٹ“ کا سفیر رہا ہوں۔ اس بابت ہمیں مختلف ایشیائی ممالک کے دورے کرائے جاتے ہیں۔ یہ 2011 کی بات ہے جب ہمیں بھارت جانے کا اتفاق ہوا۔ ہمارا قیام بھارتی دارالحکومت دہلی کے ایک بڑے ہاٹل ”لیٹ نیو“ میں تھا۔

کانفرنس کا آغاز ہوا تو ایک صاحب تشریف لائے۔ وہ انتہائی نفیس اور شائستہ شخصیت کے مالک تھے۔ قد درمیانہ تھا اور زرد رنگ کے کرتے شلوار میں ملبوس تھے۔ ابھرتا ہوا گندمی رنگ، جھریوں بھرے چہرے پر سیاہ فریم والی چکوری عینک لگا رکھی تھی۔ ان کے سر پر سبھی جناح کیپ تھوڑی اوپر کواٹھی تھی۔ جب ان کو دعوت خطاب دی گئی تو معلوم ہوا کہ یہ کلدیپ نیر صاحب ہیں۔ نام اور کام سے تو میں واقف تھا مگر اجلت میں پہچان نہ سکا۔ المختصر، خوب توجہ سے سنا۔ انہوں نے میڈیا، صحافت اور ادب کی آزادی اور اس کا پاک بھارت تعلقات کے درمیان پل کا کردار ادا کرنے پر زور دیا۔ جب وہ بولتے تو بے پناہ علم چھلکنے لگتا اور ماحول کی ہر شے ان کے غیر معمولی علمی وقار اور دبدبے سے ہمہ تن گوش ہو جاتی۔

کلدیپ نیئر 14 اگست 1923 میں پنجاب، سیالکوٹ میں پیدا ہوئے۔ یہاں بھی تعلیم حاصل کی اور وظیفے کی بنا پر یورپ کے بڑے تعلیمی اداروں کی بھی خوب زیارت کی۔ اسی لیے ان کی گفتگو، تحریروں اور چال ڈھال میں انگریزی رنگ نمایاں تھا۔ وہ آزاد شخصیت کے مالک تھے۔ ہر شے کو آزاد خیالی کے تناظر میں توالتے اور مذہب و قومیت سے بالاتر ہو کر اس کا تجزیہ کرتے۔ بھارتی دنیائے صحافت میں انہیں ”برلن ازم“ کا استعارہ سمجھا جاتا ہے۔

ابتدازبان اردو کے رپورٹر کی حیثیت سے کی۔ بعد ازاں ایک انگریزی اخبار ”The Statesman“ کے دہلی ایڈیشن میں لکھاری رہے۔ انہوں نے اکثر سرمایہ داری اور شرکتِ تجارت کو موضوع بنایا جس کے سبب ان کے کالم چودہ زبانوں میں ترجمہ ہو کر دنیا بھر کے قریب آسی اخبارات میں شائع ہوتے۔ ان پاکستانی اخبارات میں ڈان، دی نیوز اور ایکسپریس سرفہرست ہیں۔ سیاست پر وہ بے جھجک لکھتے اور ڈنکے کی چوٹ پر حقائق بیان کرتے۔ 1971 میں قیامِ بنگلہ دیش کے حوالے سے انہوں نے اپنی کئی تحریروں میں پاکستانی افواج کو قصور وار ٹھہرایا ہے۔ اپنے مسودے میں انہوں نے کئی تاریخی شخصیات بالخصوص جواہر لعل نہرو، ڈانل اسمتھ اور بیرے مینی لو کے نقائص و خصال پر بحث کی ہے۔ وہ جواہر لعل نہرو سے بے حد متاثر تھے۔ حتیٰ کہ اس موضوع پر ایک کتاب بھی سپردِ قلم کر چکے ہیں۔

1996 میں وہ اقوام متحدہ میں بھارتی وفد کے رکن بنے۔ انہیں اگر ”امن کا پیامبر“ کہا جائے تو بے جا نہ ہو گا۔ پاک بھارت تعلقات پر انہوں نے ہمیشہ غیر جانبدارانہ اور مثبت رویہ اختیار کیا۔ پاکستان اور بھارت دونوں کے یومِ آزادی کے موقع پر وہ امرتسر کے نزدیک وانگہ بارڈر کے مقام پر شمعیں روشن کرتے۔ علاوہ ازیں وہ پاکستان میں موجود معصوم بھارتی قیدی اور بھارتی جیلوں میں قید کاٹنے مظلوم پاکستانیوں کی موثر آواز تھے۔ وہ نئے جنوبی ایشیاء کا خواب رکھتے تھے جہاں پاکستان اور بھارت رفیق خاص ہوں۔ انہوں نے کم و بیش پندرہ معرکتہ آرا کتابیں تصنیف کیں۔

پروگرام کے اختتام پر جب مصافحہ ہوا تو مسکراتے ہوئے انتہائی محبت سے ملے۔ ان کی آنکھوں میں امید کی نمی اور لرزتی آواز میں آس کارنگ تھا۔ ایک دم طبیعت بھاش ہو گئی۔ لاتعداد علمی، ادبی اور معاشرتی کاوشوں کی بنا پر انہیں سدا یاد رکھا جائے گا۔



کلدیپ نیئر سے ڈیڑھ ملاقات

عاصم کلیدار

2008ء میں گورنمنٹ کالج میں ایک کانفرنس تھی۔ ہندوستان سے گوپی چند نارنگ، کلدیپ نیئر، مشیر الحسن اور رخشندہ جلیل نے شرکت کی۔ گوپی چند نارنگ کے ادبی کام اور لذتِ تقریر کا پہلے سے قدردان تھا اور برسوں پہلے انہوں نے میرے ایک آدھ خط کا جواب بھی دیا تھا۔

مشیر الحسن اُس وقت جامعہ ملیہ دہلی کے وائس چانسلر تھے۔ سچی بات تو یہ ہے کہ جامعہ ملیہ دہلی کا تصور میں ڈاکٹر ذاکر حسین کے بغیر کر ہی نہیں سکتا کیونکہ جامعہ اور ذاکر صاحب کا تذکرہ تحریروں اور گفتگو میں ہمیشہ ایک ساتھ ہی ہوتا ہے اور اس میں شاید میرے ذاتی حوالے سے دیوانِ غالب نسخہ برلن کی بھی ایک وجہ ہو۔ رخشندہ جلیل نے اُردو ادب کے کئی فن پاروں کا انگریزی میں ترجمہ کیا۔ قرۃ العین حیدر پر انہوں نے ایک عمدہ کتاب انگریزی میں تحریر کی۔ آل احمد سرور کی نواہی ہونے کے حوالے سے بھی اُن کو جانتا تھا۔

مجھ جیسے کم علم بھی کلدیپ نیئر صاحب کے صحافتی قد کاٹھ سے آگاہ ضرور تھے مگر کلدیپ نیئر صاحب سے میری پہلی ملاقات تھی۔ انہوں نے اپنی تقریر میں کہا کہ آج سے کئی دہائیاں پہلے میں گورنمنٹ کالج لاہور بطور طالب علم داخلہ لینے آیا تھا داخلہ تو مجھے نہ مل سکا مگر گورنمنٹ کالج کو میں کبھی فراموش نہیں کر پایا۔

سیشن کے اختتام ہر جب وہ چھڑی کے سہارے ہال سے باہر جا رہے تھے تو میں نے اُن سے کہا اگر آپ برسوں گورنمنٹ کالج کو فراموش نہیں کر پائے، تو ہم بھی آپ کو بھولے نہیں۔ آج بطور مہمان مقرر آپ کی آمد اس بات کی گواہی ہے

ہال کے باہر لان میں پڑے بیچ پر بیٹھے ہوئے انہوں نے ٹیٹ پنجاہی لہجے میں مجھ سے پوچھا کہ رہتے تو تم لاہور ہو مگر تمہارا آبائی علاقہ کونسا ہے؟

سر! سرگودھا

انہوں نے پوچھا سرگودھا کو سرگودھا کیوں کہتے ہیں؟ میں نے سنی سنائی روایت پنجاہی میں بیان کر دی۔ وہ فوراً بولے، کوئی لوک گیت جس میں سرگودھا کا ذکر ہو، وہ سناؤ۔

چند لمحوں کے توقف کے بعد میں نے کہا۔ وہ ایک ڈھولا۔۔۔ نہیں سر، ماہیا ہے

بو تفل سوڈھے دی

تیرے نال چڑھی ہاں

سیر کریاں سرگودھے دی

نیز صاحب نے ایک فلک شکاف نعرہ لگانے کے بعد کاغذ کے چھوٹے سے پرزے پر میرا فون نمبر لکھا۔ وہ شاید جم خانہ میں ٹھہرے ہوئے تھے۔ دوسرے روز انہوں نے مجھے رات کو فون کیا اور کہا کہ وہ لبرٹی مارکیٹ کے قریب ہیں۔ اُس وقت وہ غالباً نجم سیٹھی کے گھر سے کھانا کھا کر نکل رہے تھے۔ میں فوراً لبرٹی پہنچ گیا۔ وہ گاڑی میں ہی بیٹھے رہے۔ میں گاڑی میں ہی جوس لے آیا۔ انہوں نے پینے سے انکار کر دیا۔

اور کہا کہ

”سیر کریاں سرگودھا دی“ اور جیب میں ہاتھ ڈالتے ہوئے مجھے ایک بال پوائنٹ دیا جس پر غالباً ہندوستان ٹائمز لکھا ہوا تھا مگر افسوس نہ انہوں نے میرے ساتھ سرگودھا کی سیر کی اور نہ ہی میں وہ بال پوائنٹ سنبھال کر رکھ سکا۔



کلدیپ نیر کو جیسا میں نے جانا

آصف جیلانی

ہندوستان کے نامور صحافی اور دانشور کلدیپ نیر 95 سال کی عمر میں انتقال کر گئے۔ ان سے میری پہلی ملاقات دسمبر 1959 میں دہلی میں حکومت ہند کے پریس انفارمیشن بیورو میں ہوئی تھی جب وہ لال بہادر شاستری کے انفارمیشن انسر تھے۔ انہیں جب معلوم ہوا کہ میں پاکستانی صحافی ہوں تو مینار کی طرح قد آور کلدیپ نیر نے مجھے گلے لگا لیا۔ کہنے لگے تم سے مل کر سیالکوٹ یاد آگیا جہاں میں پیدا ہوا تھا، وہی سیالکوٹ جو اقبال کا شہر تھا اور فیض صاحب کا بھی اسی شہر سے تعلق ہے۔ میں نے دیکھا کہ ان کی آنکھیں پر غم تھیں۔ کہنے لگے کہ میں تقسیم کے وقت چوبیس برس کا تھا، میں نے اس عمر میں مذہب کے نام پر اتنا خون بہتے اور غارت گری دیکھی ہے کہ میں جب 13 ستمبر 1947 کو سرحد پار کر کے ہندوستان پہنچا تو میں نے عہد کیا کہ ہم ہندوستان کو ایسا ملک بنائیں گے جس میں مذہب اور ذات پات کے اختلافات کی وجہ سے کسی کی جان نہیں جائے گی۔

اس عہد کی پاسداری کے لئے وہ ساری عمر ہندوستان اور پاکستان کے درمیان بہتر تعلقات اور عوام کے مابین دوستی کے لئے جدوجہد کرتے رہے۔ 2000 کے بعد سے وہ ہر سال امن کے کارکنوں کے ساتھ موم بتیاں لے کر ہندوستان اور پاکستان کی سرحد اٹاری، واہگہ پر جاتے تھے تاکہ بھنگی ہوئی دوستی کی راہ روشن کی جائے۔ انہوں نے ہندوستان کی جیلوں میں قید پاکستانیوں اور پاکستان کی جیلوں میں ہندوستانی قیدیوں کی رہائی میں

نمایاں کردار ادا کیا تھا۔ ہندوستان میں مسلمانوں اور دوسری اقلیتوں کے خلاف نفرت اور ظلم کے خلاف انہوں نے آواز بلند کی اور اس کے لئے وہ ڈٹ کر کھڑے ہوئے۔

مئی 1964 میں جو اہر لعل نہرو کے انتقال سے چند ماہ قبل انہوں نے نئی خبر رساں ایجنسی UNI میں شمولیت اختیار کی تھی۔ نہرو کے جانشین کے انتخاب سے قبل جب کہ کسی کا نام سامنے نہیں آیا تھا، کلدیپ نیر کی اس خبر نے زبردست تہلکہ مچا دیا تھا کہ مرارجی ڈیسا نے جانشین کے امیدوار کی حیثیت سے اپنا ہیٹ میدان میں ڈال دیا ہے۔ اس خبر کے بعد مرارجی ڈیسا کے انتخاب کے جو بھی امکانات تھے وہ معدوم ہو گئے کیونکہ کانگریس کے اراکین کی اکثریت نے اس بات پر سخت ناراضی کا اظہار کیا کہ ابھی پورا ملک نہرو کے انتقال پر سوگ میں ہے اور مرارجی ڈیسا نے اپنی امیدواری کا اعلان کر کے اقتدار کے لئے بے تابی کا اظہار کیا ہے۔ نتیجہ یہ ہوا کہ کانگریس کے اراکین کی اکثریت نے لال بہادر شاستری کے حق میں فیصلہ کیا۔

بیشتر صحافیوں کی رائے تھی کہ کلدیپ نیر نے بڑی چابک دستی سے اپنے پرانے لال بہادر شاستری کو وزیر اعظم بنایا ہے۔ کلدیپ نیر نے اردو اخبار انجام سے صحافت کا سفر شروع کیا تھا۔ جب بھی میں ان سے PIB کے دفتر میں ملتا تھا ان کی میز پر اردو اخبارات نمایاں نظر آتے تھے۔ اسی زمانہ میں روزنامہ جنگ نے کلر پر ہنگ شروع کی تھی۔ میں نے جب انہیں جنگ کا باتصویر شاہہ دکھایا تو اچھل پڑے اور کہنے لگے کہ پاکستان میں اردو اخبارات نے واقعی زبردست ترقی کی ہے۔ انہوں نے کہا کہ جب میں نے اردو اخبار میں کام شروع کیا تھا تو اس وقت کوئی گمان بھی نہیں کر سکتا تھا کہ اردو اخباریوں رنگوں میں شائع ہو گا۔

اردو صحافت سے آغاز کرنے والے کلدیپ نیر انگریزی کے ممتاز اخبار اسٹیمین کے ایڈیٹر کے منصب تک پہنچے اور کچھ عرصہ انڈین ایکسپریس کے مدیر کے عہدہ پر بھی فائز رہے۔

کلدیپ نیر جزل ضیاء الحق کے ساتھ

1975 میں اندرا گاندھی کی ایمر جنسی کے دوران کلدیپ نیر پہلے صحافی تھے جو ایمر جنسی کی مخالفت اور اخبارات کی آزادی میں آواز اٹھانے پر گرفتار کئے گئے تھے۔ ان دنوں وہ میساکھی پر تھے اور اسی میساکھی کے سہارے وہ تہاڑ جیل گئے۔ UNI اور اس کے بعد اپنے منفر د کالموں میں انہوں نے کئی تہلکہ خیز خبروں کے ذریعہ اپنا نام پیدا کیا۔ ان میں ایک پاکستان کے جوہری بم کے بارے میں انکشاف تھا۔ 1987 کے یہ ان دنوں کی بات ہے جب ہندوستان اور پاکستان کے درمیان شدید کشیدگی تھی اور ہندوستان نے BRASSTACKS کے نام سے فوجی مشقوں کی آڑ میں بھاری تعداد میں فوجیں راجھستان میں پاکستان کی سرحد پر جمع کر دی تھیں۔

اس دوران کلدیپ نیر پاکستان آئے ہوئے تھے۔ انہوں نے پاکستان کے جوہری بم کے خالق ڈاکٹر عبد القدیر خان سے انٹرویو کیا، جس میں ڈاکٹر عبد القدیر خان نے انکشاف کیا کہ پاکستان نے یورینیم افزودہ کرنے کے بعد جوہری بم تیار کر لیا ہے، جو ہندوستان کے حملہ کی صورت میں پاکستان کے دفاع کے لئے استعمال کیا جا سکتا ہے۔ ڈاکٹر عبد القدیر خان نے کہا تھا کہ امریکہ کو اس کا علم ہے اور سی آئی اے کا یہ کہنا صحیح ہے کہ پاکستان کے پاس جوہری بم ہے۔ اس انکشاف کے بعد ہندوستان نے اپنی فوجیں پاکستان کی سرحد سے واپس بلا لیں اور دونوں ملکوں کے درمیان کشیدگی کم ہو گئی۔

بھارت میں ضمیر کی دو آوازیں: خوشونت سنگھ اور کلدیپ نیر

ڈاکٹر عبد القدیر خان کے ساتھ کلدیپ نیر کے اس انٹرویو کے بارے میں کہا جاتا ہے کہ اس کا اہتمام روزنامہ مسلم کے اس زمانہ کے ایڈیٹر مشاہد حسین سید نے کیا تھا۔ آرزو میں اس انٹرویو کی اشاعت کے بعد پاکستان میں ہنگامہ برپا ہو گیا تھا اور یہ سوال کیا جا رہا تھا کہ کلدیپ نیر کو یہ سہولت کس نے فراہم کی؟ جس کا نتیجہ یہ نکلا کہ مشاہد حسین سید کو ایڈیٹری سے استعفیٰ دینا پڑا۔ بعض لوگوں کا کہنا تھا کہ فوج کی خفیہ ایجنسی نے اس انٹرویو کا اہتمام کیا تھا تاکہ ہندوستان کو خبردار کیا جائے کہ واقعی پاکستان کے پاس جوہری بم ہے اور اس بارے میں قیاس آرائیوں کی تصدیق کی جائے۔ یہ بھی کہا جاتا ہے کہ مشاہد حسین سید کے استعفیٰ کا مقصد یہ ثابت کرنا تھا کہ اس انٹرویو کے پیچھے فوج کی خفیہ ایجنسی کا کوئی ہاتھ نہیں تھا۔ بہر حال جو بھی ہو یہ اس انٹرویو کا اثر ہوا کہ ہندوستان نے اپنی فوجیں پاکستان کی سرحد سے واپس بلا لیں اور دونوں ملکوں میں کشیدگی کم ہو گئی۔

1971ء میں پاکستان کے دولخت ہونے کے بعد کلدیپ نیر پاکستان آئے تھے۔ ان سے کراچی میں ملاقات ہوئی۔ ان کو اس پر سخت حیرت تھی کہ پاکستان ٹوٹ گیا، اتنا بڑا سانحہ ہو گیا لیکن پاکستان میں سنجیدگی سے اس پر کوئی بحث نہیں ہوئی کہ اس سانحہ کے کیا اسباب تھے اور اس کے کیا مضمرات ہیں۔

1990 میں کلدیپ نیر ہندوستان کے ہائی کمشنر کے عہدہ پر لندن آئے تھے۔ یہاں جب بھی ان سے ملاقات ہوئی وہ اس عہدہ پر زیادہ خوش نظر نہیں آئے۔ کہتے تھے کہ میں بنیادی طور صحافی ہوں۔ میں کہاں سفارتی بھول بھلیوں میں گم ہو گیا ہوں۔ ویسے بھی وہ زیادہ عرصہ لندن میں ہائی کمشنر کے عہدہ پر نہیں رہے اور بہت جلد انہوں نے کالم نگاری دوبارہ سنبھال لی۔

کلدیپ نیر کے کالموں اور ان بے ملاقاتوں میں ایسا محسوس ہوتا تھا کہ ان کے دل میں ہندوستان اور پاکستان کے درمیان دوستی کی خواہش کا ہر لمحہ فروزاں ایک شعلہ تھا۔ انہوں نے اپنی جوانی میں مذہب کے نام پر جو

قتل و غارت گری دیکھی تھی اور اس کے خاتمہ کے لئے انہوں نے اکہتر سال قبل جو عہد کیا تھا اس کو پورا کرنے کے لئے ساری عمر انہوں نے جدوجہد کی لیکن حالات نے ان کا ساتھ نہیں دیا یہاں تک کہ کلدیپ نیر یہ شعلہ اپنے سینہ میں جلائے اس دنیا سے رخصت ہو گئے۔



راہِ امن کے دو مسافر: واجپائی اور کلدیپ نیئر

مجیب الرحمن شاہی

اگست کے مہینے میں یکے بعد دیگرے ہندوستان سے دو افسوس ناک خبریں آئیں۔ 16 اگست کو سابق وزیر اعظم اٹل بھاری واجپائی چل بے اور ٹھیک سات دن بعد کلدیپ نیئر نے آخری سانس لیے۔ دونوں حضرات نے طویل عمر پائی، اول الذکر نے 94 سال تو ثانی الذکر نے 95 سال اس دنیائے رنگ و بو میں گزارے۔ ایک کامیدان سیاست تھا دوسرے کا صحافت۔ لیکن دونوں کو پاکستان میں بھی قدر کی نگاہ سے دیکھا جاتا تھا، اور ان کا نام زبان پر آتے ہی دل کو ٹھنڈک محسوس ہوتی تھی۔ دونوں ہندو تھے، اور ہندوستانی بھی۔ ان کے پیش نظر ان کا اپنا مفاد رہتا تھا۔ لیکن وہ دورں نگاہ رکھتے تھے، مستقبل میں جھانک سکتے تھے، اور پاکستان کے ساتھ امن قائم کرنے کی اہمیت سے آگاہ تھے۔ دلچسپ بات یہ ہے کہ واجپائی 25 دسمبر 1924ء کو پیدا ہوئے تھے، گویا ان کا جنم دن وہی تھا، جو قائد اعظم محمد علی جناح کے لیے کاتبِ تقدیر نے چنا تھا۔ کلدیپ نیئر 14 اگست 1923ء کو سیالکوٹ میں پیدا ہوئے تھے، یہی تاریخ پاکستان کے ظہور کی بھی ہے، گویا وہ اپنا جنم دن ہمارے پیارے وطن کے جنم دن کے ساتھ مناتے تھے۔ ان تاریخوں کے اثرات (شاید) ان کے اسلوب اور مزاج پر کچھ نہ کچھ اثر انداز ہوئے ہوں کہ ہندو جو تیشوں کے نزدیک تو پیدا ائش کا مقام اور تاریخ زانچہ نویسی کے لیے بنیادی اہمیت رکھتے ہیں۔

واجپائی کی سیاست آر ایس ایس کے سائے میں پروان چڑھی، لیکن انہوں نے پاکستان کے ساتھ تعلقات کی بحالی کے لئے جو پیش قدمی کی وہ تاریخ میں یاد رہے گی۔ وہ وزیر اعظم مہاتما جواہر لال نہرو کی کابینہ میں وزیر خارجہ تھے، اور پاکستان میں جنرل ضیاء الحق کا سکہ چل رہا تھا۔ وہ اسلام آباد آئے، تو اخبار نویسوں کے اس گروپ

میں نہیں بھی شامل تھا، جس نے اُن سے کچھ تبادلہ خیال کیا۔ ان کے ٹھہرے ہوئے لہجے نے سب کو متاثر کیا تھا۔ وزیر اعظم بن کر انہوں نے اپنے ملک کے ایٹمی پروگرام کی کامیابی کو واشگاف کرنے کا فیصلہ کیا، اور ایٹمی دھماکے کر ڈالے تو پاکستان کو بھی اپنے پروگرام سے گھونگھٹ اٹھانے کا جواز ہاتھ آگیا۔ جنرل ضیاء الحق کے ہاتھوں جو کام پایہ تکمیل کو پہنچ چکا تھا، ایٹمی دھماکے کر کے اس کا اعلان کر دیا گیا، اور بھارت کو یہ پیغام بھی مل گیا کہ ہم نے بھی چوڑیاں نہیں پہن رکھیں۔

اچھی طرح یاد رہے کہ ایل کے ایڈوانی روز اشتعال انگیز بیان دیتے، اور پاکستان کو دھماکوں پر آکساتے تھے، کہا جا رہا تھا کہ وہ پاکستان کے ایٹمی پروگرام کو جعلی سمجھتے ہیں اور اُن کا خیال تھا کہ ایٹمی ہندوستان اب اس خطے کی بالادست طاقت بن چکا ہے۔ جب پاکستان نے ایٹمی اینٹ کا جواب ایٹمی اینٹ ہی سے دے دیا تو سرحد پار کے کئی بڑے بڑے دل پکڑ کر بیٹھ گئے۔ وزیر اعظم واجپائی نے اپنے ایٹمی ہمسائے کے ساتھ معاملات طے کرنے کی ٹھانی، اور دوستی بس میں بیٹھ کر لاہور پہنچ گئے۔ یہاں گورنر ہائوس میں انہوں نے جو خطاب کیا، آج بھی اُس کی گونج لاہور کی فضائوں میں سنی جاتی ہے۔ انہوں نے مینار پاکستان کا دورہ بھی کیا، اور وہاں پر تاریخی فقرہ ادا کیا کہ پاکستان بھارت کی مہر سے نہیں چل رہا (وہ اپنے طور پر توانا اور زندہ حقیقت ہے)۔ ان کے اعزاز میں شاہی قلعے میں عشائیہ دیا گیا۔ وزیر اعظم نواز شریف نے یہ کہہ کر مجھے ان سے ملوایا کہ یہ پاکستان کے مالک ہیں۔ انہوں نے چونک کر دیکھا تو بولے: روزنامہ ”پاکستان“... ان کے ہاتھ کالس آج بھی تازہ محسوس ہوتا ہے۔

واجپائی کا کہنا تھا کہ دوست بدلے جاسکتے ہیں، ہمسائے نہیں، پاکستان ہمارا ہمسایہ ہے، اور رہے گا، اس لیے اس کے ساتھ معاملات طے ہونے چاہئیں۔ ان کی اُردو نظم ”جنگ نہ ہونے دیں گے“ کا بھی بڑا چرچا ہوا، اور تا دیر محفلوں میں اس کا تذکرہ ہوتا رہا... مسئلہ کشمیر کے حل کے لیے ٹھوس اقدامات تجویز کیے گئے، دونوں وزرائے اعظم نے اپنا ایک ایک نمائندہ پس پردہ مذاکرات کے لیے نامزد کر دیا، تاکہ کوئی ایسا حل تجویز کیا جاسکے جو سب کے لیے قابل قبول ہو۔ پاکستان، ہندوستان اور کشمیری عوام میں سے کسی کو بھی شکست کا احساس نہ ہو، سب سمجھیں کہ انہیں کچھ نہ کچھ ہاتھ آگیا ہے... لیکن کارگل کی لڑائی نے سب کچھ جسم کر ڈالا۔ واجپائی نے علی الاعلان کہا کہ بھارتی دستور نہیں، انسانی دستور کے تحت حل دریافت کیا جائے گا۔ کارگل کے گھونٹے نے وقت کو پھر پیچھے دھکیل دیا۔ اس ”وشواس گھات“ پر وہ ہاتھ ملتے رہ گئے۔

جنرل پرویز مشرف کے دور میں بھی واجپائی نے کرچیوں کو اکٹھا کرنے میں مدد دی۔ آگرہ سمٹ نے دونوں رہنمائوں کو ساتھ بٹھایا، لیکن یکے بعد دیگرے ایسے واقعات پیش آئے کہ امن کا سورج گہنا گیا۔ واجپائی کا اقتدار ختم ہوا۔ من موہن سنگھ آئے، بہت کچھ طے ہوا، لیکن پر نالہ وہیں کا وہیں رہا۔ نریندر مودی اب دہلی

کے تحت پربر اجماع ہیں، وزیر اعظم عمران خان مذاکرات پر آمادہ و تیار ہیں، لیکن برف کب پچھلے گی، یہ کہنا آسان نہیں ہے۔ واپس چاہیے طویل علالت کے بعد اس دنیا سے سدھار گئے ہیں، لیکن انہیں یاد کیا جاتا رہے گا، جب بھی بھارت اور پاکستان قریب آئیں گے، ہوا کے ایک معطر جھونکے کی طرح وہ بھی پاس ہی محسوس ہوں گے۔

کلڈیپ نیز سیالکوٹ میں پیدا ہوئے تھے۔ آزادی سے پہلے قانون کی ڈگری حاصل کر چکے تھے، اور اپنے آبائی وطن کو چھوڑنے پر کسی صورت تیار نہیں تھے، لیکن حالات نے انہیں دہلی جانے پر مجبور کر دیا۔ وہ اخبار نویس بنے، اعلیٰ تعلیم کے لیے امریکہ گئے، اردو اور انگریزی، دونوں زبانوں پر قدرت رکھتے تھے۔ وزیر اعظم لال بہادر شاستری کے سیکرٹری رہے، برطانیہ میں ہائی کمشنر مقرر کیے گئے، راجیہ سبھا کے رکن بھی نامزد ہوئے۔ اپنے سابقہ اور موجودہ وطن میں بھائی چارہ قائم کرنے کے لیے جتن کرتے رہے۔ ان کا کالم کئی زبانوں کے درجنوں اخبارات میں شائع ہوتا تھا۔ پاکستان میں بھی وہ اردو اور انگریزی میں بیک وقت چھپتے تھے۔ یوم آزادی آتا تو سرحد پر شمعیں روشن کرتے، بھارتی مسلمانوں کے ساتھ مظالم پر بھی ان کا دل کڑھتا، وہ سو فیصد سیکولر تھے، کئی بار دھوم دھام سے پاکستان آئے، بڑے بڑے وفود لے کر، اور خیر سگالی کا پیغام دے کر چلے گئے۔ سادگی اور منکسر المزاجی کا مظہر تھے۔

میں نے اپنے ماہنامہ ”قومی ڈائجسٹ“ میں ان کی کتاب ”دور کے ہمسائے“ (DISTANT NEIGHBOURS) قسط وار شائع کر دی۔ وہ لاہور آئے تو مجھے فون کر کے ملاقات کی خواہش ظاہر کی۔ جب میں پرل کانٹی نینٹل میں ان کے پاس گیا تو انہوں نے لگی لپٹی رکھے بغیر کہا کہ تم نے میری کتاب چھاپی ہے، اس کا معاوضہ ادا کرو۔ چند ہزار روپے مجھے انہیں پیش کرنا پڑے۔ بھارت اور پاکستان کے درمیان وہ ایک پل تھے۔ ماضی کو انہوں نے دل کا روگ نہیں بنایا، اس کے لگائے زخم مندمل کرنے میں لگے رہے۔ اب جنوبی ایشیا میں ان جیسا کوئی اور نہیں ہے۔ وہ سو فیصد بھارتی تھے، لیکن دوہری شہریت کے حامل معلوم ہوتے تھے۔ یہاں پاکستان میں ان کا نام بار بار ”ناز“ لکھا جاتا۔ وہ وضاحت بھی کرتے کہ بھائی یہ ”نیز“ ہے، انہیں پھر ”ناز“ بنا دیا جاتا۔ انہوں نے اپنی جنم بھومی کو اپنے دل سے الگ نہیں ہونے دیا۔ جو کچھ ان کی آنکھیں نہ دیکھ سکیں کیا خبر وہ ہماری آنکھوں کو نصیب ہو جائے، امن کا خواب آخر کب تک ادھور رہے گا۔



کلدیپ نائیر۔ امن کا پیامبر

نعمان یاد

13 اگست 2007ء واہگہ بارڈر پار کر کے ہم ایک وفد کے ہمراہ بھارت میں داخل ہوئے، دوسری جانب استقبال کرنے والوں میں ایک بڑا نام کلدیپ نائیر بھی ہاتھ میں ہار تھامے موجود تھے۔ گلے میں پھول ڈال کر سینے سے لگا کر پیار کیا۔ وہ لمحہ آج بھی نظروں کے سامنے آتا ہے۔ دونوں ملکوں کے قیام کی ساٹھویں سالگرہ تھی۔ ہم لوگ امرتسر میں پاک بھارت تعلقات پر کانفرنس میں شرکت کرنے گئے۔ اس شفیق بزرگ صحافی کی نرم و نازک انداز میں گفتگو 1998ء میں دہلی کی ایک کانفرنس کے دوران بھی سننے کا موقع ملا تھا۔ ان کی شخصیت جیسے سراپا امن اور محبت کا مجسم تھی۔ کلدیپ نائیر کی پاکستانی سیاست پر بہت گہری نگاہ تھی۔ وہ نہ صرف ہمارے ہاں کے سیاست دانوں کو قریب سے جانتے تھے بلکہ ان کی سوچ بھی بخوبی پڑھ لیتے تھے۔

کلدیپ نائیر کو سوشل سائنسٹ کہا جائے تو غلط نہ ہوگا، ان کے نظریات سے اختلاف ہو سکتا ہے لیکن سوچ میں پائی جانے والی بڑے اور بزرگ جیسی نصیحت کشش کا باعث بھی تھی۔ وہ انسانی حقوق کا ایک زبردست علمبردار بھی تھے۔

انہوں نے ہمیں بتایا کہ وہ سیالکوٹ میں 14 اگست 1923ء میں پیدا ہوئے اور ابتدائی تعلیم وہیں حاصل کی، ان کی بڑی گہری یادیں سیالکوٹ سے وابستی تھیں۔ لاہور میں ایف سی کالج سے گریجویشن کی اور لاء کالج سے ایل ایل بی کیا۔ صحافت کی ابتدا اردو رپورٹنگ سے کی، انہوں نے بتایا کہ میرے جیون کا ایک اہم حصہ اس

پار گزرا ہے میری اس دھرتی کے لیے تڑپ فطری ہے۔ بھارت میں مجھ پر الزام لگایا جاتا رہا ہے کہ میں پاکستان کی زبان بولتا ہوں۔ ایسا نہیں۔ جہاں غلط بات ہوتی ہے، میں اس پر آواز بلند کرتا ہوں۔ صحافی ہوں، یہی میرا کام ہے۔ امن کی خواہش رکھتا ہوں، یہ کوئی جرم نہیں۔ اس خواہش کو دونوں جانب سے بڑھانا چاہیے۔ ہم لوگوں نے جنگوں میں تباہیاں دیکھ لیں۔ ذرا ایک دوسرے کے ساتھ بیٹھ کر بھی دیکھ لیں۔ ہمیں باہمی طور پر رشتوں کو نبھانے کی تربیت لینا ہوگی۔

کلدیپ نائیر دوستی اور امن کا پیغام لیکر پاکستان بھی آئے اور بھارت میں بھی وطنوں کو قائل کرتے رہے، سرحد کی دونوں جانب اس کا خیر مقدم بھی ہوا اور مخالفت بھی۔ مگر کلدیپ نائیر کے الفاظ اور سوچ ہمیشہ انسان کے انسان سے اچھے تعلق کو فروغ دیتی رہی۔ انہوں نے پاکستان اور بھارت میں ایک دوسرے کی قیدیوں کی رہائی کیلئے بھی بھرپور جدوجہد کی۔ دونوں جانب امن کی بات کلدیپ نائیر کے بغیر ادھوری تصور کی جاتی تھی۔

دونوں طرف سے شدت پسند سوچ رکھنے والوں نے ایسی آوازیں دبانے کی کوشش کرتے رہے لیکن انہیں خاموش نہیں کرا سکے، کلدیپ نائیر اب ہم سے رخصت ہو گئے لیکن ان کی سوچ ہمیشہ زندہ رہے گی۔ اور وہ ہمیں امن دوستی اور محبت کی یاد دلاتی رہے گی۔



ممتاز صحافی کلدیپ نیر کی موت - ایک عہد کا خاتمہ

مسعود جاوید، دہلی، ہندوستان

اردو اور انگریزی کے مشہور صحافی، مایہ ناز شخصیت انسانی حقوق کے علمبردار، امن مشن اور ہندوپاک دوستی مہم کے سرگرم کارکن، سیکولر قدروں کے امین، سابق ہائی کمشنر (برطانیہ میں سفیر ہند) سابق راجیہ سبھا ممبر جناب کلدیپ نیر صاحب رات 23 اگست 2018 اس دنیا سے کوچ کر گئے۔ انہوں نے اپنی صحافتی زندگی اردو اخبار کے پریس رپورٹر کی حیثیت سے شروع کی تھی۔ بعد میں وہ انگریزی روزنامہ اسٹینڈسٹین کے دہلی ایڈیشن کے ایڈیٹر مقرر ہوئے۔ ان کے کالم 14 مختلف زبانوں کے 80 اخبارات میں شائع ہوتے تھے۔ ایمر جنسی کے دنوں میں اندرا گاندھی کی تنقید کی پاداش میں جیل بھی بھیجے گئے تھے۔

افسردگی تو ہے اس لئے کہ وہ میرے پسندیدہ favourite صحافیوں میں سے ایک تھے۔ اور کسی نہ کسی درجہ میں وابستگی تھی۔ ان سے متعلق دو باتیں خاص طور پر شیئر کرتا ہوں۔ 1۔ پچھلے چند سالوں میں ملک میں ہونے والے واقعات سے غزدہ تھے اور میں نے چنیدہ لوگوں کی مجلس اور سیمینار دونوں مقامات پر ان کو کہتے ہوئے سنا ”ملک میں سیکولر اقدار مائل بہ تنزل ہیں لبرل آواز یا تو خوف زدہ ہے یا انہیں مین اسٹریم میڈیا نظر انداز کر رہا ہے اور اسپیس دینے کو راضی نہیں ہے۔ یک رخنی پالیسی کی ہوا بنائی جا رہی ہے جو کہ جمہوریت کے لئے سم قاتل ہے۔ وہ کہتے تھے کہ اکثریتی طبقہ کے لبرل لوگ جب انصاف کے لئے آواز اٹھاتے ہیں تو اقلیتی طبقہ کے لوگوں میں ایک قسم کا sense of security بوسٹ ہوتا ہے اور انہیں ایک حد تک اطمینان رہتا ہے کہ ہماری پشت پر اکثریتی طبقہ کے انصاف پسند لوگ ہیں۔ اس میں اب دن بہ دن کمی آرہی ہے اس

طبقہ کے زیادہ لوگ اب سامنے نہیں آرہے ہیں یہ صحت مندرجہ ان نہیں ہے۔ وہ ہم سے کہتے کہ اقلیتوں کو چاہیے کہ اکثریتی طبقہ کے انصاف پسند لوگوں کے ساتھ رابطہ مضبوط کریں۔ ان کو ساتھ لے کر اپنے حقوق کی لڑائی لڑیں۔ اس معنی میں دیکھا جائے تو واقعی میں نے ایک خیر اندیش دانشور کو کھویا ہے۔ جب جب میں ان کی میٹنگ میں یا جسٹس سچر کی میٹنگ میں گیا تو ان دونوں حضرات کو اپنی گفتگو کے دوران اس کا ذکر کرتے سنا۔ ان کو حالات کی ابتری کا اندازہ تھا اسی لئے وہ کسی نہ کسی بہانے ہمیں متنبہ کرتے تھے۔ افسوس کہ یہ دونوں شخصیات اس دنیا سے رخصت ہو گئیں اور ایسا لگتا ہے کہ رواداری باہمی تعلقات اور انسانیت کے لئے اٹھنے والی آواز کا ایک عہد کا خاتمہ ہو گیا۔ مسلمانوں اور اقلیتوں کے حقوق کی کھلے عام دھجیاں اڑائی جاتی رہی ہیں لیکن حزب اختلاف کے لوگ بھی آواز اٹھانے میں شرم محسوس کر رہے ہیں۔ ایک میگزین کی رپورٹ کے مطابق ووٹر لسٹوں سے نام حذف کئے گئے جن میں زیادہ تر مسلم ہیں یا وہ لوگ ہیں جن کے بارے میں تاثر ہے کہ وہ ایک مخصوص پارٹی کو ووٹ نہیں کرتے۔ اگر یہ خبر صحیح ہے تو یہ مسئلہ صرف اقلیتوں کا نہیں ہے۔ یہ ان نام نہاد سیکولر پارٹیوں کا بھی مسئلہ ہے کہ ان کے ووٹرز کو فہرستوں سے حذف کیا گیا مگر کسی بھی پارٹی نے آواز نہیں اٹھائی۔

2- ایک اور بات شیئر کرتا ہوں اس کا تعلق ان کی کفایت شعاری سے ہے۔ ان کے جو رسالے اور خطوط آتے تھے وہ ان کے لفافوں کو محفوظ رکھتے تھے اور مضمون لفافوں کی پشت پر خالی حصے پر لکھتے لکھتے تھے۔ ہمارے اخبار میں جب ان کا مضمون آتا تو میں دیکھ کر بہت تعجب کرتا کہ اتنے بڑے صحافی اور اتنی کفایت شعاری! اس لئے کہ ہم نے نئے لکھاری کاغذ خوب برباد کرتے تھے۔ لکھتے لکھتے درمیان میں کچھ اضافہ کرنے کا خیال آیا فوراً دوسرا صفحہ لے لیا۔



کلدیپ نیر: ہمت اور وقار کا انضمام...

مرنال پانڈے

کلدیپ نیر ہندوستانیوں کی اس نسل کا حصہ تھے جنہوں نے غیر منقسم ہندوستان میں کالج بے گریجویشن کیا اور گاندھی کی اس سوچ پر بھروسہ کیا کہ ملک کی تقسیم ایک غلطی تھی۔

کلدیپ نیر 95 سال کی عمر میں انتقال ہو گیا۔ وہ کئی قومی اخبارات کے تجربہ کار مدیر رہے۔ اس کے علاوہ وہ 14 زبانوں میں شائع ہونے والے 80 پبلشرز کے کالم نویس بھی تھے۔ انہوں نے مختلف موضوعات پر 15 کتابیں لکھیں۔ وہ سابق وزیر اعظم لال بہادر شاستری کے پریس مشیر بھی رہے۔ انہوں نے انگلینڈ میں ہندوستان کے سفیر کی شکل میں بھی کام کیا۔ 90 کی دہائی میں وہ راجیہ سبھا کے رکن رہے۔ انہوں نے ریاست کی عالمانہ کارروائیوں کے خلاف تاریخی عریاں ڈالیں جن میں ایمر جنسی سے لے کر بابری مسجد کا انہدام بھی شامل ہے۔ روایتی طور پر دیکھا جائے تو انہوں نے ایک بھرپور زندگی گزاری۔ لیکن انہوں نے اپنی زندگی میں کافی خطرے بھی اٹھائے۔ جب بھی میڈیا کی آزادی خطرے میں ہوگی، میڈیا میں کام کرنے والے ہم جیسے لوگ ان کے جیسے غیر معمولی شخص کو ہمیشہ یاد کریں گے۔ ان کی ہمت، دائرہ اور دل کافی بڑا تھا۔ انہوں نے بار بار اپنی پوری طاقت کے ساتھ ناانسانی کے خلاف آواز اٹھائی اور اسے چیلنج دیا اور اپنے پیٹھے کے لوگوں کو فخر کا احساس کرایا۔ کلدیپ نیر ہندوستانیوں کی اس نسل کا حصہ تھے جنہوں نے غیر منقسم ہندوستان میں کالج سے گریجویشن کیا اور گاندھی کی اس سوچ پر بھروسہ کیا کہ تقسیم ایک غلطی تھی۔ ان کا ماننا تھا کہ ہندوستان اور پاکستان ایک ماں کے دو بیٹے ہیں اور جب تک وہ اپنی چھوٹی موٹی خواہشات کو نہیں چھوڑتے اور

پڑوسی دوست کی شکل میں خود کو نہیں بدلتے، اس وقت تک دونوں امن سے نہیں رہیں گے۔ جنگ، سرحد پر ہونے والی اموات اور اقوام متحدہ میں نفرت آمیز کھڑاؤ نے بھی ان کے اس اعتماد کو نہیں ہلایا اور سال 2000 میں انھوں نے راج گھاٹ سے واگھ سرحد تک امن دوستی یا تراسرود کی، جس کا اختتام ہند-پاک سرحد پر شراکت داروں کے ذریعہ امن کے لیے ہر سال 14 اگست کو موم بتیاں جلا کر ہوا۔ یہ پوری طرح غیر یقینی تھا کہ ان کی آخری عوامی موجودگی اس سال 12 اگست کو ہوئی جب انھوں نے امن دوستی یا تراسرود کو ہری جھنڈی دکھائی۔ ہم ہندوستانی جمہوریہ کی تاریخ میں کئی سرکاروں پر کئی چیزوں کے لیے الزام لگا سکتے ہیں، لیکن کوئی بھی یہ نہیں کہہ سکتا کہ جب بھی ان کے اقتدار کو خطرہ ہوا تو انھوں نے طاقت کے اعتبارات کا استعمال کرنے میں جھجک کا مظاہرہ کیا۔ ایسے مواقع پر کل دیپ نیر نے ہم لوگوں کو مایوس نہیں کیا جب ہم نے اپنے عوامی حقوق کو پکچلے جانے کو لے کر مخالفت کی۔ انھوں نے امیر جسنی کے خلاف عرضی دی اور میا کے تحت جیل گئے، لیکن کچھ سالوں بعد انھوں نے پھر باری مسجد انہدام کے خلاف جسٹس سینٹواڑ کے ساتھ مل کر عرضی داخل کی۔ انھوں نے میڈیا کی آزادی پر اٹھے ہر خطرے کی مخالفت کی۔ جب ہم میں سے کچھ سینئر خاتون صحافیوں نے مل کر انڈین ویمنس پریس کلب کی تشکیل کا فیصلہ لیا تو انھوں نے اپنے ساتھیوں سینئر صحافی بی جی ورگیز اور ایچ کے ڈو کے ساتھ مل کر مضبوطی کے ساتھ ہماری حمایت کی اور ہماری تقاریب میں ہمیشہ شریک ہوئے۔ جب وہ لندن میں ہندوستانی ہائی کمشنر تھے تب ایک بار دہلی سفر کے دوران میں ان سے ملی تو انھوں نے جھڑکتے ہوئے کہا ”جب پچھلے مہینے آپ لندن میں تھیں تو آپ کو گھر آنے کا وقت نہیں ملا؟“ میں نے بھنھناتے ہوئے کہا کہ اس طرح کا گناہ کرنا میرے لیے ناقابل تصور ہے۔ میں ایک سال پہلے لندن کے ان کے گھر میں ان سے اور ان کی بیگم سے ملنے اور ان کی پنجابی مہمان نوازی کا لطف اٹھانے کے بعد لندن نہیں گئی تھی۔ وہ مسکرائے اور کہا ”میری غلطی ہے۔ کسی نے مجھ سے کہا کہ آپ نظر آئی تھیں۔“ پھر انھوں نے میرا سر تھپتھپایا اور کہا ”میں نے ان سے کہا تھا کہ مرنا ل میرے ساتھ ایسا نہیں کر سکتیں۔ مجھے خوشی ہے کہ میں درست تھا۔“

جو لوگ انھیں جانتے تھے اور تقریباً نصف صدی تک ایک صحافی، ایک سماجی کارکن کے طور پر کام کرتے ہوئے دیکھا تھا، ان کے لیے کل دیپ نیر ایسے شخص بنے رہے جو واگھ سرحد کے دونوں طرف کی حکومتوں اور اوپر موجود ایشور کے بارے میں وہ کچھ سوچتے تھے کھل کر بولتے تھے اور اس کی فکر نہیں کرتے تھے کہ انھیں ستایا جائے گا یا مارنے کی دھمکی دی جائے گی۔ آج جب میڈیا پیشہ وروں کے درمیان کھل کر نظریات کے لین دین اور عوامی مباحث تیزی سے غائب ہوتے جا رہے ہیں اور دوسرے مذاہب کے لوگوں کو اچانک بے عزتی کے ساتھ غیر ملکی بتایا جا رہا ہے، کل دیپ نیر جیسا کھل کر بولنے والا غیر معمولی شخص نظروں کے سامنے ہے۔ وہ بہت سارے لوگوں کے لیے انصاف کی آواز بن گئے تھے اور انھوں نے نا انصافی

کے تئیں ہمیشہ آواز اٹھائی جیسا کچھ ہی لوگ کر پاتے ہیں۔ کھل چکر دورتی، پریم بھائیہ اور بی جی ورگیز کی طرح ہی کلدیپ نیر صحافیوں کی اس آخری جماعت کا حصہ تھے جو ہمارے غصے کو ظاہر کرنے کا آخری ذریعہ تھے۔ وہ ہمیشہ آنکھوں میں ایک چمک لیے اپنے نوجوان ساتھیوں کی تہمتا ہٹ سے بھری باتیں صبر کے ساتھ سنتے تھے اور جب وہ مطمئن ہو جاتے تو عوامی آزادی کو خطرہ پہنچانے والے بل اور نفرت پھیلانے والے نعروں کو سر کے بل کھڑا کر دیتے۔ انھوں نے ہمیشہ تنازعات کو سیدھے عدالت لے جا کر سلجھانے میں یقین کیا، سڑکوں پر نعرے لگا کر نہیں۔ اور کتنے حیرت انگیز طریقے سے وہ ریاست کو عدالت لے گئے۔ عدلیہ نے بھی کبھی انھیں مایوس نہیں کیا۔ دونوں نے مل کر یہ یقینی بنایا کہ نا اتفاقیوں کا حل عدالتوں میں نکالا جائے، سڑکوں پر نہیں، تاکہ میڈیا، خواتین اور اقلیتیں یکساں حقوق حاصل کر سکیں اور فخریہ زندگی گزار سکیں، ساتھ ہی ہندوستان کے سبھی لوگ مذہب ہونے کی بنیادی شرطوں کو پورا کریں۔ جیسا کہ لکشمین نے رامائن میں اہلیا کے بارے میں کہا تھا، ایسی ہمت، ایسے وقار کے سامنے سر جھکانا چاہیے۔



کلدیپ نیر: ایک عہد ساز جو نہ رہا!...

ظفر آغا ظفر آغا

جس وقت پاکستان کے ساتھ امن و آشتی کا ذکر گناہ تھا تب کلدیپ نیر لوگوں کو اکٹھا کروا گھر پر جا کر اس امید میں شمع روشن کرتے تھے کہ ایک دن ضرور آئے گا جب ہندوپاک میں امن کا پرچم لہرائے گا

ایک عہد تھا جو گزر گیا! جی ہاں، کلدیپ نیر ہی نہیں بلکہ ان کے ساتھ ساتھ ایک دور بھی ختم ہو گیا۔ جیسے اب کلدیپ نیر لوٹ کر نہیں آئیں گے ویسے ہی اب وہ عہد بھی واپس نہیں آ سکتا جس میں کلدیپ نیر جیسے۔ یوں تو جو دور گزر جاتا ہے وہ تاریخ ہی بن جاتا ہے اور لوٹتا نہیں، لیکن کلدیپ نیر جس دور میں جیسے اس دور کی دو اہم باتیں تھیں جو ان کے ساتھ ختم ہوئیں۔ پہلی اہم بات کلدیپ نیر کی یہ تھی کہ وہ ہندوستان کے بنوارے سے لے کر زیندر مودی کے عروج تک کے تاریخ ساز عہد کے چشم دید گواہ تو تھے ہی بلکہ انھوں نے اس عہد کو اپنے قلم سے رقم بھی کیا۔ وہ زندگی بھر صحافی رہے اور ایماندار صحافی رہے۔ ظاہر ہے کہ ان سے بہتر اور کون اس عہد کی داستان اور اس کی اچھائی برائی کو رقم کر سکتا تھا۔ انھوں نے یہ کام بدرجہ اتم کیا اور ان کے انتقال کے بعد بھی صرف ہندوستان ہی نہیں بلکہ پورے برصغیر میں اور دنیا بھر میں اس کا ڈنکا بج رہا ہے۔ کلدیپ نیر کی دوسری سب سے اہم خوبی یہ تھی کہ وہ ہمیشہ حق کے لیے کھڑے رہتے تھے بلکہ اگر یہ کہا جائے تو مبالغہ نہیں ہو گا کہ جہاں حق وہاں کلدیپ نیر۔ اس سے بھی اہم بات جو ان کی شخصیت میں مضمر تھی وہ یہ تھی کہ وہ بطور حق پسند صحافی محض حق و انصاف کے لیے قلم تراش ہی نہیں رہتے تھے بلکہ وہ حق کی لڑائی میں صف اول کے سپاہی کارول بھی ادا کرتے تھے۔ افسوس کہ کلدیپ نیر کے بعد حق کی لڑائی لڑنے

والوں کا قطر رجال نظر آتا ہے۔ ہم اب اسی منحوس دور میں جی رہے ہیں۔ اس دور میں پہلے تو صحافت ہی ختم ہو گئی، اب صحافی صحافی نہیں بلکہ قصیدہ گو ہو چکے ہیں جو اس دور کے حاکموں کی قصیدہ خوانی کرتے ہیں، صحافت نہیں کرتے۔ ایسے دور میں دوسرا کلدیپ نیر ڈھونڈے سے بھی میسر نہیں۔ کلدیپ نیر جیسی ہمہ جہت شخصیت کی کس کس پہلو کا ذکر ہو۔ ابھی پچھلے برس یوم آزادی کے موقع پر میں ان کی خدمت میں یوم آزادی پر انٹرویو کے لیے حاضر ہوا۔ کمزور ہو چکے تھے۔ لیکن ان کی آواز ویسی ہی بلند و بالا۔ بات جیت شروع ہوئی۔... جناح، گاندھی، نہرو، بنوارے کے ہولناک قصے اور بنوارے کی اس مار کاٹ کے دوران ان کا سیالکوٹ (جو پاکستان میں چلا گیا) سے ہندوستان میں دہلی تک کا سفر، یہ ساری باتیں وہ ایسے کر رہے تھے جیسے کہ وہ اس دور کو جی رہے ہوں۔ پھر انٹرویو کا سلسلہ مودی کے دور تک پہنچ گیا۔ اس قدر مایوسی کا عالم کلدیپ نیر جیسے پر امید شخصیت کے چہرے پر میں نے پہلے کبھی نہیں دیکھا تھا۔ بات کرتے کرتے بولے ”آج جو نفرتیں ہیں ویسی نفرتیں بنوارے کے وقت بھی نہیں تھیں“۔ میں نے پوچھا کیوں! بے ساختہ بولے ”ارے بھائی، اس وقت گاندھی اور جو اہر لال جیسے سنبھالنے والے بھی تو تھے۔“ اب ذرا اس دور کا المیہ ملاحظہ فرمائیے، جس دور میں کلدیپ نیر بھی نہ رہا اور صرف مودی ہی نظر آئے تو وہ دور بنوارے سے بھی زیادہ خطرناک نہ ہو گا تو پھر کیا ہو گا! کیا شخص تھا جناب جس کا نام کلدیپ نیر تھا! ارے اس ملک میں جس وقت پاکستان کے ساتھ امن و آشتی کا ذکر گناہ تھا تب وہ لوگوں کو اکٹھا کر واگھ بارڈر پر جا کر اس امید میں شمع روشن کرتے تھے کہ ایک دن ضرور آئے گا کہ جب ہندوپاک میں امن کا پرچم لہرائے گا۔

بڑے اتار چڑھاؤ آئے لیکن کلدیپ نیر نے ہار نہیں مانی۔ مرتے دم تک 14 اگست کی شام ہندوپاک بارڈر پر دونوں ملکوں کے امن خواہان سرحد کے دونوں جانب کلدیپ نیر کی قیادت میں شمع جلاتے رہے۔

بابری مسجد گری، ایسا لگتا تھا کہ اب اس ملک میں مسلمان کا کوئی آسرا نہیں رہا۔ جناب دہلی میں اس وقت کلدیپ نیر مسلم اقلیت کے لیے دیوار بن کر کھڑے ہو گئے۔ کبھی کسی محفل میں مسلمان،، لیے آواز اٹھا رہے ہیں تو کبھی کسی جلوس میں احتجاج کر رہے ہیں، بلکہ میں نے تو یہ محسوس کیا کہ انھوں نے بابری مسجد سانحہ کے بعد سے مسلم محفلوں میں اٹھنا بیٹھنا بڑھادیا۔ یوں تو وہ مسلم صحبت کے بغیر جی نہیں سکتے تھے، لیکن ان کو اس بات کا احساس اس شدت سے تھا کہ اب اس ملک میں مسلم اقلیت کافی غیر محفوظ ہے تب ہی وہ اب ان محفلوں میں خصوصاً نظر آنے لگے۔ اور واقعی ان کو دیکھ کر حوصلہ ملتا تھا۔ ارے وہ عجرات ہو یا موب لنچنگ، کلدیپ نیر ہر جگہ کھڑے نظر آتے تھے۔ انسوس کہاں سے پائیں اس گہر کو جو اب نایاب ہو گیا۔ عالم یہ تھا کہ تقریباً ڈیڑھ دو سال سے وہ وہیل چیئر پر آچکے تھے۔ اس قدر کمزور ہو چکے تھے کہ چلنے پھرنے سے معذور ہو چکے تھے۔ لیکن کوئی چھ ماہ قبل کا ذکر ہے کہ این ڈی ٹی وی کے دہلی دفتر پر اکرم ٹیکس ریڈ ہوئی۔

مودی حکومت این ڈی ٹی وی سے ناراض تھی، اس کو خاموش کرنے کے لیے دباؤ تھا۔ پریس کلب آف انڈیا میں صحافیوں کی اس معاملے پر احتجاجی میٹنگ منعقد ہوئی۔ جناب وہیل چیئر پر بیٹھے کلدیپ نیر چلے آ رہے ہیں۔ تالیوں سے ان کا خیر مقدم ہوا۔ کیا تقریر کی۔ وہی ہمت افزائی، دیکھو ڈراما، یہ وقت چٹکیوں میں گزر جائے گا۔ ایسے حاکم آتے ہیں اور چلے جاتے ہیں، حق و انصاف برقرار رہتا ہے۔ سارے مجمع میں ایک کلدیپ نیر نے حوصلے کی لہر پھونک دی۔ کلدیپ نیر ایک صحافی تھے، ایک سپاہی تھے۔ وہ ہمہ تن حق و انصاف کی داستان اور حق کے لیے ہمیشہ شمشیر تھے۔ وہ خود اپنے میں ایک دور تھے اور اس دور کے دور ساز بھی تھے۔ کلدیپ کیا گئے کہ حق و انصاف کے مجاہدوں کا حوصلہ بھی گیا۔ کیا کہیں اور کیا لکھیں! بس یوں سمجھیے کہ 'خاک میں کیا صورتیں ہوں گی کہ پنہاں ہو گئیں'۔



آہ! کلدیپ نیر کی خدمات کا اعتراف کئے بغیر نہیں رہا جاسکتا

محمد شرافت علی محمد شرافت علی

کلدیپ نیر نے اردو صحافت کی نشاۃ ثانیہ کے عمل میں نہ صرف یہ کہ حصہ لیا بلکہ اردو سے ان کا رشتہ زندگی کے آخری ایام تک جڑا رہا۔

ممتاز صحافی جناب کلدیپ نیر نہیں رہے۔ تقریباً 95 برس کی عمر میں موصوف نے آخری سانس لی۔ کلدیپ نیر مابعد آزادی اردو صحافت کو بطور کالم نویس صحت مند فکری غذا فراہم کرانے کے حوالہ سے اپنی مثال آپ کہلا سکتے ہیں، جنہوں نے فرقہ پرستی کے خلاف اپنے جذبوں کے اظہار میں کبھی بھی کوتاہی نہیں برتی۔ سیکولر خیالات کی ترویج کلدیپ نیر کا صحافتی طرہ امتیاز رہا، جنہوں نے آزادی کے بعد ہندو قوم پرستی کے خط میں مبتلا عناصر سے مرعوب ہوئے بغیر اردو صحافت سے اپنے دیرینہ رشتہ کو قائم رکھا۔ یہ وہ عہد تھا جب فرقہ پرست عناصر کی جانب سے دہلی کے ان میڈیا مراکز کو بطور خاص نشانہ بنایا جا رہا تھا جو 'مسلم فرقہ' کے ترجمان کہلاتے تھے۔ دہلی میں واقع 'ڈان' اخبار کے دفتر پر حملہ کے بعد دہلی کا 'جنگ' مذہبی جنونیوں سے جنگ لڑنے کا مقہم نہیں رہا اور 'گوشہ عافیت' کی تلاش میں اس نے پاکستان ہجرت کر لی۔ اس صورتحال میں 'انجم' اور اس عہد کے دیگر اردو اخبارات نے بھی ہندوستان سے فرار کو مقدم جانا۔ 'لسانی و تہذیبی دہشت گردی' کے اس ماحول میں صدیوں پرانی ہندوستانی تہذیب سے لوگوں کو جوڑنے اور بھانے باہم کے فلسفہ کو عام کرنے کی کوشش جن صحافیوں نے کی ان میں یقیناً کلدیپ نیر سر فہرست قرار پانے کے مستحق ہیں۔ دلچسپ یہ بھی ہے کہ آزادی کے فوراً بعد شروع ہونے والی 'لسانی دہشت گردی' اور 'تہذیبی انہدام

پسندی کے دوران دہلی کی اردو صحافت کا شیرازہ جب منتشر ہوا اور بحیثیت مجموعی آزاد ہندوستان میں اردو صحافت کیلئے عرصہ حیات تنگ کرنے کی مخصوص طبقہ کی جانب سے دانستہ دشواری کو شش کی گئی تو اس دور میں کلدیپ نے اردو صحافت کی نشاۃ ثانیہ کے عمل میں نہ صرف یہ کہ حصہ لیا بلکہ اُردو سے ان کا رشتہ زندگی کے آخری ایام تک جڑا رہا۔ یوں تو آزادی کے بعد اردو زبان کے ساتھ ملک گیر سطح پر اکثریتی طبقے نے بے مروتی دکھائی لیکن اردو صحافت کا معاملہ تھوڑا مختلف رہا۔ دو قومی نظریے کی بنیاد پر پاکستان کا قیام کیا ہوا، برصغیر کی سب سے بڑی مہاجرت کا ایسا سلسلہ شروع ہو گیا جس کی نظیر دنیا میں کہیں اور دیکھنے کو نہیں ملتی۔ ہندوستان سے ایک بڑی مسلم آبادی نے اس بدگمانی میں ہجرت کیلئے رخت سفر باندھنا شروع کر دیا کہ ان کا دین و ایمان ’کفرستان‘ میں سلامت نہیں رہ سکتا۔ یہی صورتحال سرحد کی دوسری جانب برصغیر سے آباد ہندوؤں اور کسی حد تک سکھوں میں بھی دیکھی گئی۔ انہوں نے یہ محسوس کرتے ہوئے کہ ’مملکت خداداد‘ میں ان کا جینا دو بھر ہے، ’جائے امن‘ کی تلاش میں ہندوستان آنے کا فیصلہ کر لیا۔ شرنا تھیوں کی صورت میں ہندوستان آنے والی انسانی آبادی کو یوں تو ہندوستانیوں نے آگے بڑھ کر گھلے لگایا اور انہیں وہ سکریم بھی بخشی گئی جو عام ہندوستانیوں میں مہمان نوازی کا جزو لازم تصور کیا جاتا تھا لیکن اس کے ٹھیک برعکس دہلی میں ’ڈان‘ کے دفتر کو جنونیوں کے ذریعہ خاکستر کئے جانے کے بعد ’جنگ‘ اور دیگر صحافتی اداروں کو تحفظ فراہم کرانے جانے کی کوئی ایسی مثال ہمیں نہیں ملتی جس سے یہ تاثر قائم ہو کہ اردو صحافت کے شیرازہ کو منتشر ہونے سے بچانے کے لیے حکومت کی جانب سے کوئی کوشش کی گئی ہو اور ان کے درمیان قیام پاکستان کے بعد پیدا ہونے والی بے اعتمادی و کشمکش کی صورت حال کے خاتمہ کی کوئی سبیل نکالی گئی ہو۔ اردو صحافت پر 1947 کے المیہ کا اثر یہ ہوا کہ صحافت بھی مذہبی رنگ میں رنگ گئی اور نتیجہ یہ ہوا کہ یہ علمی پیشہ سماجی پستی کا ایسا اظہار یہ بنا کہ قارئین تک خبروں کی ترسیل کا پورا انتظام مذہبی جنوں کے ماتحت آگیا جس کی بنا پر ہندوؤں اور مسلمانوں کی ملکیت والے اخبارات مذہب پسندی کے خطہ میں ایسے مبتلا ہوئے کہ اردو صحافت نے اپنی حیثیت کھودی اور خود کلدیپ نیز جیسے سبھی ہوئے صحافی بھی اس کائنات کو خیر باد کہنے کے لیے جواز ڈھونڈنے پر مجبور ہو گئے۔ نتیجے کے طور پر انہوں نے انگریزی کی راہ لی۔ اردو صحافت کی اس یتیمی کی سببیت کیا ہے؟ اس حقیقت کو جاننے کے لیے یہ بھی ناگزیر ہے کہ ہم گہرائی میں جا کر اردو صحافت کو سماج کے رشتوں سے اور اردو کے صحافتی سماج کو اردو صحافت کے وسیلے سے سمجھنے کی کوشش کریں۔ جب تک سماجیاتی پس منظر کو سمجھا نہیں جائے گا اور اس تناظر میں عصری مسائل سے آگہی کی کوشش نہیں کی جائے گی، قدروں کے تغیر و تبدل کا درست طریقے سے جائزہ نہیں لیا جائے گا، اخبارات کے قارئین کے ذوق سلیم اور تقاضوں کو پرکھا نہیں جائے گا اردو صحافت کی یکنخت تبدیل ہو جانے والی شکل و شہادت کے اسباب کا صحیح تعین ممکن نہیں ہو سکے گا اور پھر یہ نتیجہ بھی اخذ کرنا مشکل ہو گا کہ دہلی میں اپنے

جے جمائے صحافتی کاروبار کو ختم کرتے ہوئے انجام کار پہلے 'جنگ' یہاں سے کیوں چلا گیا اور پھر 'انجام' اپنے انجام کی پروا کیے بغیر رخت سفر باندھنے پر کیوں مجبور ہوا؟ آزادی کے فوراً بعد ملک بھر میں رونا منہ ہونے والے فرقہ وارانہ فسادات کے طویل سلسلے کا آغاز فکری رویوں کی اس تبدیلی کا بڑا سبب بنا جس نے مذہبی جنون میں مبتلا ہو کر ایک بھائی کو دوسرے بھائی کا خون بہانے کی ترغیب ہی نہیں دی بلکہ اس عہد میں انسان دوستی اور اخوت و بھائی چارگی جیسے الفاظ کو حقیقی معنویت سے محروم بھی کیا گیا۔ فرقہ واریت کی اس آندھی سے دہلی محفوظ و مامون نہیں رہ سکی۔ ایک طوفان برپا ہوا جس نے دہلی میں بھائی چارے کی بنیاد کو ہلا کر رکھ دیا۔ مذہبی خلیج نے لکیریں ایسی کھینچ دیں کہ صحافت سے وابستہ طبقہ اشرافیہ بھی ذہنی اعتبار سے دو متوازی قبیلوں میں تقسیم ہو گیا اور صحافتی سرپرستی کا یہ منہاج مریشانہ افکار و خیالات کی ترویج و اشاعت کا سبب بن کر رہ گیا۔

مہاجرت کے اس عمل کے اختتام کے بعد کا آزاد ہندوستان 'غلام ہندوستان' کے مقابلے فکری اور نظریاتی اعتبار سے یکسر مختلف اور متضاد بن گیا۔ صدیوں پرانی تہذیبی و ثقافتی ہم آہنگی پر اس نے گہرا منفی اثر ڈالا بلکہ سچ تو یہ بھی ہے کہ صلح کل، رواداری اور باہمی میل ملاپ کے پیغامات کی ترویج و اشاعت کے بجائے بغض و عناد کو ہوا دینے، نفرت انگیز خبروں کو نمایاں طور پر نذر قارئین کرنے کا سلسلہ چل پڑا جس کے نتیجے میں منتشر اردو صحافت کی احیا کا نیا سفر نئی فکر اور نئی سوچ سے عبارت قرار پایا۔ دو مخصوص اور متوازی لہروں سے اردو صحافت کا سر و کار بڑھا۔ اس عہد کے اخبارات کو پیش نظر رکھ کر یہ تاثر قائم کرنا بھی غلط نہ ہو گا کہ مذہبی وابستگی صحافتی تقاضوں پر کلیتاً غالب آگئی۔ ایک طرف اردو ذرائع ابلاغ پر مسلم لیگ کی بخشی ہوئی ذہنیت کا اثر آزادی کے بعد کے ابتدائی چار پانچ برسوں کے دوران دیکھا گیا تو دوسری جانب پاکستان سے بے گھر ہو کر دہلی کو اقامت گاہ بنانے والی اردو صحافیوں کی بڑی جمعیت مختلف اردو اخبارات کی وساطت سے تارکین وطن کی فکری و ذہنی آسودگی کا سامان مہیا کرتی رہی۔ مخصوص میلانات اور محدود و متعین نظریے کی حمایت و مخالفت سے عبارت اردو صحافت کا یہ منظر نامہ سنجیدہ و متین قارئین کیلئے اردو صحافت سے بُعد کا سبب بھی بنتا رہا پھر بھی اردو صحافت کی ذوقی کشش کی ناخدا کی کافرینہ انجام دینے والے مذکورہ بالا دونوں گروہوں نے فرقہ وارانہ خطوط پر مذہبی وابستگی کا خوب ڈھول پیٹا۔ اہم اور قابل توجہ نکتہ یہ ہے کہ کلدیپ نیر نے آزادی کے بعد سے اپنی زندگی کے آخری ایام تک اعتدال، توازن اور میانہ روی کے ساتھ صحافتی سرگرمیوں میں بڑھ چڑھ کر حصہ لیا اور اردو صحافت کو صحتمند فکری غذا کی فراہمی کی کوشش کی۔ یہ کوشش کہاں تک کامیاب رہی اور کس حد تک انہوں نے اردو صحافت کو تندرستی و توانائی بخشی؟ آج نہیں توکل مورخ موصوف ان کی خدمات کا اعتراف کئے بغیر نہیں رہ سکتا کیونکہ سچ تو یہ بھی ہے کہ کلدیپ نیر کی تحریریں اردو صحافت کو اعتبار بخشنے کے حوالہ سے قابل قدر کہلانے کی مستحق ہیں۔ (مضمون نگار غنی دہلی کے اخبار 'ہندوستان



کلدیپ نیئر؛ برصغیر کے امن دوستوں کی آواز

ہندوستان کا روادار، انسان دوست اور مہربان چہرہ دلی کے لودھی گارڈن کریسٹوریم کی بھڑکتی ہوئی آگ کے شعلوں میں چھپ گیا۔ پاکستان اور ہندوستان دونوں میں امن چاہنے والوں نے ایک عظیم دوست کھو دیا۔ اس شخص کا نام کلدیپ نیئر تھا۔

95 برس کی عمر میں رخصت ہونے والے کلدیپ نیئر 14 اگست 1923ء کو سیالکوٹ شہر میں پیدا ہوئے۔ وہی شہر جہاں سے اقبال کا خیر اٹھا۔ انھوں نے اپنی صحافت کا آغاز اردو اخبار ’انجام‘ میں لکھنے سے کیا اور پھر آہستہ آہستہ وہ انگریزی میں لکھنے لگے۔

ساری زندگی انھوں نے ایک معتبر اور سنجیدہ کالم نگار کے طور پر انگریزی میں لکھا، لیکن اردو کے لیے ان کے دل میں جو ہڑک تھی وہ کبھی کم نہ ہوئی۔ یہی وجہ تھی کہ انھوں نے پاکستان کے کئی اردو اخباروں کے لیے لکھا اور یہ ہمارے لیے اعزاز کی بات ہے کہ آخری سانس تک وہ روزنامہ ”ایکسپریس“ سے جڑے رہے۔ ان کا وہ کالم جو 10 اگست 2018ء کو شائع ہوا، اس کا عنوان ”71 سالہ کشیدگی بدستور برقرار“ تھا۔ یہ ایک سچے انسان دوست کے قلم سے نکلی ہوئی ایک پُر درد تحریر ہے۔

وہ اگست 1947ء کی بارہویں تاریخ کو یاد کرتے ہوئے لکھتے ہیں کہ ”آزادی سے 3 دن پہلے ان کے والد نے جو پیشے کے اعتبار سے ڈاکٹر تھے، انھیں اور ان کے دوسرے 2 بھائیوں کو بلا کر سوال کیا کہ ملک کا بنو اراہو رہا ہے، ایسے میں تم تینوں نے اپنی زندگی کے بارے میں کیا طے کیا ہے؟“

میں نے بتایا کہ پاکستان میں ہی رہنا چاہتا ہوں، جیسے بہت سے مسلمان بھارت میں ہی رہیں گے۔ میرے بھائی نے، جو امرتسر میں ڈاکٹری کی تعلیم حاصل کر رہا تھا مدخلت کرتے ہوئے کہا کہ مغربی پنجاب میں مسلمان ہندوؤں کو گھر خالی کرنے کے لیے کہیں گے جس طرح کہ مشرقی پنجاب میں ہندو مسلمانوں کو نکلنے کے لیے کہیں گے۔ میں نے کہا یہ کس طرح ممکن ہے، اگر ہندو گھر خالی کرنے پر تیار نہ ہوں تو؟ بھائی نے کہا ہمیں زبردستی گھر سے نکال دیا جائے گا اور ہوا بھی یہی۔

یوم آزادی کے 2 دن بعد کچھ مسلم مدبرین ہمارے پاس آئے اور ہم سے گھر چھوڑنے کی درخواست کی۔ میں نے ان میں سے ایک سے پوچھا ہم کہاں جائیں؟ تو اس نے اپنے گھر کی چابیاں دیتے ہوئے کہا۔ میرا گھر جالندھر میں ہے، تمہیں کچھ نہیں کرنا پڑے گا کیونکہ گھر میں مکمل فرنیچر موجود ہے، فوراً رہائش اختیار کی جاسکتی ہے۔ لیکن ہم نے یہ پیش کش ٹھکرا دی۔ وہ لوگ جب چلے گئے تو ہم سب کھانے کی میز کے گرد بیٹھ گئے تاکہ اپنے مستقبل کا فیصلہ کر سکیں۔

میں نے کہا میں تو لاہور میں ہی رہوں گا جب کہ بھائیوں نے کہا وہ امرتسر چلے جائیں گے اور جب یہ ہنگامے ختم ہو گئے تو آجائیں گے۔ ہم نے اس پر اتفاق کر لیا، اگرچہ دل بہت دکھی تھا۔ میری والدہ نے گھر کو تالے لگاتے ہوئے کہا ہم زیادہ سے زیادہ ایک مہینے تک واپس آجائیں گے۔ لیکن انھیں ایک غیر مرئی احساس ضرور تھا کہ اب ہم کبھی واپس نہیں آئیں گے۔ میں نے اپنے نیلے کینوس بیگ میں شرٹ اور سفری پاجامہ رکھتے ہوئے کہا ہم نئی دہلی کے محلہ دریانگ میں اپنے ماموں کے گھر آکٹھے ہوں گے۔

میری والدہ نے مجھے 120 روپے دیے کہ ان کو اپنی ضرورت کے لیے استعمال کروں۔ میرے والد نے بھی میرا سفر آسان بنادیا۔ انھوں نے ایک بریگیڈیئر سے جو ان کا مریض تھا کہا کہ ہمارے تین بیٹوں کو حفاظت سے سرحد پار کرادو۔ اس نے کہا اس کی جیب میں زیادہ جگہ نہیں، وہ صرف ایک بیٹے کو لے جاسکتا ہے۔ اگلی صبح مجھے جیب میں بٹھایا گیا۔ اس موقع پر میرے آنسو بہہ رہے تھے۔

سیالکوٹ سے سبزیال کا سفر آسانی سے گزر گیا لیکن وہاں سے ہمیں ہر دو جانب سے لوگوں کے قافلے آتے جاتے دکھائی دیے۔ ہندو سکھ ادھر سے ادھر جا رہے تھے، مسلمان ادھر سے ادھر آ رہے تھے، اچانک ہماری گاڑی کو روک دیا گیا۔ ایک بوڑھا سکھ گاڑی کے سامنے کھڑا ہم سے التجا کر رہا تھا کہ اس کے پوتے کو بھارت پہنچا دیا جائے۔ میں نے بڑی نرمی سے کہا کہ میں تو ابھی اسٹوڈنٹ ہوں اور اس کے پوتے کو نہیں لے جاسکتا، جس کا مجھے انوس ہے۔

اس بوڑھے سکھ نے روتے ہوئے بتایا کہ اس کا تمام گھرانہ قتل کر دیا گیا، صرف یہ ایک پوتا بچا ہے، وہ چاہتا ہے یہ زندہ رہے۔ اس کا آنسو بھرا چہرہ مجھے اب بھی یاد آتا ہے، لیکن میں مجبور تھا۔ راستے میں جگہ جگہ لوگوں کا سامان بکھرا پڑا تھا، البتہ لاشیں ہٹادی گئی تھیں، تاہم شدید قسم کی بدبو باقی تھی۔ اسی وقت میں نے دل میں یہ فیصلہ کیا کہ میں دونوں ملکوں کے معاملات کو بہتر بنانے کی کوشش کروں گا۔

یہی بڑی وجہ تھی کہ میں نے وائیکم بارڈر پر موم بتیاں جلانا شروع کیں۔ یہ کام جو میں نے تقریباً 20 سال قبل شروع کیا تھا اس وقت صرف پندرہ بیس لوگ میرے ساتھ تھے، اب امن کی شمعیں روشن کرنے والوں کی تعداد بڑھ گئی ہے۔ لوگوں کے جذبے کی کوئی حد نہیں البتہ حکومتیں آگے آ جاتی ہیں۔ اس سارے علاقے پر کریونافذ کر دیا گیا ہے اور وہاں جانے کے لیے خصوصی اجازت لینا پڑتی ہے۔

میں نے وزیر داخلہ راج ناتھ سنگھ کو لکھا ہے کہ موم بتیاں جلانے کے لیے ”زیر پوائنٹ“ تک جانے کی اجازت دی جائے۔ یہ رسم صرف چند افراد تک محدود ہے۔ میری خواہش ہے کہ سرحد کو نرم کیا جائے تاکہ دونوں ملکوں میں کشیدگی بھی بتدریج کم ہو سکے۔ ماضی میں دانشور، موسیقار اور آرٹسٹ مل سکتے تھے اور مشترکہ پروگرام کر سکتے تھے لیکن آج وہ بھی بند کر دیے گئے۔ حکومتیں ویزا جاری کرنے میں اور زیادہ سخت ہو گئیں۔ اب دونوں طرف سرکاری یا غیر سرکاری طور پر قطعاً کوئی رابطہ نہیں ہے۔“

وہ آخری دم تک اپنے خیالات اور موقف میں اٹل رہے۔ دونوں ملکوں کے درمیان وہ امن کی ایک ایسی آواز تھے جو کبھی مدھم نہیں پڑی۔ انھوں نے اپنی آنکھوں سے نفرت کے زہر کو ہندوؤں، مسلمانوں اور سکھوں کے وجود میں سرایت کرتے دیکھا تھا۔ وہ اس زہر کو اپنے قلم سے نچوڑ کر پھینک دینا چاہتے تھے۔ ان کی اس امن پسندی کو ہندوستان میں اسی طرح غداری پر محمول کیا گیا جس طرح ہمارے یہاں پاکستان کے امن پر ستوں کو خشک کی نظر سے دیکھا جاتا ہے اور غداری کا طوق ہم سب کی گردنوں میں ڈال دیا گیا ہے۔

یہ میرے لیے اعزاز کی بات ہے کہ پاکستان اور ہندوستان دونوں ملکوں کی مختلف امن کانفرنسوں میں کلڈیپ جی کی سرکردگی میں مجھے بھی اپنی بات کہنے کا موقع ملا۔ دلی کے آئی سی ہال میں کلڈیپ جی تقریر کرتے ہوئے کسی قسم کی نرمی سے کام نہیں لیتے تھے۔ ہندوستان کی راج دھانی میں بھی بات کرنے کا ان کا انداز سخت اور دونوک ہوتا تھا۔ مجھے کراچی میں ان سے کئی ملاقاتیں یاد آ رہی ہیں اور خاص طور پر وہ جس کا اہتمام پاکستان کے ایک امن دوست اور معروف قانون دان اقبال حیدر نے کیا تھا۔ کلڈیپ جی کو متعدد دھمکتے دیے گئے۔ ان کی پذیرائی میں ہم نے بہت کچھ کہا۔ اس روز بھی کلڈیپ جی دونوں ملکوں کے درمیان امن قائم ہونے کی خواہش کا ذکر کرتے ہوئے گلوگیر ہو گئے تھے۔

وہ اس آرزو کو دل میں لے کر گئے لیکن زندگی کے 71 برس گزارتے ہوئے ان کے ضمیر پر کوئی بوجھ نہیں تھا۔ اگست 1947ء میں سرحد عبور کرتے ہوئے، کئی ہوئی لاشوں اور لٹے ہوئے قاتلوں کو دیکھتے ہوئے اس 24 سالہ نوجوان نے دونوں ملکوں کے درمیان امن قائم کرنے کا جو عہد کیا تھا، وہ اس پر ہمیشہ قائم رہا۔ یہی ان کی جیت تھی اور اسی لیے سرحد کے دونوں طرف لوگ ان کا احترام کرتے تھے۔ وہ انگلستان میں ہندوستان کا سفیر رہے، انھوں نے 15 کتابیں لکھیں جن میں سے ان کی خود نوشت Boyound the Lines کو بہت اہمیت حاصل ہے، کیونکہ انھوں نے اس میں بلا کم و کاست ہمارے عہد کی سیاست کے سچ لکھ دیے ہیں۔

کلدیپ جی سیاستدانوں کی اس نسل سے تعلق رکھتے تھے جو بیسویں صدی کے ان برسوں میں پروان چڑھی جس کے لیے سیاست عبادت تھی۔ انھوں نے سیاست میں حصہ لیا۔ ان کا تعلق بایں بازو سے تھا۔ مسز اندرا گاندھی نے ایمر جنسی لگا دی تو یہ کلدیپ جی تھے جنھوں نے اس کی سخت مخالفت کی۔ وہ آزادی تحریر پر کامل یقین رکھتے تھے۔ یہی وجہ تھی کہ مسز گاندھی کی ایمر جنسی کے دور میں انھیں جیل کا ٹی پڑی۔

وہ ایک صحافی نہیں، ادارہ تھے جس پر ہندوستان اور پاکستان کے لکھنے والے ناز کرتے تھے۔ لوگ انھیں قوم کی آواز کہتے تھے۔ اس آواز کو رخصت کرنے کے لیے سابق وزرائے اعظم، صدور، صحافی، ادیب اور انھیں چاہنے والے بے شمار لوگ لودھی کری میسوریم میں اکٹھا ہوئے۔ ان لوگوں کا کہنا تھا کہ ایک ایسے وقت جب ہندوستان بہت مشکل حالات سے گزر رہا ہے۔ کلدیپ جی کا چلے جانا ہمارا قومی نقصان ہے۔

ان کی تحریریں روزنامہ ”ایکسپریس“ میں شائع ہوتی رہیں اور اخبار کے لیے عزت اور وقار کا سبب رہیں۔ مجھ ایسے لوگ اس بات پر ناز کرتے رہے کہ ہمیں اس صفحے پر چھپنے کا اعزاز حاصل ہے جس پر کلدیپ نیز شائع ہوتے ہیں۔ یہ وہی تھے جنھوں نے امن کی خاطر واہگہ کی سرحد پر شمعیں روشن کرنے کی ریت ڈالی۔ اب وہ نہیں رہے لیکن ان کی روح ان شمعوں کی جھلکھٹ سے امن کے راستے کو روشن رکھنے کی آرزو کرتی رہے گی۔

پاران ایم ایچ پنهور انسٹیٹیوٹ آف سنڈ اسٹڈیز، چامشورو۔

کلدیپ نئیر

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